THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A.D. 1728

Volume 199, Number 46

MAY 14, 1927

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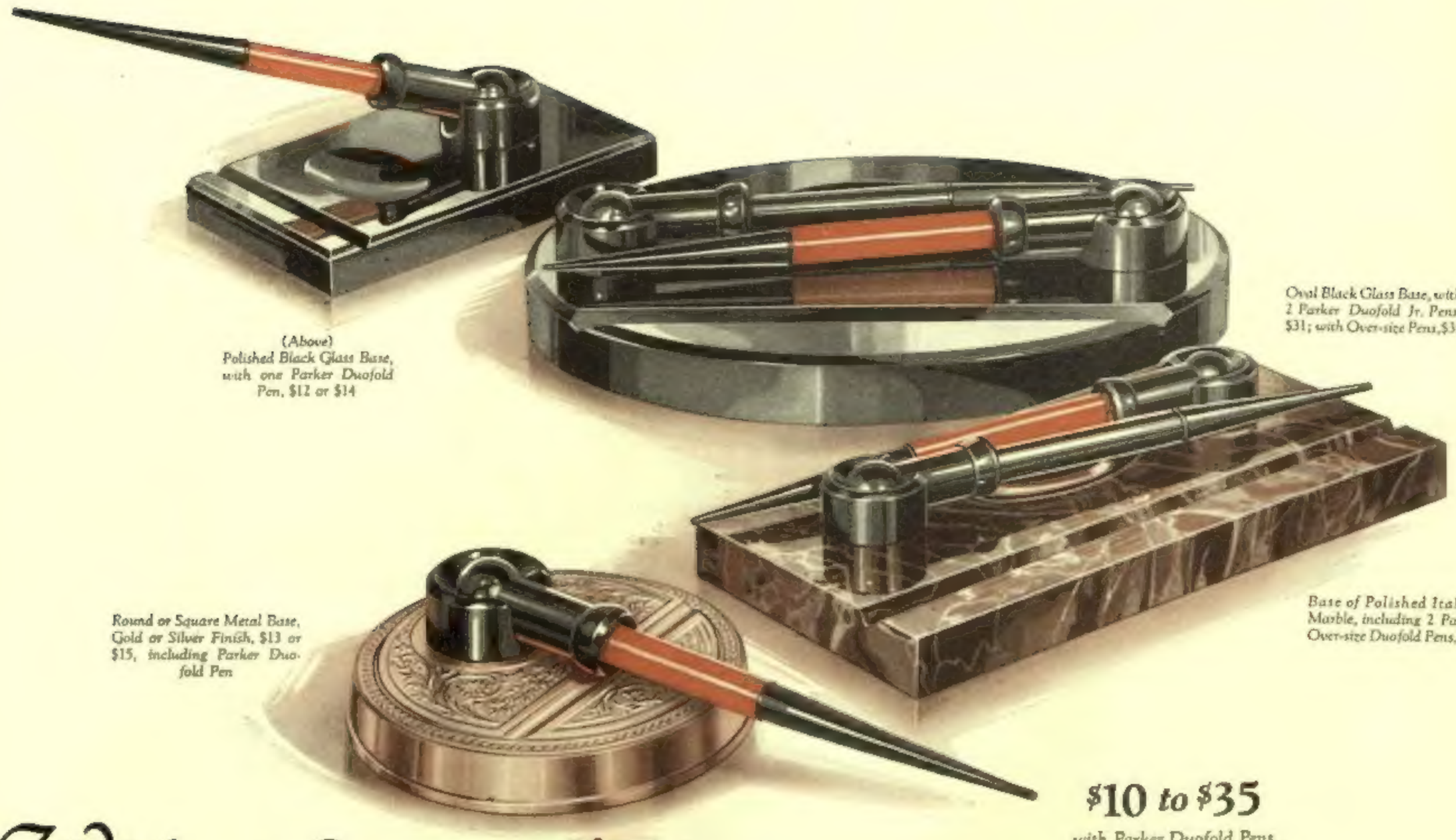

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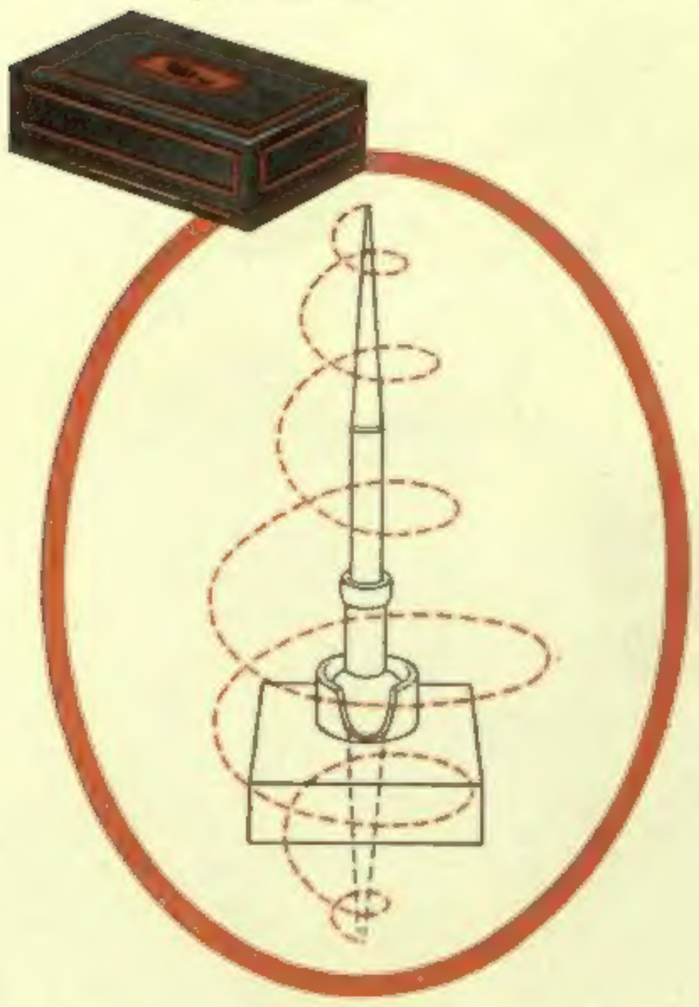

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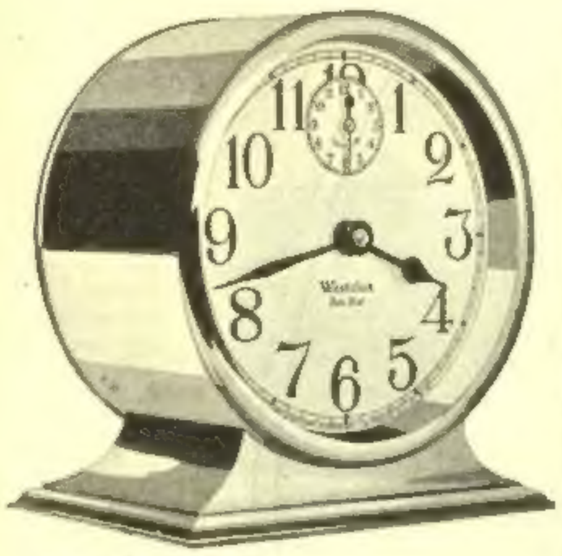
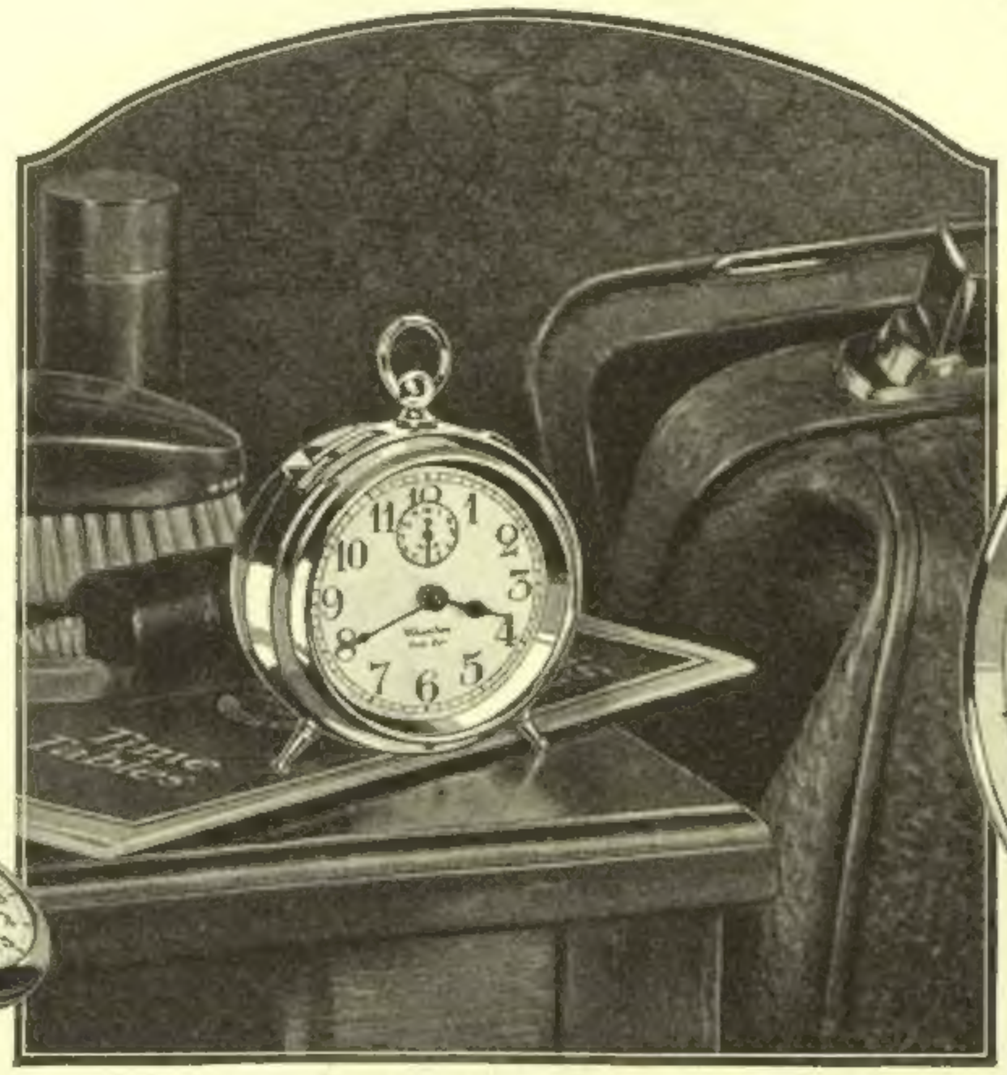
Westclox



Ben Hur
$2.50



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YOU should have this friendly little Westclox, especially if you make frequent trips away from home. He takes far less room in your grip than your comb and brush.

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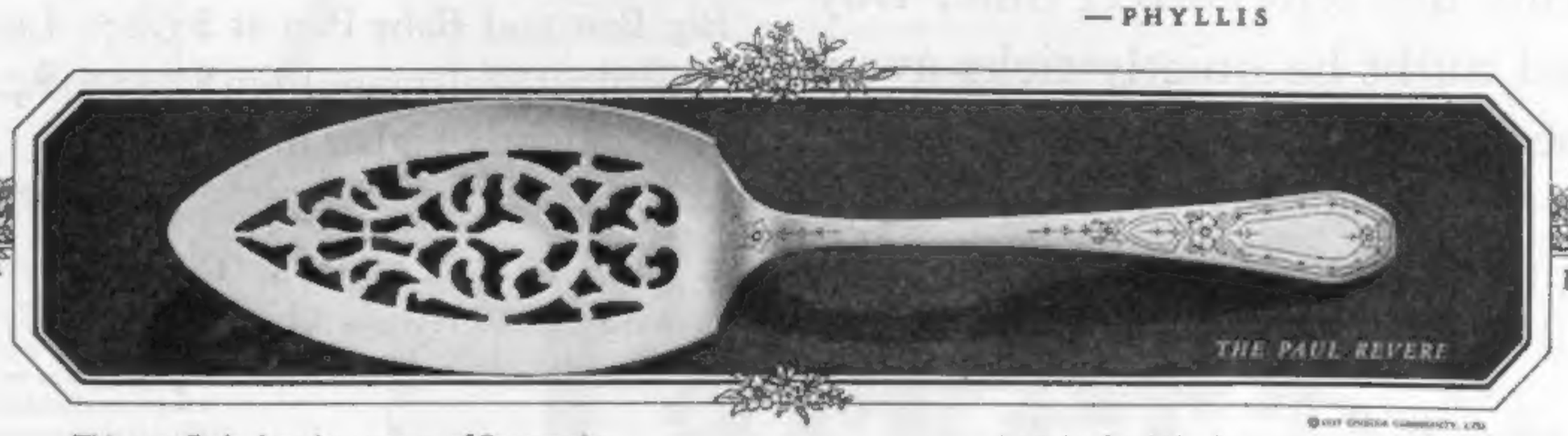
—PHYLLIS



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A service for six in the PAUL REVERE design costs $35.25 ONEIDA COMMUNITY LIMITED

Published Weekly

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Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., Los Angeles, Cal., and Richmond, Va.

Volume 199 | 5c. THE COPY | PHILADELPHIA, PA., MAY 14, 1927 | $2.00 By Subscription (52 issues) | Number 46

THE GREEN LAND

By HARRY LEON WILSON

The long train from the East drew to a stop in the San Francisco station. On the next track awaited the train that would carry Bob into the timber country far to the north. He reached the lumber camp late the following day and was met by Dick, and after the hearty supper of boiled beans, the two talked until late in the night.

IT IS roughly quoted from an otherwise plausible short story in one of our costliest magazines. And the asserted juxtaposition in San Francisco of a long or even a short train from the East and one momently to steam north is not more sensationally preposterous than the described hearty supper. As witness: In a lumber camp which might have been that of the story, set in a green wood at the base of a harsh-faced mountain, I brought this libel to the notice of the woods boss. Charlie is a large, thick, hairy man of mental processes so little complicated that he eyed me with shrewd distrust when I read him that bit—"after the hearty supper of boiled beans. . . ." His glance accused me of some humorous distortion. Words grouped like that simply couldn't be found in print. He waited for me to finish the joke, but I took all that out of him by pointing to the line.

PHOTO. BY NORCOTT & ACER

The Sky Line West of Bend, Across the Deschutes River, Oregon

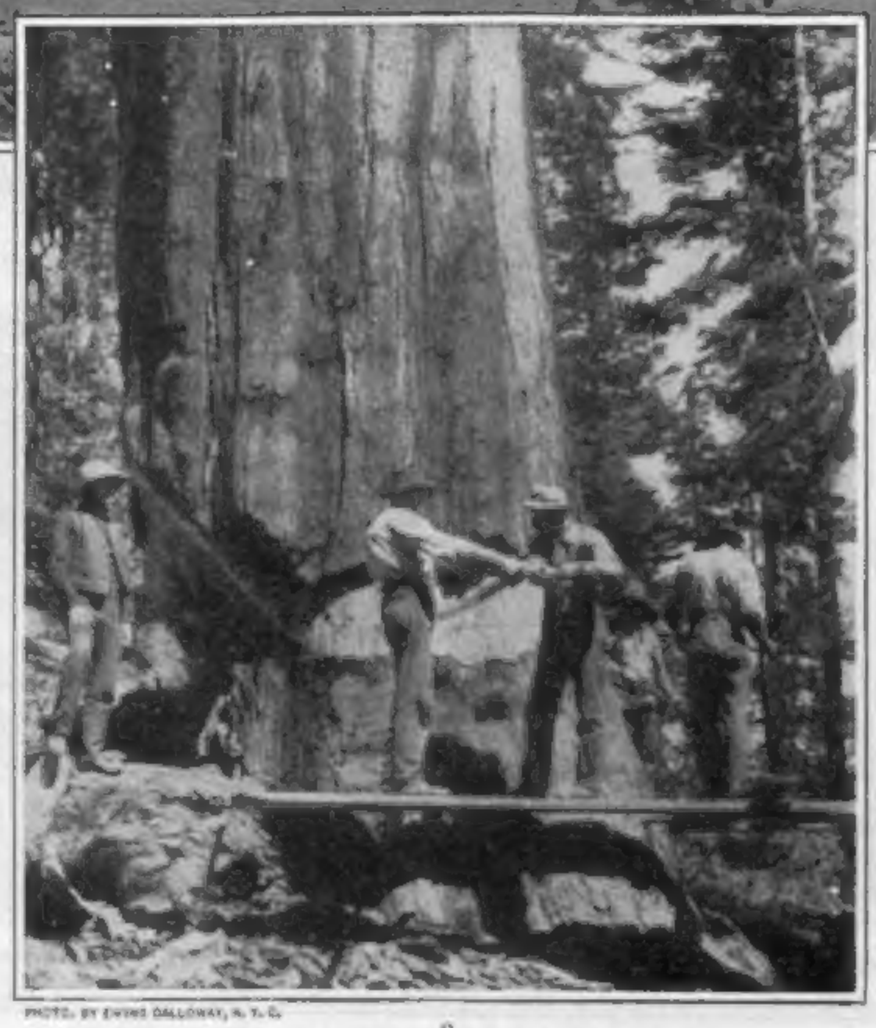


PHOTO. BY EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

At Left—Cutting Down a Giant Tree in an Oregon Forest

Woodman, Spare That Book

WE WERE hungry and on our way to his own camp's evening meal, but Charlie stopped to assimilate the incredible. He read the line word by word, slowly, ponderously; he repeated it to himself in an awed whisper; he rubbed it with a blunt thumb, seeming to believe the unnatural phrase might be wiped out; flitting to the story's beginning, his dazed eyes rested there briefly, as if to correct an obviously impaired focus. The device availed him nothing; belief was brutally enforced. He closed the magazine, stared at its artistic cover, hefted it curiously, noted its price. At last he spoke.

"Well, for crying out loud in the night! And look at what they get for it! '—— after the hearty supper of ——'" His voice faltered huskily. "Come on; let's go!" He relinquished the excellent periodical and with unconscious dramatism twice brushed the palms of his huge hands one against the other—a bit of dusting that was pure renunciation. So we fared on, as Charlie ordered, and I might have thought he had forgotten, save that now and then he glanced testily at me and at my magazine. He wondered, of course, why I was keeping the thing.

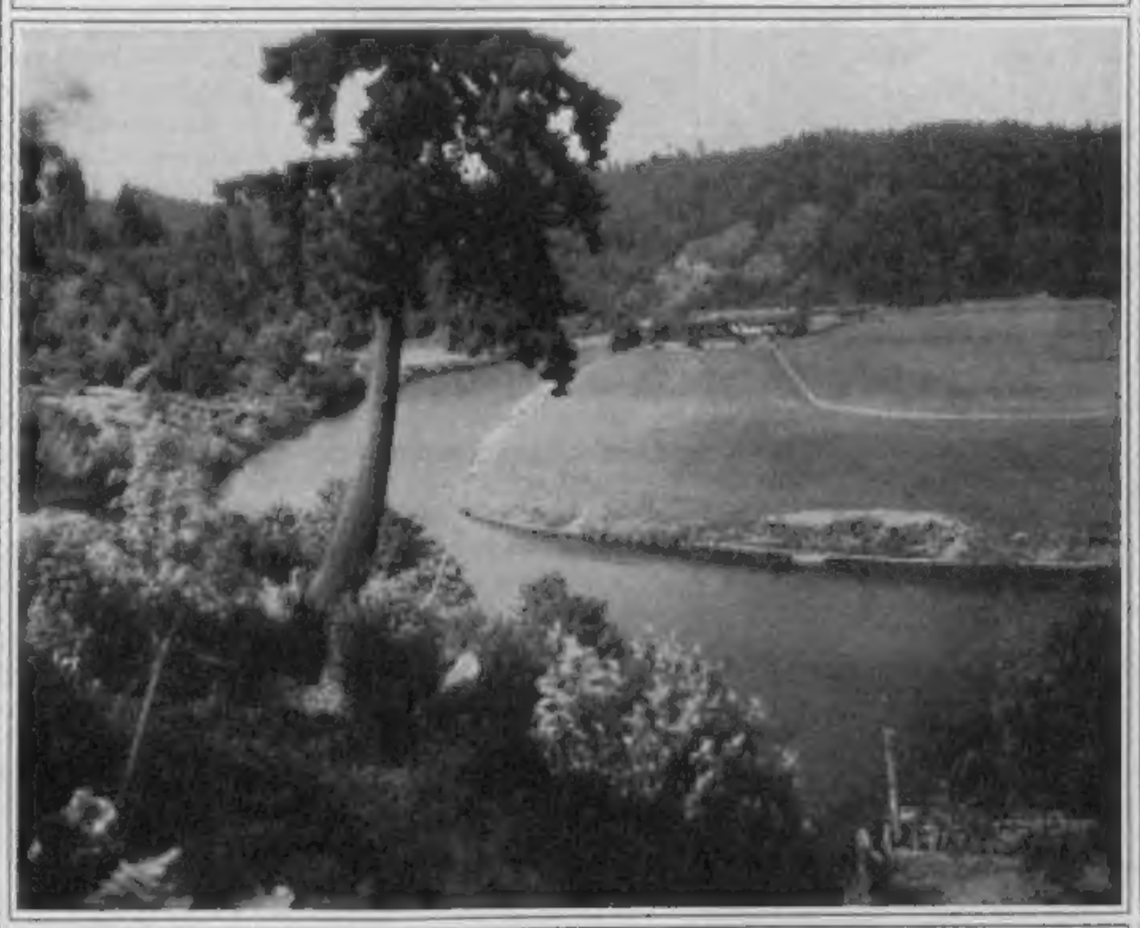
Crude Fare

AND after we had come on a bit we reached the far-spreading refectory of this rude lumber camp. Ten minutes previous a blithe high noise had been played on a triangle and now some 300 or 400 voracious loggers were at table, raptly active over their rude evening meal—if you believe all you read. Charlie and I found seats and democratically fed on the workingman's rough fare—who were we that we should be pampered above the proletariat? And, sure enough, there were boiled beans, but they were fresh Lima beans, flavorous, munchy; not the sort one most usually calls beans. Of these last there were none present. There were other foods, however; comestibles you might even call them: An authentic soup with a stout body, not the thin sort that arrives in a cup with one of those enraging dwarfed spoons. Then we toyed with some fried chicken. Or perhaps "toyed" is not so thoughtfully chosen as we would wish our words to be, for, as everyone knows, there is fried chicken and fried chicken, and this was—oh, indubitably!—the former—a perfect chicken cut off timely in its adolescence, recently and perfectly fried, and apparently sort of glad of it, if you know what I mean. No; toying is not a just description of our manner with this fowl, or fowls. But let us be on to the other rude items purveyed to those common loggers who had been out all day felling the trees from which lumber is made.

Let us be on before we forget some of them. Potatoes, of course; mashed so they could be submerged beneath a gravy itself worth walking a mile for. And green peas and fresh asparagus, and what

PHOTO, FROM HERBERT PHOTOS, INC., N. Y. C.
Salmon Forcing Their Way to the Upper Level of a River in Southern Oregon

PHOTO, BY NORCOTT & ASER
Pine Timber in the Deschutes National Forest, Oregon



PHOTO, BY ARTHUR M. PRENTISS
A Farm Home in Coos County, Oregon

PHOTO, BY NORCOTT & ASER
Upper Tumalo Falls, Near Bend, Oregon

else? Oh, yes, a salad—one of chilled tomatoes and lettuce—opulent ripe tomatoes and lettuce with every known virtue proper to it, and most suavely dressed. But of desserts there were only two—only ice cream and strawberry shortcake. Only two. Not so lumber-campish as it sounds, however, because the strawberry shortcake was genuine; the kind we foolishly hope for when we order it from the bill of fare and get—you know. All in all it was not so mean a meal as it may seem to the pampered reader. It should be noted that every item of the simple repast was the best that could be bought in one of the world's most comprehensive markets and had been prepared by high-salaried experts.

To be sure, the napkins were, regrettably, those terrible paper ones, but what would you? When I go into the real woods to be primitive I always like to rough it along with the help. I was, I am sure, entirely urbane about those napkins. My shudders were hidden. No word of petulance escaped me.

Light Meals

I BELIEVE that anyone observing my perfect manner, my sang-froid, would have fancied that no other sort of napkin had ever come into my life. I think I carried the thing off rather well to the very end of that frugal snack, which concluded, by the way, with coffee of a brew vastly superior to what the run of us know as coffee.

After the hearty supper of boiled beans. . . . Yes? And indeed!

Breakfast, of course, with morning gray on the green hills, with only a sun-flushed high peak here and there, was deplorably different. Nothing but a plenty of fresh fruit and ham and eggs and T-bone steaks and chops and sausage and hot cakes—or was it waffles, or was it both? I can't remember everything. And for the midday meal only some plain, decent baked ham and some more steaks and chops and some boiled spinach with bacon and a few other fresh vegetables and pie, though only a couple of kinds, a mere brace—peach and apple. Still they had been lovingly made. And those rough-living lumberjacks don't care what they eat, so long as it isn't boiled beans. No one has dared to try boiled beans on them, not for thirty years or so.

Water, Water Everywhere

AND after those first burdenous repasts, I suffered the charming delusion that this so-called lumber company was merely a philanthropic institution, for I knew something of the cost of even this plain fare. The lumber company was providing these men with just enough exercise in the open to give them an appetite so they could eat heartily and win back the roses to their wan cheeks. But I spoke my admiration of this humane endeavor and was bluntly told that these meals were produced at a cost of forty cents each and that the lumber company was emphatically not philanthropic either by intention or practice. I said I wished I knew at least one restaurant in the wide world where I could buy nearly as good snacks for, say, four times their beggarly forty cents. They tried to get around this by confusing me with prattle about their high-priced caterer and with tales of the vast quantities of foodstuffs he bought, but I am unable to think they were candid. Mark my words, they have a hidden design. The only plausible bit they advanced was that we were now in a fat green land where many desirable things to eat grow vivaciously almost of their own accord. There may be something in that.

So here at the border of the green land, may we not for a space forget those diverting carnalities at forty cents a diversion and consider matters even more serious than food? Our own Riviera for one; our Côte d'Azur, reaching from San Diego to Seattle. And, to avoid starting anything, we may consider it chiefly as color. Water color, you might say. Far below, where it rains but once a year, the prevailing color is tawny as a lion; a luminous pale gold, or perhaps a desert gray faintly rouged. Up here where rain is at no time a sensational benefaction and rarely makes its way into the weather talk, all is green, many greens—all the greens there are. Below, water is life blood, a treasure to be guarded, stolen, fought for and, when secured, guided sparingly out over arid surfaces so they may presently take on the emerald that here and there will checkerboard the gold. Up here, water is only water. Here the vilest reprobate never thinks of coming by water dishonestly or going to law about it, or anything rough like that. Here they never think of measuring the stuff by inches. They never even say, "Ah, it's raining again!" In its own season it never is raining again; it merely rains. Kind of repetitious, the weather up here.

Now one may live so long in that tawny land below as to forget that there are lands chronically green, or any green that is not synthetic and expensively maneuvered out of an irrigating ditch. The tan sheen of those California hills, the far gray spread of those flat fields that never knew a tree, have drugged the memory of other hills that are not only verdant but rank with woody growths, and of fields that are lush despite the lack of water rights. The Californian of, say, ten years has lost his power even to imagine a providentially green land. This may or may not be unfortunate. It may even be unimportant. But to one who holds California high above other states—with its twenty-six different climates, each perfect of its kind—the shock of coming

into long-forgotten greenery was edifying and not unpleasurable.

You come into it so abruptly; no hints, no wayside intimations, no suggestive beginnings that might gradually revive the long-stilled memory and ease you at length into a land already become plausible. Nothing like that. You have fared up through the flat dun lands, between bald hills of the conventional tan. You take then a crooked trail over some high mountains and drop at once into an odd new world thickly wooded and upholstered in novel tints. Skeptically the Californian surveys emerald hills that couldn't possibly have been irrigated by hand and trees that crowd sociably in from all sides, as if in a suddenly realized intimacy. There are dells, glades, vales, copses, luxuriously half screened by vines in a mad green tangle. Incredulous at first, old recollections stir, and a land like this—a true land—is at last recalled—if you are only a Californian and not a native son.

As already admitted, this may or may not be desirable. One hesitates to recommend a shock quite so poignant as an annual indulgence to the indurated Californian. It might, to be sure, cause him to become a bit less—shall we merely say self-centered, without resorting to harsher terms often applied to him by narrow-thinking outlanders? Maybe. And even if it did no more than send him back nostalgic, with a fresh eye for the beauties of his own terrain, it might still be a wholesome excursion.

Of course, the Californian will be troubled almost at once by the wanton riot of water going to waste; rivers and brooks and creeks, and so on, for all these will have water in them, even in late August; not a mere trickle but a lot of water, at a time when a lot of his own rivers are dryly resting.

The Californian will think there must be a catch in all this, something tricky. In general effect much of his homeland is nakedly austere, even grim; it shouts, clarion loud, challenges to high and perilous adventure; a land of gaunt gray hills, brown ridges broken and wind scoured, of level vistas, to the eye unending, all tremulous in a crystal light.

Old-Fashioned Storybook Land

HERE the vistas are short, running smack into green walls opaque with brush and creepers. Small wonder our visitor finds it all preposterous and suspects sorcery. Where his own land is loudly outspoken, sometimes with a biting asperity, this land is secretive, a finger on its lips. The glimpsed nook, thicket, leafy fastness, lurking place, crowding so tamely near, cause him a curious disquiet. In his own land he makes nothing of viewing a hundred square miles of level monotone in one quick glance.

Faring on over a road that reiterates and confirms the substantial quality of all these green appearances—massed foliage, shadowed aisles, streams running bankful between borders of alder and willow, rolling hills of forest and fat meadow land—he is compelled to admit realities, but if he is even a fairly good Californian he makes the concession with not a little impatience. He will prefer to be back out of this smothering green intimacy, back where his long-sighted eyes may have their wonted range. His own land is exciting; this is merely tranquil in an old-fashioned storybook way. Shadows deepen in the blue of a summer dusk and the embowered land closes in upon him. He hopes he may soon be out of it where he can draw a free breath. But he won't be out unless he turns back; things will get worse—greener, brushier.

That night he may uneasily dream of a vine-laced forest crowding into bed with him, or, more happily, of bare but lustrous hills of pale gold and rivers of hot yellow sand not scandalously full of water at a wrong season. To be sure, not every Californian reacts to the green land with quite this heat of local pride. Some of them regard the phenomena of moisture, color and too profuse vegetation with an amused tolerance; to these it is pretty enough, though, of course, alien and too fussy; rather cheaply romantic; the sort of landscape good painters long since abandoned as banal, leaving it for calendars, Christmas cards and those genuine oil paintings that have the price card, plainly marked "Only $7.98," in a corner of the gilt frame. But now and then there are a few whom the green land invites and solicits.

Wet Rivers

ONE such Californian, who has never wavered in his first allegiance, confesses to becoming instantly enamored of this long-forgotten fashion of landscape. After years of unflinching adherence to the sterner type, after having come to believe that many rivers may for six months in a year be rivers in name only, and after a considerable sojourn in a ranch land where the burned brown was relieved only by patches of white on high and distant mountains, the rediscovery of a land habitually green brought a thrill to become memorable. Rivers still wet in midsummer, matted hazel brush—when did we last catch the scent of hazel?—meadows carelessly green, and trees! Trees everywhere except where the woodman had been.

"There seem to be more trees in the state of Oregon," we said, "than there are on the whole 6000 acres of the Alamo ranch." And it proved even so, and the

(Continued on Page 46)

PHOTO, FROM KEYSTONE VIEW CO., INC., N. Y. C.

Beautiful Rose Hedges Line the Residential Streets of Portland, Oregon

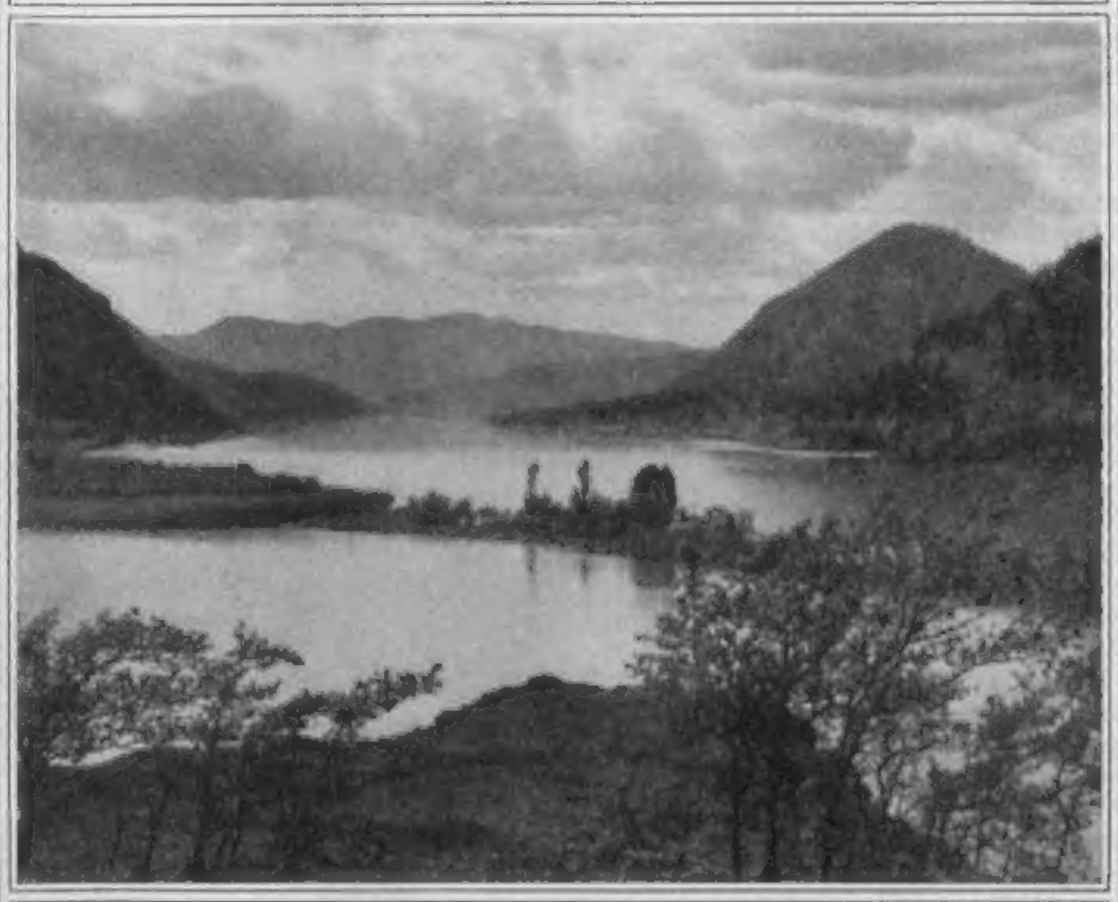


PHOTO. BY ARTHUR M. FRONTIS

Overlooking the Columbia River From the Columbia River Highway

PHOTO. BY WESCOTT & ALEX

Bachelor Mountain and Todd Lake, Oregon

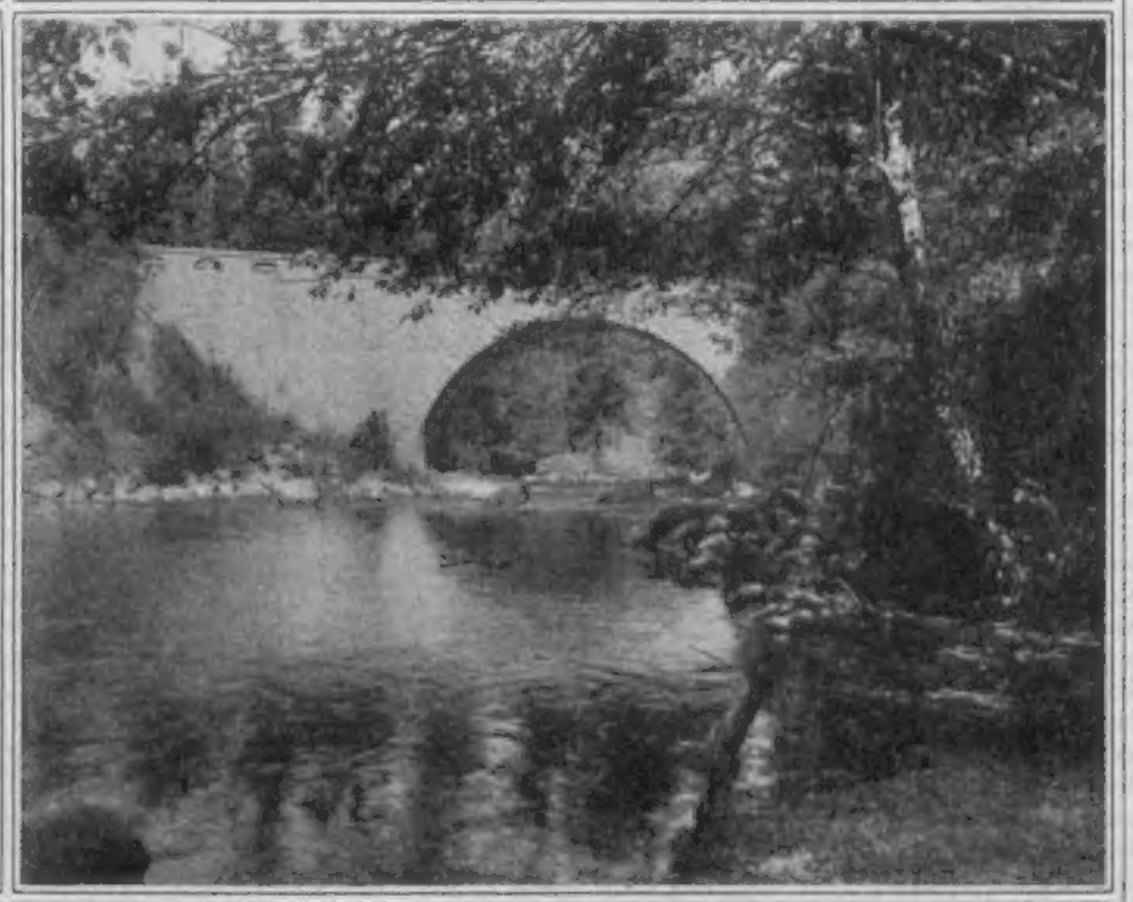


PHOTO. BY ARTHUR M. FRONTIS

Eagle Creek and Eagle Creek Bridge, Near Portland, Oregon

INNOCENT DELUSIONS

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

THERE had been a Final on the Mayflower, one of the first governors of the Massachusetts Bay Colony had a Final for wife, a Final was a Signer, a Final died at Valley Forge, and there was a Supreme Court Justice of the name. Dr. Roakes Final of Commonwealth Avenue never forgot these facts. He was always conscious that through his body coursed ancient and distinguished blood, and the knowledge was a solace and comfort to the man.

Not that he appeared to need either solace or comfort. He was a bachelor, about thirty-five years old, and he dwelt in solitary dignity in one of those old Beacon Hill houses whose very wall paper is stained with hoary respectability. An aged couple by the name of Hodge, who had served his father and mother before him, attended him there. He was a small man, and his hair was literally golden, and his eyes were so mild and blue that he wore the aspect of a choir boy. It may have been in an effort to correct this impression that he habitually spoke with a curiously precise and careful diction.

This precision, though it impressed some people, had the effect of irritating almost beyond endurance Miss Elizabeth Bird. Miss Bird was his office nurse; her acquaintances knew her as Bess, or even as Bumps. She once characterized the doctor's manner of speech in the phrase, "He talks as though he thought every word he said was inspired!"

She made this comment in the early stages of her association with Doctor Final, and it gained some derisive currency. Later she regretted having said it. That was after she reached the point of defending the little doctor, with a fierce loyalty, against all tongues save her own.

Doctor Final was the only survivor of the name. To an unfriendly observer it might have seemed that the great river of blue blood which had flowed through Final veins was dwindled to a trickle now, but this was not the view of the man himself. He felt rather that the broad stream still flowed, and through his own body; that in him the ancient heritage was concentrated; that he was a distillation of all the Finals of the past, the future intrusted to his hands.

Doctor Final was a surgeon, his particular field being the circulatory system, and his exploits in this field were remarkable and respected. He had explored in the bodies of human beings who were alive—and who continued to live thereafter—regions where few other men dared venture. Transfusions were routine; he had evolved a technic for the suturing of arteries which appeared to minimize thrombosis; he could discuss aneurismorrhaphy as authoritatively as others spoke of appendectomies; and on one occasion when extraordinary circumstances combined to give his skill a perfect opportunity, he had removed a pulmonary embolus, with a subsequent recovery.

If Doctor Final had been engaged in general practice he must have become famous, but the man's private income was sufficient to his needs, with a margin over, and surgery was with him an avocation rather than a profession. It might almost be said of him that he confined his practice to his friends. Certainly it was true that he habitually refused even a consultation with physicians outside his acquaintance. In similar fashion he had declined appointment upon the staff of any hospital. The manual dexterity necessary to his work he acquired in the laboratory and in the dissecting room. In the course of a year he did no more than a score or so of operations, but those which he did were each in their own wise perfect.

Yet Doctor Final's attitude toward his profession was not prompted by avarice. As a matter of fact, he was as ready to waive his fee in some cases as he was to refuse a tremendous sum in others. It was this which particularly irritated Miss Bird. Her association with Doctor Final was a curious phenomenon. It perplexed those who knew the man himself most intimately, and it afforded Miss Bird's friends an infinite deal of amusement. She had been sent to him by the superintendent of the private hospital where he was accustomed to deposit his occasional patients.

"What is it?" She Asked. "What Has Happened?" Her Voice Was Very Low

"I require a young lady of some ability and understanding," he had explained in his precise way. "One sufficiently intelligent to comprehend her duties without explanation; one who is able to accept responsibility and support it; and one whose interest in the work will be purely professional." And he added gravely, "I used the word 'lady' advisedly."

The superintendent selected Miss Bird. These two knew each other.

"You're sufficiently intelligent," she told Miss Bird; "and heaven knows you're a glutton for responsibility; and you're interested. The only question is, my dear, Are you a lady?"

"You'd be surprised!" Miss Bird retorted. "Many an honest heart beats under a ragged jacket."

"He's extremely fastidious," the superintendent pleaded; and Miss Bird nodded.

"I know," she agreed. "I've seen him. I ought to be able to handle the little man."

"You've a weakness for little men," the older woman reminded her. "I saw you kiss that appendix in 32, night before last."

"He would have it," Bumps confessed. "You can't blame me if I have sex appeal."

"Well, be merciful to Doctor Final," the superintendent advised. "You'd make two of him. And remember, I'm recommending you, my dear. He'll say something precise but devastating to me if you don't do."

"I've never worked for him," Bumps admitted somewhat doubtfully. "Is he as bad as he seems?"

"My dear," the other assured her, "the man has miracles at the ends of all his fingers! He works one every time he comes in here."

So when Miss Bird reported at Doctor Final's office—he was not there the first time she rang, nor the second—it was with a lively respect for the little man, and an earnest desire to please him. He was somewhat startled by her size. She had a robust opulence about her; she was tall and formed like Minerva, and her hair was heavy and rich, and there was a dancing light in her eyes—an overpowering person. It occurred to him for the first time that his office was too small; that he required more spacious quarters. Her voice, when she answered his questions, was even and low, with a resonant timbre. He was from the first afraid of her; and it was perhaps because he was afraid of her that he dared not refuse to accept her services. Once given the chance, she embedded herself in his professional life so firmly that to uproot her was from the first impossible.

For the first year she served him; during the second she began to mother him; and when she had been some three years in his employ, she was sufficiently conscious of her indispensability so that she began, now and then, to chide him for his own good. His life was a routine long established. He rose at half after eight in the morning, and breakfast occupied him till half after nine. He made what hospital visits might be required by those who happened to be at the moment under his attendance, repaired then to the laboratory for that research which delighted him. At twelve o'clock he came to the office to receive Miss Bird's reports, consider the developments of the day and make upon them his decisions. At one he departed to lunch at his club on Beacon Hill. He returned to the office thereafter only by appointment; he never kept any regular office hours. His afternoons, until half after five, were spent in the laboratory. At that hour he turned homeward; and for the evening, social intercourse engaged him.

With this routine Miss Bird had a continuing quarrel. She thought, and said, that Doctor Final should make his profession the chief concern of his life. As she became more secure in her position with him, so she became more direct in urging this point of view. She used arguments, appeals, and in the end derision, but he suffered these things without surrender, and the very patience with which he endured did madden her.

As for Doctor Final, he used sometimes to wonder why he permitted her such freedoms, why he did not discharge the girl. But he never did. She was, after all, a faithful

retainer and devoted to his service. It was a matter of pride with him to respect such loyalty. Mrs. Hodge, who cooked his meals and mended his clothes, scolded him when she chose; Hodge, who served his solitary meals, did on occasion utter a mild reproach. Doctor Final no more resented Miss Bird than he did them, assured himself that her status was no different from theirs.

If this was not altogether true, yet Doctor Final thought it true. He would have been honestly amused at the suggestion that he had any feeling for Miss Bird. He expected some day to marry, but when he did so, it would be with a lively appreciation of his duty to perpetuate the name of Final and to keep the blood strain fine. There was at least one person who had the qualifications he required in a wife; certainly Miss Bird did not possess them. So he explained to himself his tolerance of the young woman on the ground that she was merely his devoted servant; believed himself sincere in this point of view.

Usually he heard her patiently enough, but one day he silenced her at last with a more decisive tone. "It is useless, Miss Bird," he said. "My ways are settled. You need never expect me to change."

He was quite sincere in this. The change, shattering the whole structure of his life as an earthquake shatters a flimsy building, struck him, therefore, unaware.

"I came upon some most interesting material at home this morning, Miss Bird," he told the young woman one day in the office. He had arrived only a moment before, divested himself of hat and coat and seated himself by the desk. She stood with a memorandum in her hand, waiting to report to him.

"Professional?" she asked. Her tone was stern because he was late this day.

He shook his head.

"No," he explained. "A family matter. Some old records."

She waited disapprovingly.

"There's really a certain romance involved in the episode," he explained, his eyes clouded with pleasant reflections. "You see, my great-grandfather lived in the West End, in a house down under the Hill. In my father's time the building was converted into a boarding house. I still held title to it. Recently I had an offer to purchase the land on which it stands, provided I would remove the present building; and a day or two ago the workmen began the process of tearing down the structure. In doing so they came upon these letters."

"In a secret drawer," she suggested derisively.

"In a secret strong box," he confessed, with a faint relish. "The box was sealed away between the walls, off one of the upper rooms. They brought it to me, of course; and this morning I have had it opened."

"And read all the letters," she guessed.

He shook his head. "There is a mass of them," he confessed. "I lacked the time." He smiled at her placatingly. "You hold me so strictly to my professional engagements," he reminded her.

"Somebody's got to," she retorted.

"No," he said, ignoring her, his thoughts reverting. "No, I did not read them all. I only glanced at them. One very curious thing appeared to be a genealogy, if you can call it by that name—the record of three or four generations of a family named Pursee. I have no idea why it should be included among papers evidently treasured by my great-grandfather, but it was there. It was made, apparently, by someone besides himself, since it was not written in his hand." He smiled at her again. "I think I am to be applauded for coming at all today, Miss Bird; that little mystery attracted me ever so strongly. I expect to go through all the papers in the box this evening."

She made no comment, and after a little his expression changed; he asked at last in a perfunctory tone, "But no doubt you have something for my attention?"

She nodded at that in a brisk fashion. "Yes," she confessed. "Yes, Doctor Eliot wants an appointment with you. He telephoned this morning."

"To be sure," he agreed somewhat complacently. "Dr. Harmon Eliot." He spoke the name not as a question but as though he were stating an obvious fact.

She shook her head. "No," she said. "No; H. K."

His expression changed almost imperceptibly. "Ah?" he commented.

"Ah?" she echoed bitterly. "Why 'Ah'?"

He smiled. There were times when he condescended to be a little amused by Miss Bird's bitternesses.

"I am not one of Dr. H. K. Eliot's usual consultants," he explained.

"He doesn't want to consult you," she retorted. "He wants to see you about hospital business."

"Hospital?"

"I didn't ask him," she confessed. "But you know as well as I do, he wants you to take an appointment on the staff down there. They need you—need you badly. They've tried to get you more than once. He wants to talk to you."

Doctor Final pressed together the tips of his fingers—those fingers which could work miracles. "I once operated there," he said reminiscently. "I remember it well. The patient was a child. I had to submit to the entreaties of the mother, to the ignorant questionings of the father." He added gravely, "The man insisted on shaking hands with me. And the woman asked what my fee would be." And a moment later: "Also, a nurse made a mistake; the child died." His tone was damning.

(Continued on Page 178)

After a Time Mrs. Case Left Them. Doctor Final Sat an Hour or So With Alicia, Finding in Her That Leisurely Understanding Which He Valued So

The Battles of Phantom Cities

By ELMER T. PETERSON

IN THE purple half decade immediately preceding the 90's, when the cowboy trails suddenly veered from Kansas and a flood of farmers and town boomers washed up the long sod slope toward the Rockies, a chemical reaction took place. In some respects the paroxysms of hatred, suspicion, cupidity, bloodshed and feud surpassed the more light-hearted and sporadic vendettas of the cowboys and gunmen and professional bad men who had just held forth in old Dodge City, Hays, Abilene and other cow towns.

At some time during the half decade nearly every town in the southwest counties was in a state of siege and muttering hatred against some neighbor town. Armed knights rode forth and died with their boots on. The newspapers of the respective towns, sometimes to the number of three or four to the village of a few hundred population, flamed with livid vituperation such as had never been seen before or since. Each of the forty or fifty towns decided that it was the destined metropolis that was to be strategically situated between Kansas City and Denver. Each town had its plot showing Union Station, college, library, university and parks. These plots may still be seen in musty county records, even though many of the towns are dust and ashes. Paper railroads without number were built. In one instance there was a deadly feud between two towns which no longer exist, for the county seat of a county which is no more.

In these battles between ghost cities many lost their lives, and the intrigues were far-reaching. Hatreds were engendered which have lasted almost to the present time. The chemical reaction was one of the strangest sociological phenomena that this country has ever witnessed. It was a primitive boosterism armed with six-shooters and gone mad.

Free Advertising

EVER since 1885, whenever county-seat wars have been mentioned in Kansas, the thought has been linked with the name of Col. Sam Wood, of Woodsdale. This strange and paradoxical character stalked like a restless apparition across Kansas history for nearly forty years, and wherever he went there was violent contention.

Reared a Quaker, he was the direct antithesis of Quakerism. In fact, he was a personification of the bitter and turbulent feelings that whipped the state in the border ruffian days, in the Civil War period, in the stormy 70's of cowboys, gunmen and railroad adventuring, in the 80's of the boom and county-seat wars, and in the early 90's when the Populists flagellated the money devils of the East for their Seven Great Conspiracies. Having fulfilled his destiny in the last important stage of turbulence in Bleeding Kansas by making an eloquent speech urging that the United States Government take up the entire private mortgage debt of Kansas, amounting to $200,000,000, by issuing legal-tender treasury notes bearing 1 per cent interest, he was shot down by a feudist in Hugoton, the town that he most hated.

He was a product of his time and environment, not all bad and not all good. It was inevitable that a man of his type should be continually in trouble. His friends and enemies were united on one proposition—namely, that he was a brilliant and loyal man and a formidable fighter. Born in Ohio in 1825, he was early involved in the workings of the Underground Railroad which gave refuge to fugitive slaves. Enraged at the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, he announced his intention of moving to the area of trouble; so, in 1854, six months after the passage of the bill, migrated with his young wife to Lawrence, the cockpit of the prewar controversy.

Like many another crusader, he became an editor, was part owner of the Kansas Tribune, a free-state newspaper, and plunged into his favorite occupation of fighting. When Charles M. Dow, a free-state man, was murdered, November 21, 1855, by Franklin N. Coleman, a proslavery man, Wood took a prominent part in a public meeting to denounce the murder. Jacob Branson was arrested by Sheriff Jones and a posse of twelve men the following night, on the charge of participating in the meeting. The bellicose Quaker and ten others armed themselves and rescued Branson. In consequence of this act 1200 armed men were brought over from Missouri and besieged Lawrence in what was known as the Wakarusa War. In the spring of 1856 Wood was arrested by Sheriff Jones on the charge of having instigated the rescue of Branson and the subsequent fighting. He broke away from Jones by main strength, and when he was about to be overpowered by Jones and his deputies, he was rescued by friends.

At one time during the siege of Lawrence his wife managed to pass through the enemy lines that surrounded the town and, driving a horse and buggy, secured the ammunition that was badly needed by the beleaguered men. She was a militant helpmeet throughout his career. At another time, it is related by Pat Coney, once a business associate of Wood, the dare-devil Quaker was forced to get his mail at Quindaro, which was in the hands of proslavery men. They had posted a reward of $500 for the capture of Wood, dead or alive. Wood nonchalantly rode up to the post office on horseback, and in the presence of about 200 dazed proslavery men, asked if there was "any mail for Sam Wood." The postmaster tremblingly sorted it out, and the Quaker, noticing the poster offering a reward for his capture, said, "H'm, that's a nice advertisement," tore it down and stuffed it in his pocket. He then calmly mounted his horse and rode away before the amazed Missourians could find voice or holster.

Shortly after coming to Kansas he ran for the legislature, and thereafter was almost continuously in politics. At one time he was speaker of the Kansas House of Representatives, at another time state senator and later judge of district court and candidate for Congress. When the Civil War broke out he served in the Kansas Rangers of the Union Army with distinction, emerging a lieutenant colonel, having taken part in several important engagements, including the battle of Wilson's Creek.

Main Street, Cottonwood Falls, Kansas, as it Looked Fifty Years Ago

The Same Street as it Looks Today

Four Men at Once

HE WAS one of a galaxy of editors most of whom were also soldiers, statesmen and lawyers, among them being Major J. K. Hudson, of the Topeka Capital; Senator Preston B. Plumb, of Emporia; Senator Edmund G. Ross, who cast the deciding vote against the impeachment of Andrew Johnson in 1868; John A. Martin, who was governor of Kansas during most of the county-seat wars; Floyd P. Baker, editor of the Herald of Freedom at Lawrence; Senator John J. Ingalls, Vincent J. Lane, Sol Miller and other sturdy fighters.

In 1859 Eastern Kansas was apparently becoming too crowded for Wood and he moved westward to the frontier in Chase County, and was also state senator in the first statehood government. He founded the Kansas Press at Cottonwood Falls and later served as county attorney there. In 1866 he introduced the woman-suffrage amendment, which made Kansas one of the pioneer states in this movement. When the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad was built he became a member of the first board of directors, and in 1879 he became editor of the Kansas Greenbacker at Emporia. In this period he was also associated with Patrick H. Coney, of Topeka, in the publication of the Topeka State Journal. Captain Coney, who still lives at Topeka, chuckles as he recalls the time that he, as commander of the Topeka G. A. R. post, felt impelled to throw Sam Wood out of the post, both literally and figuratively. "He was so troublesome," says Captain Coney, "that his wife once told me Sam Wood couldn't stay in a room alone without having a fight with himself." However, his wife always stood by him loyally in all his truculent escapades and after his death wrote a book of glowing eulogy in his behalf.

Colonel Wood's penchant for being four men at once constituted a perfect combination for getting a man into trouble in those days. He was a politician, which made him a public target. He was a lawyer, which involved him in much contentious litigation. He was an editor, which caused his radical and partisan opinions to be set down in immortal black and white where all could read. And he was a town boomer, organizer of fiscal divisions and promoter, which brought contention of many kinds in a free-and-easy period of exploitation.

In the 70's and 80's one of the popular prairie pastimes was the organization of counties and school districts for the purpose of voting bonds by means of fictitious lists of

A Dugout Used by Settlers of the 80's

voters borrowed from hotel directories, collecting money and moving on to other pastures. Many weird tales are told of such transactions. One county furnished the episode of a certain John Doe, beneficiary of the action of the county commissioners, who, after a fraudulent and padded census, issued $25,000 worth of bonds to build a courthouse and gave the money to Doe.

The first largesse did not take effect. Mr. Doe was coy and the courthouse was not forthcoming. So the commissioners, undaunted, proposed to vote $40,000 additional bonds and again tempt him to build the courthouse with the proceeds. By this time the few actual settlers objected, and managed to defeat the bonds in the election. But the commissioners refused to be discouraged and issued the warrants anyhow. By an act of the legislature put through by the leader of the gang, funding bonds were issued to cover the debt and Mr. Doe again pocketed a nice sum of money to do with as he pleased. And still the courthouse was not built. This coup, being successful, was followed by others of various kinds, so the total was somewhere around $200,000. The settlers then decided to take the law into their own hands and lynch the grafters. But the leader of the gang used his powers of eloquent persuasion and said they would restore the loot and leave the county forever. They left, but when they left they took with them the county warrant book and county seal, and from a safe distance issued more evidences of indebtedness which they cashed in.

Too Peaceful

SUCH practices became such a scandal that A. L. Williams, who was attorney-general of Kansas from 1871 to 1875, decided to do a little investigating on his own account before approving a batch of school bonds which appeared for his signature, he being unable to get anyone else to do it for him. He made a trip out through the county in question, traveling from one end to the other and inspecting the district. He found the district to be practically devoid of inhabitants or resources. Completely disgusted, he returned to his office in Topeka, looked over the beautifully lithographed and engrossed bonds, and in a bold hand wrote with red ink across the face of each: "This bond is not worth a damn." This was a setback to the schemes of the grafters in that particular instance.

There was formed a dark background of corrupt and adventurous affairs against which the honest majority sought to draw their own picture of the good state that was to be. And many a private Dr. Jekyll contended with a civic Mr. Hyde. There was slow movement into the far plains country until 1885, when a sudden tide of settlers came. Inevitably there was an accompaniment of politics.

The Republican party, with all its militant G. A. R. backbone, was becoming too placid for Colonel Wood, who was a delegate to the Philadelphia convention in 1856 which organized that party. He wanted to be in some flaming crusade of protest. So he became a Populist, and soon found a bitter opponent in "Farmer" A. W Smith, of McPherson, a Republican war horse, whose enmity later was to have a bearing on his life.

Meanwhile the stage was set for the bloody drama of the county-seat wars. The Kansas Pacific, whose progress through Kansas was aided by the commissary of Buffalo Bill Cody, who slaughtered bisons by the hundred to furnish meat for laborers, had spanned the state from east to west. Next came the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, in the 70's, striking near Fort Zarah, Fort Larned, Fort Dodge and the Rocky foothills on its way to the Far Western commercial capital which gave it the latter part of its name. Soon afterward the Rock Island and the Missouri Pacific sought transcontinental routes through the state.

The red bandannas of the punchers and wranglers fluttered a farewell on the cow paths to the Panhandle, New Mexico and Montana. The day of the long north-and-south cattle trails in Kansas had passed forever with the coming of steam transportation. Just over the line in Colorado, on the Santa Fe, was Trail City, the ephemeral successor of Dodge City as the frontier cowboy capital Most of the bad men had moved there, for there was still a route for the north-and-south drift of cattle which for a few years moved with the seasons to and from Texas and New Mexico and Montana.

Agriculture followed the locomotive. It was believed that the vast prairies of Western Kansas and Nebraska would support a prodigious farming population. Gathering force because of the pressure of increasing population in Indiana, Ohio, Missouri, Iowa and other Central or Eastern states, the tide of migration rushed out over the sod plateau that lifted imperceptibly toward the mountains. The temporary holdback furnished by the grasshopper years of the 70's had been forgotten. The lure of free government homesteads was overpowering, and land hunger caused a frenzied stampede. The tide rushed high up the slope, even to the foothills of the Rockies. It was not known that rainfall was deficient. For two or three years, for that matter, timely rains made the prairies beautiful even to the far-western end of Kansas. Dry-farming methods or crops adapted to drought were comparatively unknown. It was a vast holiday of joyous, youthful adventure.

From an Early Photograph of Col. Samuel Newitt Wood

The Middle Ages in Kansas

THE enmities of the cowboys, gamblers and gunmen of the 70's were mostly individual and of passing nature. The killings usually were the result of sudden flares of rage or drunken brawls or individual grudges. Some of the gunmen of this period stayed over into the 80's, and they took part in or witnessed a period of fighting which was far different. The cowboys and gunmen were happy-go-lucky floaters with no stake in the soil. Their fights were over personal matters. But the burghers and farmers who followed them and crowded them out soon shed their holiday spirit and took on a grim earnestness in their fights. They were fighting for things that concerned their landholdings. They were fighting for their very homes, as they thought. They fought by towns and factions, and not by individuals. And this may explain the deadly nature of their battles. To find anything like a parallel for ferocity and vindictiveness one must go either to the feuds of old Kentucky or the days when medieval cities were self-sufficient governments and each waged war against the other.

The county-seat fights of Western Kansas, in fact, bore much resemblance to the ancient feudal wars between armed and fortified cities, when, for the time being, no common superior government mattered. The state government at Topeka, the district courts and even the United States marshals were deemed far-off and vague sources of authority. The county sheriff, the city marshal or the constable was sufficient for immediate needs, if any This seething, crude

(Continued on Page 194

From a Photograph Taken at Paris, Texas, During the Trial of the Men Convicted of the Hay Meadow Killing in No Man's Land. Back Row, Left to Right—A. A. Dunmire, Wichita, Kansas, Son-in-Law of Sheriff Cross; Inez Requa, Sister of Robert Hubbard, One of the Slain Men; Herbert Tonny, Sole Survivor of the Massacre; Mrs. Hubbard, Mother of Robert Hubbard; Mrs. G. W. Carr, Who Cared for Tonny After His Wound; Mrs. Sam Wood; Mrs. D. W. Walker, Mother of Mabel Walker Willebrandt and Sister of Cyrus W. Eaton, One of the Slain Men; D. W. Walker. Bottom Row, Left to Right—Mrs. A. A. Dunmire, Daughter of Sheriff Cross; Mrs. J. M. Cross, Widow of the Murdered Sheriff; Mr. Wilcox, Brother of W. H. Wilcox, One of the Slain Men; the Little Boy is the Son of Mrs. Carr; Col. Sam Wood; J. C. Gerrond, Hugoton; E. A. Cross, Son of the Murdered Sheriff

A Permanent Improvement

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

THREE young men in a flivver stopped at the hotel in Sugar Hollow for dinner. Two of these youths were of no importance whatever in the present scheme of things, but the third was Don Oakes.

Don was small. If he stretched, his crown reached five feet and six inches above his soles; if he took the precaution to fill his pockets with heavy knickknacks, his weight was a hundred and thirty pounds. He was very nice looking in a slender, delicate sort of way, and people instinctively assumed a protective attitude toward him. One would have said the world was too rough, rude and uncultured a place for him to be abroad in, and people often mistook him for a musician. He had a sort of musical look, a poetical, dreamy expression which old ladies considered to be romantic. His age was generally guessed to be not more than nineteen, and it may be significant that he did not attempt a mustache to give a spurious veneer of antiquity. He was, as a matter of fact, in his twenty-sixth year.

Nor was he a musician; not even one of those who rend the heart with dulcet chords from the strings of a ukulele. He knew nearly all the words, but he could never make any of them rime, so he was not a poet. He was, as a matter of fact, a newspaper man; not an art critic, nor one of those who pretend to understand symphonies and write that the oboe was a trifle overemphasized in the fourth movement; nor one of those writers upon the drama or literature who mention the name of book or play and then write a charming essay upon the reactions of their baby daughter to her first case of measles. He was, in short, a common or garden variety of reporter, and facts were his business.

After their meal, the young men emerged upon the piazza of the hotel, where two of them found rocking-chairs and settled themselves to the commission of a smoke nuisance. But not Don Oakes. He descended the steps and strolled; but not far. An odor of glue and glycerin and printer's ink rushed out of a door to meet him and he paused, sniffing.

In the door stood a somewhat ramshackle individual in his shirt sleeves who employed a toothpick with consummate accuracy. He had bushy hair, a melancholy cast of countenance and carried the weight of fifty years. One could tell at a glance that he was an editor, also that it had become chronic.

"I don't owe you anything, do I?" asked this gentleman.

"No," said Don politely.

"If they stop, I generally owe 'em. . . . If you're a visitor in our midst, give me your name, aims, political views and condition of servitude, and I'll wangle a personal out of it."

"No copy in me," said Don modestly.

The editor pricked up his ears. "Newspaper man, eh?" he asked. Then, with a waggle of his head: "They come all shapes and sizes."

"I've always wanted to run a country newspaper," Don said.

"You have? I cal'late when you were a baby you cried for castor oil."

"Some day," said Don, "I'm going to own one."

"How would today do? It's a nice day."

"I haven't any money."

"Money! First time I've heard it mentioned this week. I didn't say money, did I?"

"No," admitted Don.

"Complete newspaper plant in thriving town of twelve hundred. Flat-bed press, not paid for; linotype, not paid for; assorted fonts of type for job work—if any—partially paid for. One compositor and a devil, paid to last Saturday night. Circulation, waning; advertising, reluctant. . . . Has an attractive sound, eh?"

"Rather," said Don.

"Pretty town, with men, women and children in it."

"Yes, indeed," said Don.

"Then it's a deal," said the editor.

"You're a step ahead of me," said Don.

"The fact of the matter is," said the editor, "I'm sick of this set of creditors. I want to go somewhere and get me a new set. I don't mind owing money, but I hate to have to pay it. If you'll assume the debts and take the plant off my hands, I'll be gratified."

Don blinked. "Is that a serious proposition?" he asked.

"So serious," said the editor, "that it borders on the fatal."

"Can they put you in jail for owing money?"

"Not in this state."

"I'll try anything once," said Don.

"You don't, by any chance, mean you'll take me up?"

"Yes," said Don.

"Are you of age?"

"Yes."

"Because," said the editor, "I'd kind of hate to do a meanness to a minor. . . . Let's go to Lawyer Nutting and make out a bill of sale. I'd like to get you hooked legally before you inspect the plant."

A half hour later Don Oakes came down the stairs which led to the offices over the post office, and in his hand was a legal document which transferred to him for one dollar and other good and valuable considerations one newspaper and printing plant, subject nevertheless to such debts and encumbrances as were then in being

"A train leaves in forty minutes," said the editor. "If you will keep this transaction private until I am aboard, I shall appreciate it."

"Certainly," said Don.

He went back to the hotel, where his companions awaited him impatiently. "Whenever you're ready," he said, "be on your several ways. I'm staying here."

"Wouldn't you know it! But why here?" asked the larger of the pair.

"I have," said Don, "bought a newspaper."

"It might have been a millinery store," said the other.

"Or the county farm," said the former.

"Life with Don is one thing and another. Shall we stick and help you run it?"

"I'd rather you'd clear out," said Don. "When you get back, tell the chief I've resigned."

"Has this paper a name?"

"The Sugar Hollow Sentinel," said Don.

"The boys'll say this and that, but they won't be astounded," said the large one.

"Throw out my bag where the wooden awning sticks out," said Don—"and bon voyage."

"The young things want to be alone," said the smaller one. "Wire for railroad fare. We love to take up collections."

So they shook hands elaborately and drove away, leaving the Sugar Hollow Sentinel's new editor standing approximately at the geographical center of population of the scene of his new endeavors. He looked about him with interest.

II

DON listened for the whistle of the departing train before he visited his new property. When, however, that sound assured him the former owner had made good his escape, he strolled down the street and entered the open door of the Sentinel office. At his left was a wooden railing behind which was an apartment some seven feet square, in which were the editorial desk,

Ellsworth Turned Upon Rivers and His Eyes Narrowed. "You Sign Mr. Oakes' Contract for Advertising," He Said, "and You Pay the Bill Out of Your Own Pocket"

a littered floor, a high bookcase full of reports of state departments and with a stuffed owl on its top. He nodded to the owl and was pleased to be its possessor, for it was an unexpected item of the inventory. There was also a chair with a burst bottom, and a safe. Don regarded the safe and then glanced again at the owl. It seemed to him the bird was much more essential.

A door with a cracked panel gave upon the press and composing room. A job press was clattering, while a gangling youth with inky features fed strips of yellow paper into its opened face to have them given back to him handbills announcing a minstrel show. The press upon which the palladium of Sugar Hollow's liberties was printed lay silent. A cadaverous and mustached individual of advanced age bent over a stone fitting bits of furniture into a form. This person wore a savage and untamed expression calculated to inspire terror, and he glared at Don venomously.

"Well, bub, what kin I do fer you?" he asked in the gentlest voice Don ever had heard.

"Can you hit it from there?" Don asked, pointing to a tin receptacle distant some dozen feet from the compositor.

That person of malign appearance turned his head over his shoulder and without apparent aim or effort hit it squarely in the middle with a satisfying plop.

"The boss is out," he said.

"The boss," replied Don, "is in."

"Mebby you know better'n me," said the gentle, resigned voice.

"I have later information," said Don. "He who used to be known as the boss is no longer with us He left on the noon train."

"I been expectin' it," said the compositor patiently. "Wa-al, there'll be another along. There allus is. No matter how wuthless a paper is, there's allus a fool to try it."

"The description," said Don, "seems just and accurate."

"He could 'a' picked on somebody his own size," said the compositor; "that is, if you're contrivin' around to tell me you're it."

"When," asked Don, "do we go to press?"

"Thursday."

"Print how many?"

"We run off five hundred, but there hain't any cryin' need to run off none. Jest send out the print paper; folks 'ud be better satisfied. My name's Jake."

"Mine's Don Oakes."

"That there," said Jake, pointing to the youth at the job press, "is Horrible."

"A nice name," said Don.

"'Tain't no name," said Horrible; "it's jest what they call me."

"Any job work?"

"Not enough to pay for dirtyin' up the type."

"Very well," said Don. "Now go right ahead being civil and industrious and your promotion will be sure and swift."

"I read that in a magazine," said Jake. "What's the complexion of your politics?"

"Blond," said Don; and turning with what might have seemed abruptness, passed into the editorial office, where he sat down before his desk and spent a moment looking self-satisfied, for he found himself at last in a situation after his own heart.

He looked up as a shadow crossed his line of vision, to find a young woman peering at him over the railing. She was very small and slender, and her hair was black, with a crinkle to it; and her eyes were black, and her cheeks were olive-tinted with life. Don returned her gaze briefly.

"I move to amend," he said. "I mean brunet"

"Where," asked the young woman, "is Mr. Wiggins?"

"He baffles pursuit in the hinterland," said Don.

"Where are my invitations then? And do you work here?"

"Do you mean to say you haven't got your invitations? And thank you for your personal interest; I do work here."

"He promised those invitations for tonight."

"One moment," said Don, and disappeared into the composing room. "Jake," he demanded, "where are her invitations?"

He Looked Up as a Shadow Crossed His Line of Vision, to Find a Young Woman Peering at Him Over the Railing

"Whose invitations?"

"How should I know? But she ought to have 'em. She ought to have anything she wants."

"I don't know nothin' about invitations," Jake said resignedly.

He returned to his office. "The late Mr. Wiggins promised your invitations for tonight?" he asked.

"He did, and I've got to have them or everything will be ruined"

"You shall have them. Is there anything else you've got to have? Because —— But we'll take that up later. You gave me—Wiggins the copy, of course?"

"What copy?"

"Copy," said Don, "is just a silly term printers use for the words that go on a thing."

"You mean what I want the invitations to say?"

"Exactly."

"I gave it to him." She frowned suddenly and delightfully. "You don't mean to say —— He—he didn't go and forget all about it! But he did! He did! He put it in his pocket and went and played cribbage and forgot."

"Cribbage is not my vice," said Don. "If you will confide your needs to me ——"

"But I had to have them today!"

"You shall have them today. The whole resources of this vast plant are at your disposition."

"They're just silly invitations," she said—"for fun. On meat paper, or something, and printed all funny as a little boy would do."

"It will be easy for us," he said, and for an instant she eyed him suspiciously. Nevertheless she wrote the text, which informed him of her name—Iris Noble.

"They will be ready," he said, "at six."

She looked at him again, as at an individual this time, and not merely as at a piece of mechanism. "I don't think I've ever seen you before," she said.

"I apologize," he said, "and promise it shall never happen again. Ignorance of law excuses no one, but ignorance of fact is a good defense. You see, I did not know you existed until just now."

"Aren't you a bit impertinent?" she asked, but not disagreeably. And then—"I shall be in at six o'clock."

No sooner had she stepped out of the office than Don was in the composing room

"Jake," he said, "here's the most important job this office will ever have. Drop everything and leap on it. If it isn't done at ten minutes to six, something will happen the like of which this town has never seen It involves bloodshed."

Jake scowled at him ferociously.

"I cal'late I kin manage it," he said gently.

Two visitors leaned on the railing when Don returned to his office; one was tall and broad and burly, with a mustache and a broad-brimmed felt hat; the other was slighter, trimmer, meticulously dressed and rather handsome. The first man might have been in the late forties: the second was not more than thirty.

"Hello, bub," said the big man. "Where's Wiggins?"

"That ancient and holy thing," said Don, "has faded like a dream"

"Don't git smart with me, kid," said the big man. "Tell Wiggins the sheriff's here."

"He left," said Don, "by our fastest train."

"For good?"

"For better or for worse," said Don gravely.

The pair looked at each other with meaning. "I been more'n half lookin' for it," said the sheriff. "He didn't have no stability"

"He was afraid of the cars," said the younger man. Then to Don: "Who are you anyhow?"

"I," said Don, "am the present owner and editor of the Sugar Hollow Sentinel. Subscription rates two dollars a year. Advertising, fifteen cents an inch. Our circulation embraces the finest agricultural section of the state ——"

"We'll come inside," said the sheriff. "Shake hands with the prosecutin' attorney, Mr. Ellsworth. . . . So you bought this sheet, eh?"

"It might be called that."

Sheriff Fox usurped Don's chair, Ellsworth made himself comfortable in the other, and Don stood, amiable and very boyish.

"Glad we dropped in," said the sheriff affably. "This town's been needin' new blood, and we kin help you to git started off on the right foot. . . . Kind of young to be runnin' a paper, hain't you?"

"Alexander," said Don, "had conquered most of the world at my age." *(Continued on Page 90*

LITTLE MRS. MUFFET

The Stillness and the Greenness Cast a Spell Over Them, and They Ceased to Jest, to Call Back and Forth

By Agnes Burke Hale

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

MRS. GILBERT HOXIE considered the affair between her brother, George Trevor, and that widow, Mrs. Bayne, perfectly ridiculous, yet she was on her guard. That is to say, her ears quickened at the woman's name; and whenever she saw George's roadster nosing down his road, she ran to the end of the veranda to see whether he turned down Elm to the Sandy Springs Club, or down Franklin to the alluring Mrs. Bayne.

George Trevor was thirty-six, three years younger than his sister, who had looked thirty for almost a decade. Born to rule the upper classes of Adamton society as well as the lower, her days were a series of gestures to stabilize the good, the true and the beautiful. She had been president of the Junior League, was now chairman of the Associated Charities, managed seven charitable boards and was the ruling spirit of the Town Improvement Association. Well dressed, formidable, logical minded, she believed in the power of intelligence.

So when George Trevor, whose life she had always arranged, began to pursue the foolish Mrs. Bayne she put her intellect to work. She had met Mrs. Bayne here and there, but until George Trevor gave her a dinner before the Hunt and Jump Ball, she had not recognized the woman as a menace. Chatting politely with the giddy creature at a guild tea was one thing; seeing her on George's right in the ancestral home was another. After that calamity, Mrs. Hoxie, putting on a new autumnal rig and those pearl earrings which made her look like a duchess opening a bazaar, drove over to call on the Lorelei.

What Mrs. Bayne did after that visit, perhaps only George ever knew. Mrs. Hoxie, however, rode straight home, past Norman and Cotswold houses, past old Colonial and stucco, through the teeming traffic of Adamton. On this hazy October afternoon the sky was an unseasonably tender blue, and the trees were red-and-gold torches, lit by the amber sunlight. Mrs. Hoxie's face wore the Pallas Athenean look, behind which so many noble women hide sinister plans.

Gilbert Hoxie had already arrived from New York on the 4:59, and was lying in a low chair on the sun porch, drinking strong tea and reading a secondhand-book catalogue. A tall, bony man, he wore the gloomy look of a male whose life was overmanaged by his wife.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Hoxie," he said respectfully. "Fix yourself a cup of tea and draw up a chair."

"I have had tea," she said flatly. She surveyed her sardonic-tongued husband suspiciously. Was he for her or against her? She never really knew. Yet there was no one else in whom she could safely confide, not even Helen Platt, her closest friend; Helen was too closely involved.

"Have some more with me," he urged, pouring out the deadly black potion.

"Put some water in that poison," she advised. "You can't guess where I've been and what I've done."

"Don't tell me you've gone and made Adamton a cleaner place to live in!"

"Gil, stop joking. I wish you would take this thing seriously."

"What thing is it now?"

"That Mrs. Bayne—I've been to call on her. It's much worse than I thought. While I was there George arrived, and he stayed after I left. He has all the signs of being infatuated."

"Infatuation rarely leads to marriage. Yet George should be married. He would lose that high-school look."

She shrugged her competent shoulders wearily. "Oh, please stop talking like a play. Do you suppose I want George to make a fool of himself?"

He hitched himself up in his chair and waved a finger at her. "Sara, I'm jealous of George. You care more about running his life than mine. Why fly into a panic over his emotional disturbance? Do you remember how you worried about the Eddinger girl? Did I weep when my sister ran away, first with an instructor from Wisconsin and secondly with a real-estate agent from California? What is her amorous errancy to me?"

This was always his attitude. "There you go again, Gil," she said. "You take marriage as lightly as a trip to California. It would be a perfect shame for George to marry this woman. Who is she and where did she come from? Can you imagine her giggling all over my mother's house, putting taffeta bedspreads on four-posters?"

"Sara, I didn't know she did that!" he said, awe-struck. "But she is an attractive little woman. Not like any of the other women around her, not like you or Helen Platt, or Mrs. Ormsby Gore, or Mrs. Chilton. When she swishes into the room, that Mrs. Bayne, I think of Guinevere and Helen of Troy."

"That's more like it. It's disgusting," said Mrs. Hoxie. "If men would only recognize it for what it is!"

"It comes along so rarely in these suburbs," said Hoxie gloomily. "Venus would never be washed up in Adamton."

"She's always in Adamton, if you're looking for that sort of thing. Would you like Mrs. Bayne, living next door, running back and forth all day, dropping her embroidery, gurgling over your books? That's what she does, you know."

"The trouble is, she does it well," said Hoxie. "Most men like these amorous frills."

Mrs. Hoxie let that pass. George had looked as if he liked them too. What about that fine modern comradeship between him and Helen Platt, the orphan heir to the Platt millions? How well they had looked, George and Helen, taking exercise together, riding, smashing tennis balls, swimming and golfing! Helen was slated to go north into Maine with them at the end of the month, when they went into the Maine woods after deer. A little click of apprehension went through her; would George be so keen about going now, with Mrs. Bayne left behind? Yet a fortnight's absence in the woods with Helen might show him the tinsel of Mrs. Bayne's attraction and the sterling solidity of Helen Platt. She pictured George and Helen sneaking side by side through the wilderness, their guns on their shoulders, and simultaneously the solution flushed into her mind.

Gilbert finished his tea and rummaged through his coat pockets. "I almost forgot," he said. "Look! I had a letter from Jake today. He says it's all right for the eighteenth. Be sure to remind George, will you?"

He tossed her the letter. Jake's correspondence was worth reading. She read:

Dear Friend Gil: The eighteenth will be fine for us, and it will be all right for you to come on the eighteenth, and the boys will meet you at the Forks with the truck. The roads is good until you get to St. Justin's, where they had a fight about taxes last year and the state didn't come across, but next year they will vote the money or some other people will ask why. The boys will be waiting at Arline's with canoes, and Joe Pitou has a motor on his and says he will tow the lot or bust. The boys say not to go with Joe.

It will be all right then for the eighteenth and you can have Mrs. McGonigle's house. She has gone to St. Petersburg. There is a fall of snow today and hunting should be good. There is a plague of bears about. I will close now, hoping you and George and wife are well, and the boys wishing you the same.

Yours truly,
J. S. Talbot.

"Isn't that priceless?" said Sara enthusiastically. "He puts me last, the old darling."

"He'd kill you if he heard you." Gil had a sudden ache for a wilderness impenetrable to woman, where he and George might meet danger uncluttered by femininity. But there was no chance. Sara had been going into woods and wildernesses for years. She was a good shot and expert fisherman, the complete comrade, modern and dependable. So was Helen Platt. Fine women, but ——

"Gil, I have thought of something that I think would be a good thing to do." Sara's deep blue eyes, set so perfectly beneath beautifully modeled brows, had a familiar dreaminess. He resisted desperately.

"Sara, let Nature take its course. Don't have an idea about this thing." He stood up. "Stop using the old brain on life. Save it for your bridge game."

She was beyond recall; she was looking through him, into the great beyond.

"Gil, I have decided that we should take Mrs. Bayne into the woods."

"Not on your life!" he said decisively. "What are you trying to run off—a Canterbury pilgrimage?"

"No, I'm not. For a man with a subtle mind, Gil, you are at times obtuse. Marriage is a woman-made trap. Mrs. Bayne is snapping up George when he is wavering between the growing selfishness of celibacy and the fear of a lonely old age. George is careless; he will let Mrs. Bayne decide for him. Anyone with intelligence can see that she would be a most unsuitable wife. Throw them together in an environment dear to George, and Mrs. Bayne's inadequacies will be revealed to him." She finished with masterly decision and took a cup of tea.

Gilbert Hoxie groaned. "For this crazy scheme, you will spoil my hunting."

Sara shook her head. "It won't spoil your hunting. You can take Jake and go off by yourself as usual. George, the poor old fool, will be seeing Helen and Mrs. Bayne together against the same background. He will regain his manly graces."

"Oh, the devil he will! She can command marriage, and he will say, 'How cute!' Do you realize what you're doing?" he went on solemnly. "You're flinging a man and woman to an unnatural condition into the virgin forest, where the pines, spruce trees, lakes and mountains will have their immemorial appeal. If she can lure him in a drawing-room, what will she do to him against Nature's changing screen?"

He rather liked that sentence, even in his anger.

"You talk like a scenarist," she said. "I shall take the responsibility. I'll put it up to George tonight at the Van Camps'. Mrs Bayne is never seen without a large bagful of fancy work, and is incapable of keeping still. I am dying to see her and George out together deer stalking."

"Heliogabalus," reflected Mr. Gilbert Hoxie, "had nothing on my wife. I earnestly beg of you, Sara," he insisted, "not to do this. Not that I have any objection to Mrs. Bayne. I find her a rather amusing person. Not the type I should choose, but dangerous. You are bound for defeat."

"You really believe she's attractive? Oh," she cried illogically, "now I know that I must save him!"

The dinner at the Van Camps', due to the fact that Mrs. Van Camp had inherited money, was better than one might expect at a rectory. There were mushroom soup, ducklings, endive and peach mousse—things which make salvation seem pleasant and attainable. Sara, flanking with Mrs. Bayne the Reverend Van Camp, admitted the widow's beauty, but who cares for Christmas pantomime as a sister-in-law? Mrs. Bayne was all sequins, rhinestones and opalescents, and her fluffy curly hair was banded with pearls. She was thirty-five at least; but her flashing eyes, her lively body, her inexhaustible gayety proclaimed, "I shall always be a girl." She had a low insinuating giggle which ran around her throat several times before it came forth in a laugh, and she hung upon the Reverend Van Camp's most obvious platitude. She was man's perfect audience. She liked to talk too. When she talked about flowered window shades, even Sara listened.

"Three times, my dear," she said dramatically, "I went into the city with the exact measurements; and three times, my dear, Fairweather & Anslee's telephoned out to ask if I was ever going to give them the measurements, or must they send a man out? Is this efficiency? 'Do you realize what these telephone calls are costing your firm?' I asked. Each time Violet says, 'Telephone, Mrs. Bayne.' Violet is my own maid, my dear. I shiver. I ask Violet, 'What sort of a voice, Violet? Don't tell me it's Fairweather & Anslee's asking me for measurements!' And then, my dear, they didn't send the English geranium which I had ordered, but the silly peasant cottage pattern which I loathe! Aren't they oxlike? Can you imagine this country capturing foreign markets with those idiots in charge?"

So it went through the meal and over the world. Mrs. Bayne snatched all issues from professors and bankers and festooned them with glittering giggles. "That reminds me of the thing that happened in Berlin, when Chester and I were buying chairs," she would cry, speaking of reparations.

After dinner Sara beckoned George over to her. They made a handsome pair, the last of the Trevors, the proudest family in Adamton. "Hello, stranger, we stopped for you tonight."

"I went around for Mrs. Bayne," said George innocently. "Say, Sara, it was awfully nice of you to call on her. She was touched." His honest eyes gleamed, he looked sickeningly blissful. Nothing Sara had done for him since he was a tiny boy had given him so much pleasure as this call upon Mrs. Bayne. "She's had a hard time, you know—an awfully hard time," he added.

"She has?" asked Sara. "She seems so happy."

She pulled him down beside her on the divan. He was six feet two, and broad, a perfect exponent of American manhood and the most popular man in Adamton. Children screamed for him, women compared their husbands to him, and the public said, "Why doesn't George Trevor go into politics? He is the type we need." He had the guileless happy face issued by the million for the American male, and he was exactly the right height for Helen Platt whom Sara had brought him up to marry. Helen was the goddess type, but the [illegible] goddesses is that there are so few gods. And now here is Sara [illegible] Mrs. Bayne.

"Her house doesn't look like a bad time," said Sara, "nor her dinner."

"Oh, I can't remember. I suppose she says [illegible] It was terrible [illegible] Bayne."

"C. J. Bayne?"

"The big mattress king, the man who traveled everywhere [illegible] Sleep as I Do—that was his motto. Well, she was his wife. He was forty when she married him at eighteen, and he dragged her all over the world, selling mattresses."

"How killing! Doesn't she find it dull here?"

"Oh Lord no! She [illegible] it over at her. She's been all over the world, but always in [illegible] hotels and transcontinental expresses. This is the first time she's had a home."

Adamton, city of homes! Sara looked across the room at Helen Platt trying hard to talk to Willie Haven. "What an awful bore Willie is," she said. "I'm so pleased Helen is coming into the woods with us. Gil had a letter from Jake. Remember, we start the seventeenth."

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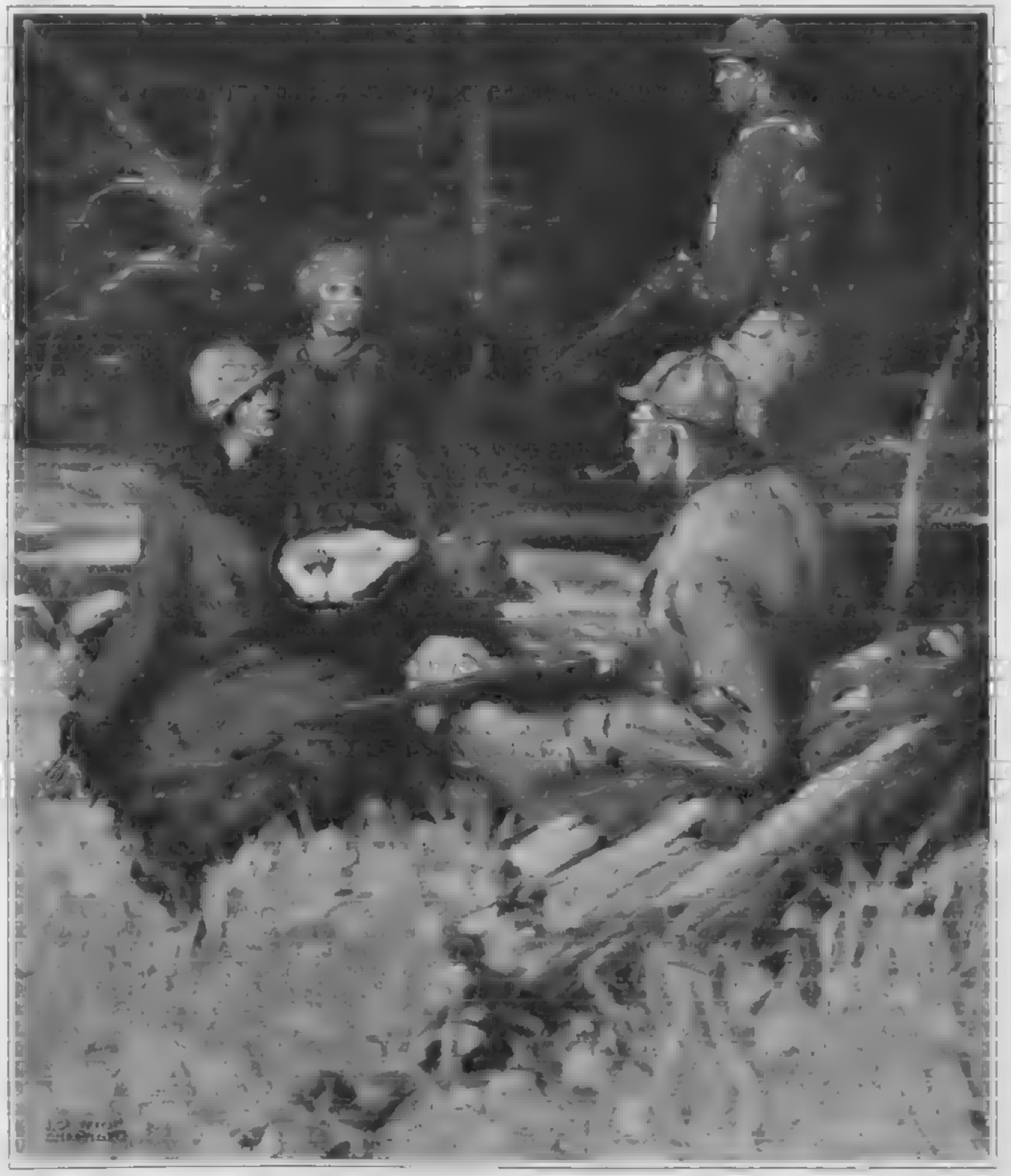

"George Trevor," Said Sara Firmly, "If We're Going Deer Hunting, We'd Better Start"

Making the College Dollar Work

By BOYDEN SPARKES

Campbell Hall, Princeton University

At Left—Branford Court of the Memorial Quadrangle, Yale University, Showing the Harkness Memorial Tower

Below—The University of California and the Campanile, at Berkeley

THE comptroller of the college was hardly in a fit state of mind to enjoy the commencement exercises. As the chief business officer of the old institution, there should have been, traditionally, a prideful warmth in his bosom as he, from his place among the faculty and guests of honor on the platform, looked down upon the concentric semicircles of mortar-board hats, smiling faces and somber gowns of nearly 500 girl graduates and their rows and rows of friends and relatives beyond. But his only emotion was a growing feeling of irritation.

In the hands of every girl crackled a roll of parchment tied with satin ribbon, the concrete evidence that each of these young women was a finished product of the college. It was another sort of document that crackled in the breast pocket of the comptroller. It was a carefully drawn report of the unpaid bills of the college. As he reviewed that list his irritation waxed. One item on the list was $645 for those very diplomas that appeared as white rods against the black gowns of the graduating class. The largest bill was one of $31,000 for coal. The comptroller felt that this might have been smaller if the young women could have been induced to wear the sort of underwear that had warmed their grandmothers. There was another for $1000 that represented furniture replacements, tables thoughtlessly hacked with manicure tools and scalpels, and classroom seats broken because they would sit on the arms that had been made wide so that they might write notes of the lectures. Another was for 100 dozen earthworms at $1.20 a dozen and 200 dozen frogs at $1.35 a dozen; all bought that these girls might acquire a knowledge of biology that would be, he wagered himself, a trial to their grandparents. There was a bill for $2100 from the electric light and power company with red-ink warnings scrawled on its face.

The Chair That Broke the Camel's Back

INSTEAD of listening to the closing words of the president of the college, the comptroller spent his time estimating what would have been the amount of that bill if only some way could have been contrived early in the year to deprive the students of their electric flat irons, curling irons, chafing dishes, coffee percolators and other appliances.

It was a long list of indebtedness, and before the comptroller had reviewed all the items the benediction had been pronounced and his mind was taken up with the probable cost of the labor and seed and sod necessary to repair the damage done to the soft turf of the lawn by the folding chairs of the audience now beginning to disperse. Then his ears were assailed by the splintering crash of a rented chair that collapsed beneath the weight of a visitor who had stood upon it in an effort to see over the heads of the crowd. The breakage of that impromptu watch tower was the mixed metaphor that broke the camel's back. Then and there the comptroller made up his mind to urge a revolutionary course upon the president of the college. His opportunity came just a few hours later, when they met in the faculty club. As tactlessly as possible the comptroller began.

"Well, Doctor——" he said. "Old man Harkinson surely is a bitter disappointment. The way he clings to mortal existence ——"

"Sh-h-h," cautioned the college president. "I know you speak jestingly, but someone might overhear and misunderstand."

Old man Harkinson, it might be explained, was a generous friend of the college. From time to time he made noteworthy gifts. It was an institutional legend that the college was to be the principal beneficiary of the will that would dispose of his huge fortune.

Atlas

"IF ANYONE overhears me," persisted the comptroller, "they will not misunderstand. By continuing to live, that old codger is holding up pay increases for most of the faculty; he is delaying the erection of a laboratory that you insist will be a boon to mankind; and on top of that, he is making a sort of Atlas out of me. If I haven't the weight of the world on my shoulders I am supporting a burden that feels as heavy. Look at these bills! A deficit of $85,000 this term and no way to meet it that I can see, unless we cheat a little but more with the endowment."

The president of the college wanted to be stern with his coadjutor, but he had tried sternness before with no great success. Cajolery was better, he knew.

"You know how I rely on you, old fellow. What in heaven's name do you suggest?"

"Well, I admit I have a suggestion," conceded the comptroller. "This is it: I want you to write a letter to the fathers of the girls to whom you handed diplomas this morning. I want you to tell each of them that he has failed to pay the full cost of his daughter's four years'

course here by $1000. Tell each one that this college will receive his check for $1000 with deep gratitude and a devout intention of using the money to save the discount on all current bills."

The college president condemned the scheme with one word.

"Fantastic," he said.

"Maybe it is fantastic," acknowledged the comptroller, "but is it any more fantastic or more stupid than selling, year after year, for $1000 something that you and I know costs at least $2000? Fantastic, my eye. Will you send the letters?"

The letters were sent, and altogether they elicited seven replies and one check. The check was a limited gift for $1000 that restricted the institution to the use of the money as a means of helping some worthy girl go through college.

The fact of the matter is that in the business of higher education in the United States—a $1,000,000,000 business—there is a serious problem of management growing out of the universal practice of selling the service of colleges at less than cost.

Everyone concerned knows that the prices charged—called tuition fees—are less than cost; but where is there an accountant sufficiently gifted to state that cost as it would be stated on the balance sheet of a manufacturing plant? Because of this situation, things have occurred in recent years that seem to rank with an occurrence of nearly 2000 years ago, when multitudes were fed with a few loaves and fishes.

The American Appetite for Education

THERE is one university in one of the largest cities of the United States which has had an experience that is almost typical. In the year the World War came to a close it had about 8000 students. The following year its officers had to devise ways of providing for an additional 3000 students, and believed they had pressed their powers of ingenuity to the limit when they succeeded. But this year they had to provide classroom space, laboratories, apparatus for scientific work, restaurant equipment, desks, chairs, stenographers, clerks and professors sufficient to care for an enrollment of more than 30,000. The erection of a twelve-story building with batteries of express elevators and the leasing of half a dozen floors in another big office building are merely two of many important works that were necessary to enable the university to meet this demand for its service.

A similar expansive force in other colleges and universities of America has raised the total enrollment of students from 168,000 at the beginning of the century to a figure something like 1,000,000 at the beginning of this year. The increase is just one dimension of a tremendously increased appetite for education in America.

How that appetite has been stimulated is not easy to explain. In part it is believed to be a reaction to swarms of second lieutenants in the war. College men acquired army commissions more easily than men who lacked college training, not necessarily because of superior fitness but because in the rush to provide a corps of officers it was an easy formula for selection. Again, a steady growth of prosperity in America has made it possible for hundreds of thousands of American fathers to offer their children advantages which were denied them in the leaner years of their youth. A third influence, and one which is sending many thousands of men back to school after a year or so at work with only such formal education as could be had in high school, is to be found in the attitude of a great many large corporations. These require an increasingly large number of men possessing a technical training and a grasp of science which, as a rule, may be had more easily at college than elsewhere.

A visitor at a Middle Western university not long ago learned that several thousand of the students were from Akron, Ohio. All were trying to fit themselves technically for places of responsibility in the rubber industry of their home town. Another town—a steel center—was represented in the large student body by several thousand other young men who also were spending much of their time in the laboratories of the university

It is partly because there are so many thousands who have a definite purpose in going to college, as well as real capacity, that some of the older institutions have been forced to limit enrollments and to scrutinize closely the qualifications of all who seek to enroll as students. Also, because each student costs the university or college more than the student pays, there can be no question as to the

The Physiology Building of the University of Chicago. In Oval—Members of the Sophomore Class of Vassar College Carrying the Daisy Chain at the Sixty-first Commencement Exercises

right of these institutions to select their students.

Dean Luther P. Eisenhart, of Princeton, in defending the right of that university to select its students a few months ago, in the course of an address, said:

> Princeton, in limiting its enrollment, did so because it found that its [illegible] enabled it to handle only a certain number of students if it wished to handle them in a certain way. Twenty-five years ago we were running on the principle that the thing to do was to take a whole lot of students into a lecture room and lecture to them, thinking that, somehow or other, they would get a certain amount of educational veneer
>
> In 1905 we made our first move in the direction of more direct individual instruction, with the institution of our preceptorial system. And the work we have been doing ever since is a natural outgrowth of that attempt. In other words, in limiting the Princeton enrollment we are trying to devote the financial resources of the institution more specifically to the training of the individual student.

Another thought expressed by Dean Eisenhart that day was that a college had as much right to select its raw material, always keeping the finished

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Washington and Lee University, at Lexington, Virginia

THE LAST PATRICIAN

"Well," She Said, Studying Him Gravely, "I Thought There Was Something Awfly Patrician About You"

By DAY EDGAR

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

THE first strokes of the curfew came drifting across the foggy campus; and Mr. Robert E. Lee Barber, 1928, clad in a blue bath robe, emerged from his bedroom and stood on the threshold of the study.

"Here's a pair of lisle ones," he announced. "Can you make them do?"

Stumpy Frothingham, 1929, hunched over in the process of removing an undershirt, glanced up at the extended socks. "Why, sure!" he said. "Just so they're black."

Mr. Lee Barber hung the socks on the arm of a chair; stepping mechanically over bits of Frothingham's scattered clothing, he returned to his narrow bedroom and regarded with satisfaction the orderly display upon his counterpane. His Tuxedo suit lay in three pieces of soft and speckless black; the hard white shirt, its cuff buttons already in place, glistened like polished marble; and the dancing pumps, inflated by shoe trees, gleamed with a luster which Mr. Barber considered just dull enough to be smart.

From his bureau top he collected an assortment of tubes and brushes and placed them in the square pocket of his bath robe; then, holding his gold-plated safety razor before his eyes, he frowned indulgently.

"Stumpy," he called, "you left the blade in my razor again. It's all rusted."

"I just bought a dozen," came Frothingham's voice reassuringly from the study. "I'll get 'em in a minute."

In a minute, side by side, they were descending the wooden stairs to the basement. From the bottom step they strode along a cement corridor to a door which admitted them, with a blast of warm damp air, into the shower room.

At the row of hand basins beneath the opaque windows, Mr. Lee Barber, like a surgeon arranging his implements, placed his tubes and brushes in precise array, allowed the blue bath robe to slip from his tall thin form and carefully hung it, with his towel, on a hook beside the mirror. Stumpy Frothingham threw his razor and toothbrush into a basin and snapped his towel across the nearest overhead pipe. Then, standing in the last stages of nudity, the two roommates shaved painstakingly while the lather brush alternated between them.

"This beard of mine's getting to be something fierce," remarked Frothingham. "If it keeps on I'll have to shave every other day." Expertly he palmed his cheeks and chin, drawing the round red face into startling contortions, while, with an interrogative lifting of the eyebrows, he inspected his work from all angles. "Well," he announced firmly, "I'm not going over it the second time."

Nodding approval Mr. Lee Barber surveyed his own image with a feigned air of boredom. He derived a distinct pleasure from contemplating the black-haired, olive-skinned reflection in the glass; and it was not without reluctance that he turned away and followed Frothingham to the showers.

Under the impact of the warm spray, the two roommates, accompanied by the splattering of water on flesh and tile, elevated their voices in a campus favorite from the dramatic club's production of several winters before:

Oh, the ships that pass in the night
To havens far and lands out of sight,
Like maidens we have known of yore,
Soon vanish, to return no ——

Simultaneously the two voices trailed off into a humming obviously meant to be nonchalant. For, simultaneously, the two roommates saw, with the opening of the door, that they bathed in the presence of an Olympian.

Heff Kincaid, 1927, carrying a glass tumbler toward the hand basins, directed a brief nod at the showers. His greeting was not cordial, nor was it unfriendly. The nod, acknowledging the presence of others without encouraging them to intrude upon his own thoughts, was as characteristic of Heff Kincaid as were his gray knickerbockers or the Varsity Club's golden emblem that dangled on the watch chain sagging between the pockets of his chamois sweater coat.

Together Barber and Frothingham, both gasping from the last cold splash, shut off the water and jumped out to the tile floor. Each rubbed busily with his Turkish towel; each sent self-conscious glances toward the big impassive senior. At length, feeling that there was, after all, a common bond between them tonight, Lee Barber ventured a remark. "Well," he said offhandedly, "see you at the prom, I suppose, Heff?"

With deliberation Heff Kincaid finished his glass of water; leisurely, as though he were alone in the room, he rinsed the tumbler. Then, while Lee Barber grew warm and uncomfortable, the senior broke the intolerable silence. "I expect I'll take a look in," he said pleasantly, "sometime before it's over."

Again he seemed to draw his thoughts about him for a shield. There was reproof in his measured stride toward

the door, reproof meted out by a big man on the campus to a junior who had presumed.

"Br-r-r!" said Frothingham, when they were alone. "Was he high-hatting us, or is that just his cute way?"

"What gripes me," complained Barber sourly, "is the way he looks at a fellow. Always makes me feel as if I was standing in front of something he was hunting for."

"You and me both!" agreed Frothingham angrily. "Just because a guy's president of his class and a letter man is no reason why he ——"

In alarm they both looked toward the swinging door. But it was only Jempson, the scrawny freshman who lived alone in the room above theirs.

From his shoes, which were small and shiny, to his eyebrows, which were white and barely discernible, Jempson was dressed for the prom. A towel lay protectively around his shoulders and each hand clutched a military brush.

"Hello," he murmured, sidling to the nearest faucet.

The two roommates nodded briefly and became absorbed with their towels. Jempson dipped his brushes in the half-filled basin and assaulted his lemon hair. When the hair had acquired a polish, the freshman was slightly less of an affront to the critical eye. But there was little that could be done for his ears, which stood out as though a hand, for better hearing, were cupped behind each; or for the pale, white-lashed eyes that blinked in permanent apology.

Lee Barber, glancing at the mirror, caught the pale eyes fixed upon himself. Envy was what he read in that instant's glance, an envy which he felt was pathetic, albeit not unnatural. Slipping into his bath robe he saw, without looking, that Jempson's two hands, gripping the brushes, had stopped in midair.

"You fellows are going to the prom, aren't you?"

Checking his impulse to answer, Lee Barber mentally timed the interval. At last he opened his mouth for deliberate words that were never spoken.

"Oh, I expect we'll drop in," said Frothingham with labored casualness. "I expect we will—sometime before it's over."

The two roommates had reached the door when they turned at the sound of Jempson's voice. The freshman faced them, timidity and determination struggling in his thin freckled countenance.

"Reason—reason I ask," he said hurriedly, "is I'm dragging a girl. She doesn't know many fellows down here, and I don't know many either, and if you two fellows'd cut in once or twice it would help me get her started. I won't let you get stuck, and I certainly would appreciate ——"

Thediscouraged voice dwindled, and Lee Barber, nodding in sudden panic, pushed at Frothingham's fat back. "Why, sure!" he called loudly over his shoulder. "Be glad to help you out."

In the corridor beyond the door Stumpy Frothingham turned disgustedly upon his roommate. "What did you say that for?" he demanded. "You want to get us both stuck all night?"

"What could I say?" asked Lee Barber humbly. "I couldn't turn the little squirt down cold."

Frothingham shook his head as they tramped up the stairs. "You can do as you please," he said cheerfully, "but I'm not taking any chances."

"We'd only have to dance with her once," Barber argued. "And she may not be so terrible, Stumpy."

Entering the hall Frothingham tossed his limp towel vaguely toward his bedroom. "Oh, no!" he said with ponderous irony. "Then why's she coming with a pint-sized freshman?"

"Even at that," answered Barber, accepting defeat, "I'd rather cut in once than be dodging Jempson for the rest of the year. And after all, Stumpy," he added solemnly, "you want to remember that Jempson prepped at the old school."

Frothingham shook his head hastily, as if to frighten off a sentiment under which he might dangerously weaken. "Jempson was no friend of mine at school," he said. "Nobody with ears like that can be any friend of ——"

"Have a heart, Stumpy."

"Not at a prom," replied Frothingham firmly. "I'm not going to spend the night propping up some woman that's just crawled out of the underbrush." Leisurely he shook out a union suit; tentatively he examined the remaining buttons. "No, my son," he added dreamily, "I'm out for a big time. I'm going to pick and choose with care—and me for the dashing blondes who know their Brussels sprouts!"

Lee Barber sifted some talcum powder into a pump. "Give me the tall brunettes," he said, with an air of quiet relish. "You'll notice a fellow with any experience always turns to the brunettes. There's something about them it must be distinction, I guess, or maybe it's personality."

The debate continued until dressing reached the linen stage. "Got an extra shirt, Lee?" Frothingham dubiously eyed the one in his hand. "Somebody must've been washing windows with mine."

"There's one in the bottom drawer."

Barber gently patted the spreading ends of his tie, took a silver cigarette case from his tweed coat and pressed the jeweled catch. "Stumpy," he called after his departing roommate, "I forgot to buy smokes."

"It's all right," came the cheerful barytone from the next room. "I've got a fresh carton here."

So firm a foundation had their friendship acquired, so impregnable and time-mellowed had it grown, that Lee Barber, inserting cigarettes into his silver case, found no occasion for spoken thanks, no need of apologies. "You should've had your Tux pressed, Stumpy," he advised.

But the sophomore, struggling into his mussed dinner jacket, waved the advice away. "I'm no fashion plate," he said. "I don't have to be—with my equipment." There was martyred patience in Barber's answering smile, for he had heard this boast many times. "You're better looking," Frothingham added, "but compared to me, you've got about as much sex appeal as cold rice pudding."

"Let's get moving," urged Barber. "They'll be shutting up the gym."

Clad in slickers and gray felt hats slanted rakishly over the right eyebrow, they went gayly from the dormitory. But on the step, just outside of the entry door, a change came over them; for through the curtains of the window next to their own they saw an impressive tableau of blasé leisure.

Still in knickerbockers and sweater coat, his crossed feet resting on a protruding drawer of the desk, Heff Kincaid, reclining in an easy-chair, read by the light of a green-shaded lamp. The colored rays fell in a bright circle about the book and illumined the bony, impassive profile; a deliberate puff from his pipe floated lazily upward and vanished in the surrounding dimness of the room.

Silently the roommates turned and walked in single file along the duck boards that carried them, dry-shod, above gravel paths soggy with melting slush.

"No hurry, Stumpy," remarked Barber. "It's only 11:30; we don't want to get there before the orchestra shows up."

More slowly they marched through the dripping fog and became, a few minutes later, part of the bustling

Continued on Page 136,

"And Thank You Ever So Much for the Last Flowers You Sent—and for Everything! Thanks Just Loads"

HONEST JOHN

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

At Last They Came to a River, and There at a Ramshackle Jetty Lay a Big Boat That Looked Like a Cross Between an Ancient Galleon and a Noah's Ark

THEY leaned against the rail, watching Mr. Kwak Ban Fatt gingerly washing the ends of his fingers at a tap on the deck below.

"Do you reckon he can deliver?" said Hardtack. "Or do you think maybe he's runnin' a windy on us?"

"We don't pay till we get it, so where're we takin' any chances? Besides, anything can happen in China these days."

A silence, and Hardtack remarked wistfully, "I'd sure like to be a general. It's mighty seldom a mule skinner gets what's comin' to him."

"That's because they're lucky."

"Ain't it queer how the world's organized, though? You don't hardly ever hear of a mule skinner gettin' to be a general, but look at all the generals who'd ought to be mule skinners."

"Say, you talk like you had them stars sewed up," retorted Wally. "Where do I come in, huh? Where do I come in? Only one of us can be general and it stands to reason it oughta be me."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, that's so."

"I'd like to know how you figure it. You'll admit you've got more brains than me, won't you?"

"Hell, yes."

"Then I oughta be the general, and you can be chief of staff. That looks like the fairest way to me. Don't it to you?"

"Me do all the work, huh—just like you. Naw, sir; I can swell up and strut my stuff just as good as you can. Any day you catch me salutin' ——"

"Shucks, what's the use of arguin'? We ain't got it yet."

"And what's more," Wally conceded, "I don't see how we're goin' to. A thousand dollars, Mex—that's more'n five hundred, American. Do you reckon we could beat him down some more?"

"We'll try. Let's see how much we got, all told."

They took a tally of their money.

"A hundred and eight dollars and seventy cents," Wally announced. "If only you hadn't of played them three nines like they was a flock of aces ——"

"I made sure I had him beat. He drawed one card, didn't he? And a limey always plays two pairs like it was the whole deck. How could I know he was drawin' to an inside straight?"

"Oh, all right, all right. Have it your own way."

"If there's one thing I despise," Hardtack went on in a grating voice, "it's a bellyacher. Yes, sir, a guy who can't forget the least li'l' thing, and keeps on and on—well, I got no use for him, that's all. . . . Gimme a light."

As Wally handed him his fag he asked, "But what'll we do now? That's what I want to know."

"There was a bird in the Sixth Field Artillery went A. W. O. L. with only twenty francs to his name when they was at Valdahon, and he got down to Nice and had a fine time and come back with eight hundred francs and two wives to write to," observed Hardtack hopefully, "and he couldn't speak a dog-goned word of French."

"Yeh, but it took him a couple months, I bet."

"What if it did? Say, you talk like a rummy! Here's something just made to order for us, and all because we get off to a bad start and lose a piece of our roll ——"

"You might of knowed he wouldn't keep on raising if he hadn't of filled."

"There you go again! Listen, do you aim ever to quit beefin', or are you one of them naggers who can't ever start a new deal for fussin' about the last one? Answer yes or no."

At this point Mr. Kwak Ban Fatt finished his morning's ablutions and looked up with a grin. "Good-by," he said amiably. "You sleep good, missy?"

"He means you," whispered Hardtack, but Wally let it pass.

"See you at the hotel, Fatt," he replied. "You go take a look-see about that business, huh? And then catchee tomorrow maybe."

"Sure. I fix him."

The deck passengers were squatted on the hatch, jabbering to one another like a bunch of Venetian gondoliers. Some were still engaged in gobbling their breakfast of raw fish and rice; others had rolled their bedding and were all set to disembark. The steamer was moving slowly up the river toward Tientsin.

"Gee!" Hardtack exulted, staring across the low-lying land to where a pagoda topped a hill. "This country oughta be our dish, Wally. With all the fightin' goin' on, we'll never get as swell a chance again, and that's a fact."

Wally regarded the natives below with the tolerant condescension of a dominant race. "The Chinese," he declared with conviction, "are the squarest people on earth. Yes, sir, a Chinaman's word's as good as his bond. No wonder they call him Honest John. But you take a Jap now ——"

"We was never overcharged or cheated all the time we stayed in Japan," Hardtack reminded him.

Wally lost all patience. "What's that got to do with it? You know I'm right. Everybody admits that. Did you ever know a Chink who didn't work hard and tend strictly to his own business? Did you ever know a solitary one who wasn't ——"

"I never knowed but two, and they run a laundry. They had to be good."

"Well, anyhow, it's so. The trouble is they're so dog-goned honest other people run it over 'em. Take a look at that bunch. Why, you couldn't ask for anything easier! I most hate to do it. If we don't clean up in this country — Say, we'll be millionaires, boy, if we play our cards right!"

Hardtack grunted. "Ain't it about time for us to fetch up our suitcases?" he inquired.

"Maybe so. Let's go."

However, it was after midday when they disembarked, and the two took rickshas and rode through the foreign concession. Presently their eyes were gladdened by some fellow countrymen wandering about in uniform and they bellowed to the coolies to stop, and Hardtack politely inquired, "You boys speak English, no?"

"No savvy," replied a soldier.

"Well, then, can you dog robbers hoist a li'l' drink?"

"Now you're talking our language, buddy. Where'd you blow from, and who left the gate open?"

Amicable relations being thus established, they all laid a straight course for the nearest relief station. "Name your poison," said Hardtack. "Only no vin. I'll take anything else they got, just to keep up my stren'th."

In the course of the afternoon their numbers were swelled to a couple of squads. And then the top sergeant of an infantry company blew in with a bunch of friends. It was plain the world was his.

"What's all the excitement about?" Wally demanded.

"He won a sweepstakes."

"How much?"

"Twenty-six hundred, Mex."

They whistled, gazing with reverence at the capitalist as he set 'em up. "Let's ask him to join us," Wally whispered.

Before they could do so a diversion occurred. A heated argument started between the Chinaman behind the bar and the sergeant, backed by about nine of the lustiest drinkers. They carried something to the light to inspect it. Soon the noise subsided, the sergeant made a contemptuous gesture and waved them all back to their posts. But now he appeared worried; he muttered and rolled a speculative eye on the others in the place; and while they were downing a drink he conferred briefly out of the side of his mouth with the soldier nearest him. In a few minutes he crossed to the table where Hardtack sat with his friends.

"Howdy, buddy," he exclaimed genially. "Say, can you break this hundred for me? The Chink here can't do it and I need some loose change."

"What's the matter with it?"

The sergeant didn't say a word, but stood looking at Hardtack, and there was quiet for a space. Then somebody laughed and a machine gunner spoke up: "These birds're all right. Let's tell 'em."

"He would take the cash instead of a check. Never say I didn't warn you, Pat," put in another.

"I wanted the feel of it in me hand," protested the sergeant angrily.

"He took cash instead of a certified check," explained one of the soldiers, "and the Chink short-changed him eighty dollars, and four hundred of the rest is phony."

Hardtack looked pained. "Why, I'm surprised!" he said. "Goodness, that ain't right! You know it ain't."

"You're whistlin' it isn't," the sergeant agreed between his teeth. "But I'm not through with that Chink yet. I'll find him."

"Well, well, well," Hardtack mused, his gaze wandering appraisingly over the winner. "I got some real ol' U. S. A. money here that ain't workin'." And he lovingly clicked the ivory cubes in his pocket.

The sergeant gazed at him with new interest. "You think you're hot?"

"Just rarin' to go, buddy."

"Then fly at it, and let's hear how you talk to 'em. Move this table, men. And listen, big boy—shake them dice."

Time, five in the afternoon. At nine o'clock next morning Hardtack opened his eyes in their hotel bedroom, also slowly opened his mouth several times as though testing the taste, and spent some minutes in speculating as to what on earth he could have eaten. Finally he rolled over and squinted at Wally in the other bed.

"Hey!" he rumbled. "Come alive, and take your shoes offa that counterpane."

Wally came up from oblivion reluctantly, with moans and rumpling of his hair.

"Say, where are we, anyhow?"

"This is China—first stop. Get up and take a bath. That Chink—what's-his-name—will be along pretty soon."

Their first concern was to count their money. "Fourteen hundred and seventy dollars," reported Hardtack. "Seems to me I remember we had seventeen hundred. Dog-gone, that's what comes of bein' boyish! Listen, you, how much did you give that Russian countess last night?"

"Only a hundred—and most of that was phony."

"We could of used it just the same. Talk about throwin' money round!"

"Aw, shut up! I reckon you didn't toss it out like an oil driller, hey? You give that Chink ten dollars for a wedding present, and this makes his ninth."

"That's different. But to up and let a big-eyed hussy——"

"Anything that gets my goat," Wally rasped, "is a nagger. Yes, sir, a guy who keeps on and on and on. Say, listen, turn over and forget it. Let's slick up and go rustle some breakfast."

"I ain't hungry this mornin', somehow. But I reckon we might as well. There's one thing we want to remember, though."

"What's that?"

"To get outa here quick. If we stick round this dump those boys're liable to win their money back."

Honest John

"Well, we'll see what ol' Fatt's got to say." Mr. Kwak's card was brought up to them shortly after breakfast and Fatt himself was not far behind, beaming from ear to ear. "I fix him," he spluttered. "I got—I mean—I mean—what you call—I mean——"

"Don't choke," said Hardtack. "You catchee the commission? I'm a general—no, yes?"

"Sure," replied Kwak, unrolling an imposing document in Chinese characters, decorated with seals.

They examined it eagerly. "How do we know this is it? It might be a laundry list for all we know."

"No. You takeum Chinese boy and see. Yes? No laundy list."

Wally was fingering the document doubtfully. "Why not show this to some of the boys at the barracks?"

"No," said Fatt, "no show um. Plenty talk if do. She no like Chinese business as now, and maybe stop and inquire to know. You no believe me?"

"Of course—only we want to make sure."

"Then I take you Chinese colonel, yes? He explain all what is in. He tell you—what you call—I mean—I mean——"

"Where does this guy hang out?"

"Peking."

"All right. We want to go there anyhow. How much did you say this would cost?"

Mr. Kwak relaxed; he felt himself on firm ground now, and they bartered for an hour. At the end of that time the two had beaten down the price to eight hundred dollars, Mex.

"But there's only one of us can be general," Wally protested. "How about the other, Fatt?"

"I make him—what you call—I mean—I make him captain, maybe."

"How much?"

Fatt rubbed his hands and pondered. He continued to smile, but one eye took a sidelong survey of their faces. It would be very difficult, he announced at last, but maybe could do for five hundred dollars. Upon which they made a counter offer of fifty cents, and along about noon had come to an agreement that a second commission appointing one of them a colonel should be secured for one hundred and twenty-five dollars. All being settled, the pair checked out to take the Peking train.

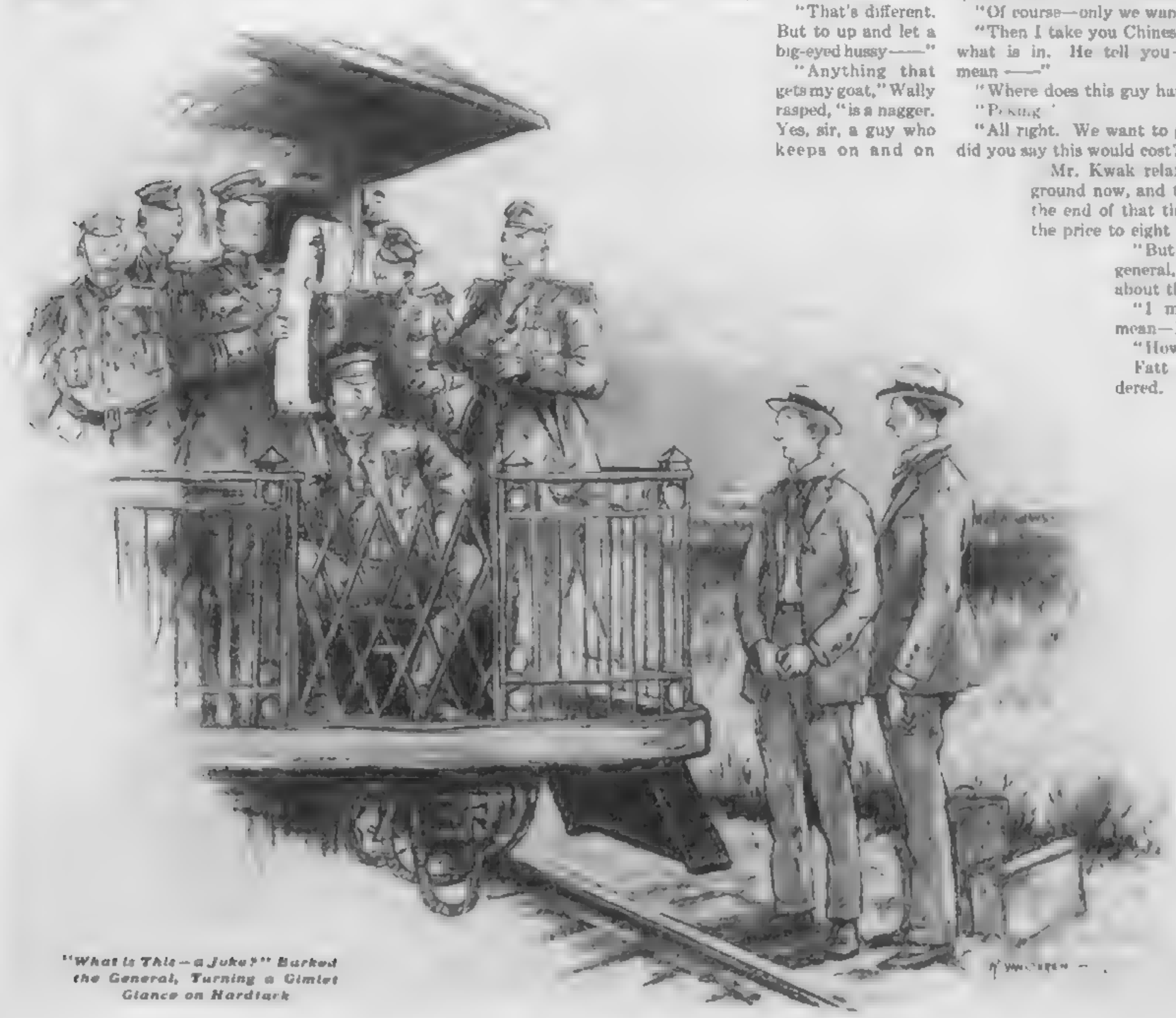
"Holy mackerel!" exclaimed Wally, as they settled down in a first-class compartment and he had time to examine the hotel bill. "Why didn't you look at this?"

"I did. What's wrong with it?"

"Not a thing except they've charged us for two days, 'stead of one."

"Oh, well, it's done now."

(Continued on Page 60)



"What is This—a Joke?" Barked the General, Turning a Gimlet Glance on Hardtack

THE LAND BELONGING

By Garet Garrett

Oats Ready for the Harvester, Minidoka Project, Idaho

WHEN you speak of the land situation you are expected to think a prayer. If you are going to write about it you will please to be very careful. It would be much better to say nothing.

This is a state of mind. In Wall Street, at the end of a bear market, there is the same whispering dread of facts that everyone knows. Then comes a reckless disbeliever who sticks a finger through them.

There are millions of acres of distressed farm land. That is a fact. You must understand, to begin with, what distressed land is not and is. It is not land from which either the sun averts its face or the rain withholds its average. Some of it is very poor land and always was; some of it is very good and always will be. In many instances the best land is the most distressed.

And since it is no particular kind of land but land of any kind that may be called distressed, you naturally want to know the nature of its common affliction. Simply, it is land on which the last owners are unwilling or unable any longer to pay interest and taxes.

Where are these millions of distressed acres? Physically, they are where we first found them—that is to say, in Montana, in North Dakota, South Dakota and Minnesota, very plentifully; in Iowa, Illinois, Indiana; some in Ohio and some in Kansas, here and there, lying over the whole scene of American agriculture.

Unwilling Landowners

IMPONDERABLY, they exist at the same time in another way—that is to say, as titles, equities and sorrows in the slow assets of banks, in the vaults of insurance companies and in the hands of private investors.

In its physical aspect distressed land may and generally does look like any other. You would not notice it particularly. If it is poor land it may be going back to wild grass or forest, as perhaps it should; if it is good land it is being farmed, crops flourish upon it, wealth issues from it.

All the distress is in its other aspect. Since 1920 its value has declined one-quarter, maybe a third, under a process of remorseless deflation; and this means its current market prices may be less than the banks, the insurance companies and the private investors loaned upon it at the top of the land boom. The owners of the land, to whom the money was loaned on mortgage, cannot pay the interest. As they fail to pay, the land passes into the hands of the creditors—that is, the title passes to the mortgage holders; and now, because they are all trying to do so at once, they cannot sell the land for enough to let them out whole. They cannot get their money back. They hold the bag.

To these, of course, the situation looks very serious, even desperate. You would think so yourself if your money was invested in farm mortgages and the interest had stopped coming in. You get a lawyer to find out why. He reports that the farmers have quit or disappeared. Then your lawyer hires another lawyer, in the state where the land is, to bring foreclosure proceedings. Ultimately you get title to three or four farms somewhere in the West farms you never saw. What will you do with them? You might as well have three or four grocery stores a thousand miles from where you live, with no knowledge whatever of the grocery business.

Banks become involved in distressed lands in many different ways. One very common way is this: A bank lends money to a farmer on his note. When the note is due the farmer cannot pay it; the bank renews it, but requires him as further security to execute a second mortgage on his farm. The note comes due again. The farmer has decided to quit. The bank gets the land. What will it do with it?

First and last, in all manner of direct and indirect ways, the banks of the West are very heavily involved in distressed farm lands. You may hear, if you will take it in confidence, that if the land assets of the banks had to be liquidated at present values, the whole banking capital of some Western cities would be wiped out. "If" is a word in space. So would the banking capital of New York City be wiped out if the skyscrapers had to be liquidated.

The Source of All Evil

THIS land situation—the fact of Mother Earth having been so depreciated as the farmer's legal tender—lies at the root of all demand for farm relief. The Congress, thinking to act upon it by power of legislation, comes to the following conclusions:

First, the fall in the value of farm land is owing to the unprofitableness of agriculture in general;

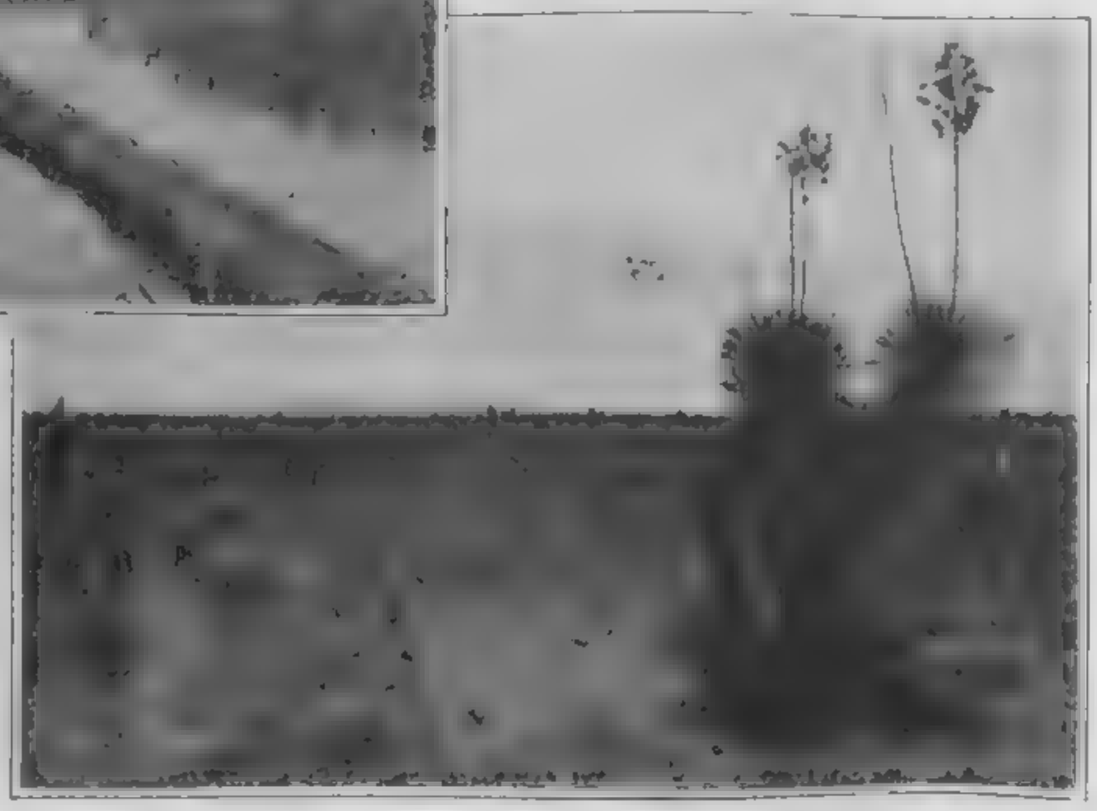
Second, the unprofitableness of agriculture in general is owing to excessive production—or, that is to say, to the surplus of farm products. Because of the surplus, agricultural commodities cannot be sold at remunerative prices.

Therefore if the surplus can be abolished prices will rise, agriculture will become profitable again, and thus the land situation will be cured.

The United States Department of Agriculture comes to the same conclusions. In its opinion the great evil is surplus. To that is owing the decline in the estate of agriculture, the fall in the value of land, the disparity between the buying power of the farmer and that of the industrial population. In Circular Number 101, on the Agricultural Outlook for 1927, it says as to rice: "The too rapid expansion of rice acreage has resulted in production in excess of a demand based on satisfactory prices."

As to hay: "Unless livestock production is held at about the present level, present prices cannot be maintained."

As to hogs: "Prices now prevailing can be continued only if farmers hold down hog production."



Alfalfa on the Rio Grande Project—in New Mexico and Texas—After the Erection of the Elephant Butte Dam

At Right—A Desert in the Rio Grande Country as it Appeared Before the Dam Was Built

Iowa Farmers in Montana at Montana's Expense to See the Cheap Land There

As to potatoes: "Growers should guard against the danger of overplanting."

As to cabbage: "Any increase in cabbage acreage over 1926 is likely to result in lower prices."

As to onions: "Onion acreage should be reduced sharply."

As to beans: "Bean acreage should be reduced under last year's area to prevent an excessive supply."

As to citrus fruits: "A continuing increase in the volume of both oranges and grapefruit may be expected, which makes the outlook unfavorable."

As to grapes: "New vineyards should not be set out."

As to watermelons: "Acreage should be reduced."

As to cotton: "Production must be curtailed drastically."

As to wheat: "Growers can scarcely expect to receive returns for the 1927 crop similar to those which have prevailed for the 1926 crop, especially if production should be materially increased."

As to corn: "Corn growers are faced with the prospect of lower prices unless acreage is substantially reduced."

And in general: "Conservatism all along the line as to crop acreage."

When Logic Goes Astray

SO FAR it is clear. Everything makes sense as you go along. The surplus, actual or potential, causes supply to exceed demand at remunerative prices; the fact that prices are unremunerative obviously causes agriculture to be unprofitable. the unprofitableness of agriculture is what creates the land situation

It is clear also how the Congress arrives at these further conclusions, namely:

First, though the United States Department of Agriculture may exhort the farmer to reduce his acreage and curtail production, still, as you know him by experience and as a human being, you may be sure he will continue to produce a surplus. He cannot help it

Second, the effect of this evil is already so great—witness in five years a decline of more than $15,000,000,000 in the value of farm property, together with farm bankruptcies and bank failures in appalling numbers throughout the United States in agricultural regions—that a national emergency exists.

Logic: The evil is surplus. Since it is impossible to avoid producing a surplus, the evil is one that cannot be abated at the source. Therefore it must be got rid of after the fact. The problem, it follows, is how to make away with the surplus after the farmers have produced it.

Hence the McNary-Haugen Bill, which the Congress passed and the President vetoed. This bill, called The Surplus Control Act, provided that the Federal Government should buy the surplus, dump it in foreign markets and then by raising prices within the country oblige the American consumer to absorb the loss.

Even yet it makes sense. You may say the remedy is wrong or that it will not work or that no artificial cure is feasible; but however you may regard what is proposed to be done, you have before you a clear case of an unorganized industry—calling agriculture an industry—that is overexpanded and suffering in its profits from excessive production. You can understand how Congress might conceive its duty to be to find some way of assisting agriculture to hold its own until from the growth of population the demand for farm products overtakes the supply.

But what if the same Congress at the same time is appropriating public funds for great engineering works to water the desert and bring more land under cultivation? That would not make sense, would it?

A Desert in Arizona as it Appeared Before the Roosevelt Dam Was Built

At Left—Oranges on the Salt River Project, Arizona, After the Construction of the Roosevelt Dam

More Farms?

WHAT if the Department of Agriculture, notwithstanding its feud with the evil of surplus from excessive acres, should be at the same time demonstrating the feasibility of bringing under homestead cultivation vast areas of the Great Plains hitherto supposed to be fit only for grazing, and encouraging people to go there and settle for the agricultural life? That would not make sense, would it?

What if the Department of the Interior, under the authority of Congress and with funds provided by Congress, should be sending men through the country looking for waste land to be reclaimed and made into farms and colonized, though it has already more expensively reclaimed farm lands than it has been able to dispose of, and now is proposing to level them, fence them, seed them, equip them with tools, improve them with houses, stock them with cows and chickens and provide the settler with cheap credit for anything else he needs, all at public expense, in order to make more farmers? That would not make sense, would it?

From the dismal picture of American agriculture rhetorically presented at the Capitol while the McNary-Haugen Bill was passing—agriculture going down to ruin, agriculture being devoured by the cities, agriculture calling

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BRASS TACKS

By FANNIE KILBOURNE

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

She Had Been the Prettiest Thing at the Ball

WHEN it became known that the young Vanes were to have a child, there was great rejoicing among their friends and kinsfolk. Not, it may be added, of the traditional and patriarchal sort. The rejoicing was, so to speak, at the young Vanes rather than with them. Now—general opinion had quite a dash of malicious satisfaction—they would find they'd have to sing a different tune.

The tune that Rod and Celie had been singing for their year or so of married life had been very trying to their families and friends. For they had been beating the game, and people who are doing this, even though they may not mean to be smug about it, are likely to irritate older and less lucky folk who have accepted the fact that it can't be done. Foot-free, self-indulgent bachelorhood and marriage have always been considered hopelessly divergent states. Yet here were Rod and Celie combining them. A combination, moreover, in which they were retaining the best features of both

Take their apartment, for instance. Most of New York's modestly priced studio apartments either do not have very good light or do not have a very good bathroom. Rod couldn't work without a north light and Celie couldn't live without a tiled bathroom. But they had managed, by the simple expedient of finding an apartment not quite so modestly priced which had both.

Rod was an artist and he couldn't bear the idea of going on into the future attempting nothing more speculatively artistic than drawing pretty girls to advertise Bodwell Hosiery, the Gossamer That Wears, or doll-faced mothers bending over Kiddie Kumfort Kribs. Celie was a rather spoiled little person who never thought of a present that did not include dressing as smartly as the other girls in the office, being nicely served to well-cooked meals and taking a taxi whenever it rained. And she never looked into the future at all. But the two of them had made the one kind of compromise which is always satisfactory—the compromise in which they both took everything they wanted. Rod had his woodcuts and monotypes; Celie had her marcel waves and her colored cook.

They were both young and clever and easy to look at; sophisticated, successful—in a young, beginning sort of way, of course—and tremendously in love with each other. Any irritation which they had spread among their friends and relatives was the merest of by-products. Celie certainly did not have their maid's work include even the family marketing and mending, just to furnish a grievance for her married sister, who had two babies and lived in Jamaica Heights and did all her own work. And Rod didn't buy an etching press with any idea of insulting his best friend, Mortimer, who was also an artist and also longed to etch, but had already given up any idea of doing so because etching didn't pay and his wife wished to keep a maid too.

Of course the young Vanes could not have managed their blithe, high-handed compromise if it hadn't been for Celie's job. Because Celie had a real knack for writing the kind of advertisements that made other women long to dash right out and buy Boy-Style Brassières or Houghton Vacuum Cleaners, or French Chef Canned Peas, she could pay for her own smart frocks and dancing lessons and taxis and her half of the apartment and the maid.

There had never been a moment's consideration of Celie's giving up her job because she was married. Rod understood. He knew that the job meant much more to Celie than the smart frocks it let her buy. He knew how she worked and worried over it, and never even recognized the work or worry because she loved it so. He laughed at the tremendous seriousness with which she took the A. A Miller Advertising Agency; the absorbed enthusiasm with which, the tip of her tongue, as pink as a kitten's, caught between her teeth, she would struggle over every sentence that she wrote; the good humor with which she took criticism; her excited enthusiasm, which never seemed to flag. Rod might laugh, but it was an understanding sort of mirth. He knew the signs of the person who has found the work she is meant to do.

Celie's bridal airs, of course, were a bit trying to the other girls at the agency. When they would struggle over their income-tax returns she would take no part.

"Rod says I'm not to be trusted with figures," she would laugh with the happy young arrogance of the cherished woman. "He declares I add in the dates when I try to figure out our bank balance."

"Heavens," one of the others would protest, "she's going Victorian on us, just because she's married. You oughtn't, Celie, really. Not on your salary. It's out of date, you know; that clinging-vine stuff."

But Celie would only laugh. They couldn't help it, poor dears, that they were still unloved spinsters. Any one of them, Celie was ecstatically sure, would be glad enough to be a clinging vine to such an oak as Rodney.

What made Rodney's friends a bit sore was that Rodney really didn't have to be a sturdy oak at all. He could earn his share of the family budget with half his working energy. He could make a picture of a smart tilt-nosed beauty trying on shoes, and invest it with such unreasonable magic as to convince a stylish-stout reader that all she needed to be slim and smart and tilt-nosed, too, was a pair of Arch-Holder Shoes. Ask your own dealer.

Rod always drew the same girl. Besides her tilted nose, she had a wide sweet mouth and finely etched eyebrows that curved up a little at the outer ends, like birds in flight. A slightly idealized picture of Celie. The deliciously uncanny fact was that Rod had drawn that girl for years before he ever saw Celie. No matter what model had used to pose for him, he had tipped her nose a bit, widened her mouth and given that lovely young flying lift to her eyebrows.

When he had been taking one of his drawings in to the Miller Agency and Celie had been called out to consult with him over a bit of the copy, he had stared at her as at a ghost. And when they were left alone together for a few minutes he had said:

"I suppose you think you're a real girl, but the truth of it is, you know, you're just something I've drawn."

And then, hastily, to forestall possible offense, he showed her the picture he had just brought in. Even Celie could see the resemblance. Rod had glanced from his black-and-white drawing to Celie in her slim little gray-green office dress

"No"—he took it back "I've never quite drawn you, but I've always been trying to"

They had laughed about Pygmalion and Galatea and speculated about which previous incarnation it must have been in which they had known each other. And he took her to the theater that night and they both still believed, under all their smartly cynical joking, that there had been something a little magic in their love affair.

Rod didn't have to draw so very many smart black-and-white Celies every month to pay his share of the family budget. Over and above that he could allow himself the greatest luxury any artist can afford—the luxury of being temperamental. One month it would be etching. He would become so absorbed in his copper plates and needles that the telephone might shriek at his very elbow and he would merely shake his head impatiently, as at a nagging mosquito. One acid-bath process would be far more important than any commonplace daily routine of eating and sleeping

Then, perhaps before the etching press was even paid for, Rod would turn to woodcuts. You could get the most striking values with the woodcut's thickly black backgrounds, he would declare excitedly, and prove it by making a really stunning one—midnight sky, thick and black, a dark, indefinite huddle of village roofs, and cutting across the darkness like inspiration, an airplane in swift flight. The Air Mail, Rod called that cut, and in it he really caught something. The human spirit soaring above dark chaos, it might mean to you; letters from home, it might be for me; but neither you nor I would look at that woodcut and see merely a picture of an airplane. The true artist's gift of calling out feeling, unexpected, sharp emotion, was Rodney's.

Luckily Celie understood this artist's gift of her husband's and had for it a bit of reverence. She knew it did not matter that, though he could turn out a tilt-nosed beauty, sometimes in only a day, and sell her for a hundred dollars to the Wellington Silk people, he had worked on the Air Mail for a month and sold it eventually to an arty little magazine for fifteen dollars. Celie understood that Rod, in his experimenting, was groping toward something that might some day make him wealth or fame, or both or neither, and that, whether it was both or neither, he must go on with it just the same, or burn in that particular corner of hell kept for the artist who sells out his gift.

Besides, it's awfully easy to be broad-minded when it doesn't cost you anything. Celie had never had to give up as much as a marcel wave or a manicure for an unprofitable woodcut or etching. It was easy enough for her to be generous and sympathetic about temperament, even when Rod worked it too hard; as he rather frequently did.

He lost the Bodwell Hosiery market for his advertising work, for instance, because he promised them a drawing at two o'clock one afternoon and didn't show up with it till three the next. He had got interested in designing a costume for Celie to wear to the Illustrators' Ball and forgot the Bodwell Hosiery Company's very existence. It didn't make a whit of difference, he assured her gallantly. She had been the prettiest thing at the ball and he had plenty of markets left.

Then, he had his off days—days when the picture-seeing part of his mind was as arid as Sahara, and even his trained fingers became so inept that he would be afraid to touch a delicate, nearly finished etching. Rod devoted these days to being gloomy. It was a specious sort of gloom, never attributed to its real cause at all. Rod never admitted, even to himself, that he didn't feel like working that day and that the world was, accordingly, out of sorts. No, indeed. He would discover some trifling way in which the world was out of sorts—first, the bath water was too hot or not hot enough; Po'tia, the colored maid, sang too loud or didn't sing at all; some silly, piffling trifle always—and declare that it upset him so that he couldn't work. All day he would see himself as a persecuted man, kept by a perverse fate away from the work he loved and was eager to be at. He would be irritable and melancholy and as unreasonable as a fractious three-year-old.

How Celie humored him on these days! She would coax him to come down and take her out to luncheon; would wear her prettiest hat and save out the funniest incidents of the day to tell him. She would see that they had his favorite dishes and most entertaining friends for dinner.

"You baby Rod too much," Mortimer would declare. "What he needs is a good swift kick when he starts one of these fits."

Celie paid no attention to Mortimer's counsel. Mortimer wasn't enough of an artist himself to know what temperament was, she thought scornfully. Besides, not being a woman, he couldn't be expected to understand the flattery there was in knowing that she alone could win Rod back to common sense and happiness.

"Aren't men just great big kids, though!" she and her married sister in Jamaica Heights would reach across the wide gulf between their lives to agree indulgently. Rod's most unreasonable unreasonableness always took some distinctly masculine form and Rod's masculinity still set fairy bells to ringing for Celie.

Just as Rod still adored Celie's femininity. When he first discovered that she was, at the same time, clever enough to hold down a rather good position and helpless enough not to be able to add a column of figures, he knew that he had femininity in its most traditionally inconsistent, uncertain and charming of embodiments. And how adoringly he humored that femininity!

"Here, baby, don't try to do that!"

Shielding Celie gave him the chance to swagger happily in manly power. He loved to find a taxi against odds in a driving rainstorm because his charming, inconsequential little wife would wear beige satin slippers; to rail at the expensive litter of powders and creams and scents on her dressing table; to make admiring fun of her slimsy, chilly little negligees; the way she had of unexpectedly changing her mind; the restaurants she positively couldn't eat in; the streets she couldn't possibly live on—everything that was whimsical and fastidious and typically feminine. The adorable, unexpected inconsistency of her—standing by with such staunch and steady courage, the

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Since They Had Been Married Celie Had Posed for Rod's Advertising Work

THE RED RACCOON

By Hal G. Evarts

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

LARRABEE himself had been an eyewitness of all the gradual transitions that eventually produced the rufous pelt of the red raccoon. When Larrabee had first come to this region it was known as the short-grass country; and with good reason, for it was covered with short curly buffalo grass, a velvet sod that carpeted the prairies to the far horizon and on beyond, a mat so dense that not even weeds found root hold in it and reared their heads above it. It is a tale oft told of how the hide hunters exterminated the buffalo. Larrabee had witnessed that. Also he had seen another thing, the tale of which is not so often told. With the passing of the buffalo, there had set in a migration of encroaching vegetation that was the first step in the passing of the prairies.

Tall bluestem grass, growing to the saddle skirts of the horsemen, began moving westward. Steadily, relentlessly, the tall-grass belt encroached upon the short grass and exterminated it. This invasion traveled at the rate of four or five miles annually. No doubt it would have covered the whole of the prairies, replacing entirely the short curly buffalo grass clear to the southern and western extremities of its range, where it merged into the sagebrush and post-oak country. But another and swifter-moving migration outstripped it—the westward-streaming horde of settlers. Their plows bit into the prairie sod, cleaving long glistening black furrows across the green velvet of the plains, furrows that widened into fields that in turn merged into others. These disturbed areas halted the steady invasion of the tall-grass belt across the prairies. Weeds, then, that came to the country with cultivation, their seeds flung far and wide by the prairie winds, carried by birds and in the shaggy coats of domestic animals—weeds took up the encroachment where the tall grass had left off. Even where the buffalo-grass sod was left untouched it became shot through with a variety of weeds that reared above it, thinly, at first, and scattered, but in increasingly heavy stands. The short grass was being relegated into a past to which the herds of animals that had grazed upon it had been consigned long since.

Where man carries civilization he carries also trees. Round every sod house, adobe, frame shack or dugout of a settler a few trees appeared. Young orchards came into being, windbreaks of cottonwood, thousands of miles of hedgerows, groves of catalpa, locust, mulberry and box elder, with here and there a few hardwoods and coniferous trees. The tall grass, too, pushed on along the stream lines and in swales and depressions that the settlers left uncultivated. Volunteer timber sprang up along the streams and in portions of the sand hills.

In a space of forty years Larrabee had seen the Kansas prairies, for a distance of more than three hundred miles west of Westport Landing, at the confluence of the Missouri River and the Kaw, long since rechristened Kansas City—for three hundred miles, then, he had watched the Kansas prairies become a semiwooded country.

And with the coming of the trees he had seen the habitats of wild things shifting too. The woodland birds followed the tree line into the prairies and extended the limits of their domain. Oddly enough, the first of these to invade the country had been the woodpeckers. He had seen flickers and the gaudy redheads pressing on half a hundred miles beyond the tree belt, hopefully following the long lines of telegraph poles that stretched across the plains to the far horizon, there to nest in these convenient dead trunks and to subsist upon the insects of the prairies. Then other woodland birds, scores of them, had come.

With His Last Spurt He Raced Over the Lip of a Steep Declivity That Flanked the Reservoir and Both Himself and His Antagonist Rolled Together Into the Deep Water Below

First among the four-footed denizens of the wooded country along the Missouri to migrate had been the big red fox squirrels. Larrabee had seen them pushing on beyond the tree belt, following the hedgerows as the woodpeckers had followed the telegraph poles. Among the fur bearers the first migrants had been the opossums and raccoons. They followed the streams, their shores either garbed with stands of volunteer timber or flanked by jungles of willows and tall grass, with occasional intervening prairie stretches where short-grass pastures had been retained in a natural state. The denning habits of the raccoons had changed. The new trees of the prairie streams had not yet attained to sufficient age and dimensions to afford cavities high in the trunks, the favorite denning sites of raccoons. In common with the coyotes, badgers, skunks and other prairie denizens, the raccoons took to denning underground. There were thousands of rabbit burrows along the banks of streams, in grassy jungles and in the wild-plum thickets of the sand hills which the pioneering raccoons could easily preempt. Occasionally a deserted skunk den was utilized, and now and then a she-raccoon denned and brought forth her young in the ancient well-packed straw butt of some settler.

All these things Larrabee had seen. One by one he had watched these various creatures usurping the old range of the buffalo; and it was Larrabee who first saw and named the red raccoon.

Long before Larrabee had glimpsed him, however, Rufe, the red raccoon, took his own first glimpse of the country in which Larrabee resided. His initial view of the outside world was by moonlight on the night that he first followed his mother from the den. The five other young raccoons that accompanied him on the journey were his brothers and sisters, with whom, for a period of several weeks, he had huddled in the dark, cozy nest hole of the underground retreat. This, his first view, was restricted. A jungle of grass, heavy stemmed and four feet in height, surrounded the burrow on all sides, so dense that his vision could penetrate it to a depth of but very few feet. Narrow trails, however, threaded this maze, and along these arteries he romped with his relatives. He did not venture far from the mouth of the den—a dozen feet at most—and after the departure of his mother in search of food he bolted to its shelter at the least alarm.

Above him, seemingly suspended in mid-air, shapes wavered in the breeze—the limbs of a cottonwood tree that stood near the den. This attracted him and he observed it between periods of wrestling with his relatives. In these little tussles, though punctuated by many a tiny snarl, there was no real viciousness such as characterizes the play of the young of so many of the cat and weasel clans.

There was a steady purling sound that persisted in Rufe's ears—a sound that attracted him. For some vague reason it called to him, drawing him in that direction rather than along any of the other avenues that led through the grass. It seemed natural that he should gravitate in that direction. It was the current of the Ninescah, brawling through a shallow break in a sand bar some twenty yards from the raccoons' stronghold. But Rufe did not venture so far.

A dark shape glided on noiseless wings above the tall grass and for an instant loomed distinctly against the moonlit sky, while big round eyes, hot and savage, peered down in search of some small creature upon which this marauder of the night might pounce with rending beak and talons. Down in the depths of the tall concealing grass a flicker of movement, a small dark shape, drew those eyes, and the big killer of the night tacked instantly and coasted silently back above the spot. But there was not a rustle in the grass. The great horned owl tilted up to the top of the cottonwood and waited.

Rufe, sensing something of menace in the first passing of that sinister shadow overhead, emitted a tiny squall of fear and warning, and plunged into the mouth of the den, the other youngsters tumbling after him in headlong panic. After a space of five minutes he advanced again to the exit. The mouth of it dropped sheer for almost a foot to the point from which a sloping tunnel led back and down through the sandy soil to the nest cavity. Rufe, strong and active even at this early age, and equipped with forepaws resembling a baby's hands and with equal gripping powers,

found no difficulty in ascending that last declivity that led to the open. But he did not emerge. Instead, his sense of caution whetted by the questing shape that had cruised above him in the moonlight, he clung to the side of the sandy wall with only his nose protruding, as his nostrils sampled the wind and his sharp little eyes peered about alertly.

Again that rippling sound spoke to him of untasted delights, summoning him to come and investigate. Delicious odors assailed his nostrils and roused his hunger. There was a splashing commotion as a muskrat took to the water. A night heron called from a distance. Then, from somewhere close at hand among the marsh grass, a wild, harsh, rasping shriek assailed his ears, apparently emanating from the lungs of some fearsome beast, but in reality issuing from the smooth brown throat of a king rail that had been startled by a prowling mink. The brawling waters and the sounds and scents of night called to Rufe, but his native caution restrained him. If he had issued forth it is probable that he would not have lived to wear his rufous pelt along the courses of the prairie streams and that neither Larrabee nor Evans would ever have set eyes on the red raccoon of the Ninescah.

For, motionless as death, a shape poised in the branches of the cottonwood and two round glaring eyes regarded the protruding head of the young raccoon. Presently the great owl, either waxing impatient or deeming the time propitious, swooped without a sound. But Rufe, at the first flicker of movement, simply released his hold and fell to the floor of the burrow, to scuttle hastily down the passage as the darting talons missed him by inches. The owl resumed its unrewarded vigil in the cottonwood. Eventually it gave voice to its gruff "Whoo! Whoo! Whoo, whoo, whoo!" and receiving a distant answer, set sail toward the sound. The young raccoons, however, ventured out no more until, after the lapse of perhaps an hour, a low note from the returning mother summoned them forth. One brother, the runt of the family, was unable to negotiate that last perpendicular ascent. His whimpering protests attracted the old raccoon and she thrust a questing forepaw down the entrance, gripped her fingerlike toes in his fur and lifted the weakling to the open.

The mother had brought two fish back from the waters of the Ninescah, and the youngsters fell upon these delicacies, pulling and snarling. Their tiny teeth were not yet equipped to perform a good job of rending, so the fragments that they wrenched from the fish were not large. But the taste of the food was delicious and eventually, after many struggles, the two fish had disappeared down the greedy throats.

Thereafter Rufe and the other members of his household went abroad nightly, at first only very near to the den, then roaming farther afield along the trails that threaded the tall grass. As he grew in strength Rufe also gained in confidence. His keen nose took every stray scent into account. One night a tempting odor seemed to rise from immediately before him and he thrust his nose against it. There was a stir of life and he seized a large grasshopper that had retired to the sheltering roots of the tall grass for the night. His teeth crunched upon it and he found it a most delectable morsel. Thus, in a tiny way, he had learned to hunt. The grass was swarming with hoppers and every night Rufe and his fellow raccoons indulged in the quest for them. After a week of this he came one night to the edge of the grass. Before him lay an open space across which he could see for a considerable distance. The purling sound came from his very feet. There was motion too; a little ripple of current where a small stream of water cut between the bank and a sand bar.

Rufe scrambled down the sloping sandy bank and dipped a tentative paw into the water. He drank, then immersed his whole body. The current swept him down over his depth. He swam the narrow channel and emerged upon the smooth surface of a sand bar.

This was decidedly to his liking. That first drink, though he did not know it, had weaned him from the only drink he had known hitherto—his mother's milk. Filled both with anticipation and mild apprehensions, he crossed the bar to the swirling black current of the main channel of the Ninescah. It was here that the she-raccoon, returning, found him. And it was to this bar that her low call summoned the rest of the family.

Thereafter the sand bar became the regular nightly rendezvous of the raccoon clan: It extended for perhaps three hundred yards. Various small channels broke into it, only to meander back to the parent stream after a distance. Prowling along one of these tiny channels, Rufe detected movement on the yellow sand of its floor. He pounced. Most meat eaters seize their prey only with their teeth. Rufe, however, endowed with forepaws that are more nearly hands than those of any other animal save the monkeys and the apes, captured his prey more often with gripping fingers than with his teeth. His hand clamped upon some hard wriggling object and he drew it out upon the sand to inspect it. A tentative investigation by means of his nose resulted in that tender member being seized and painfully tweaked by the pincers of the crawfish. Rufe thereupon set his teeth in the creature and crushed it. Then, after the custom of his tribe, he held it in one hand and washed it thoroughly in the waters of the Ninescah before devouring it at his leisure.

Thereafter Rufe hunted largely by water. Crawfish were abundant and easily captured by his darting paw. Minnows swarmed in the shallow channels that cut through the bar. These nimble creatures, however, were far more difficult to capture. Still, it was great sport, and it was this early pursuit of silvery flashing minnows, or perhaps only a spirit of playful curiosity, that caused Rufe to develop the habit of springing upon any small object that flashed brightly in shallow water. Many a white pebble and bit of pearly clamshell he seized in this fashion. This trait is common to all raccoons and has brought grief to many an otherwise wary member of the clan. Occasionally, too, a large fish, running the gantlet of the shallows, fell victim to his increasing skill. Once he unearthed a nest of field mice from the roots of a jungle of grass. His keen nose detected the presence of mushrooms and edible roots and his capable paws unearthed them. Beetles and grubs formed a part of his menu. He became adept at locating fresh-water clams, cracking the shells, washing them and devouring the juicy meat within. His appetite, save for that of the bear, was the most varied of any creature of the wild. All manner of meat and vegetable matter helped make his extensive menu.

He took readily to the water and made longer and longer journeys along the stream. As he gained in strength his earlier apprehensions diminished. When alarmed he now took to the water. Someway it seemed the natural thing to do. Occasionally that sinister black shadow winged silently above the bar, but the owl, preferring rabbits, was always well fed and content, disinclined to strike an animal that would fight back, when other food was available. However, this bird was a mighty killer, and when assailed by pangs of hunger would strike anything that moved, regardless of the outcome. Rufe had ceased to fear it greatly, but always he took to the water when his sharp eyes detected the approach of this silent aerial hunter of the night.

There came a time when the great owl, having soared unsuccessfully in search of a rabbit for upward of an hour, swooped and struck its savage talons into the back of the runt of the raccoon family as he moved across the sand bar. There was a snarling squall of pain and rage as the runt writhed round in an effort to sink his teeth in his enemy. The owl flapped laboriously aloft as the old raccoon made a snarling rush across the bar. The fighting squalls of the runt floated back to Rufe's ears as the owl alighted in a cottonwood tree, the popping of a vicious beak, the flapping of wings against leaf-laden boughs to

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Later He Saw the Young Raccoons Upon the Sand Bar Just at Dusk

Early American Children's Books

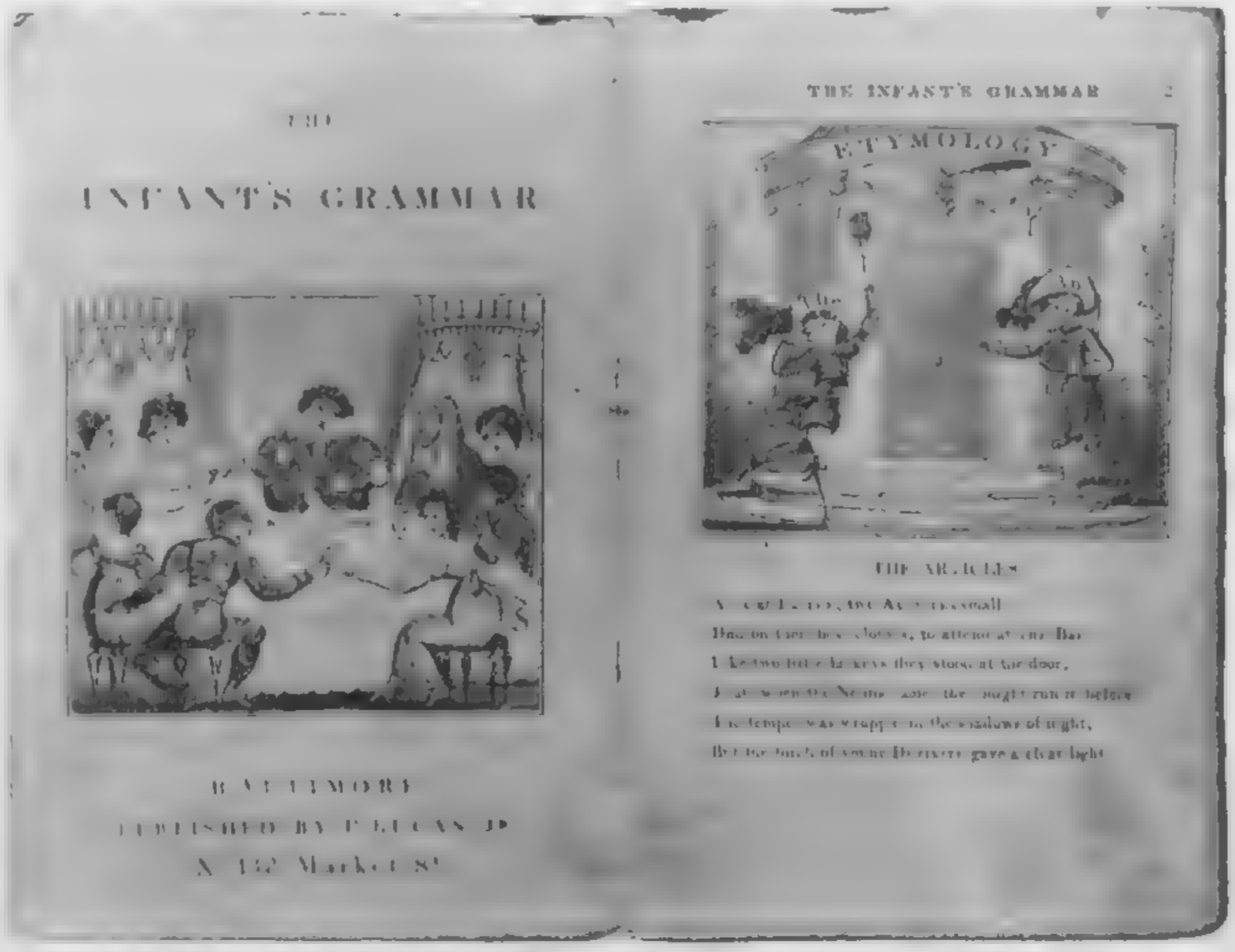
By Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, as Told to Avery Strakosch

A YOUNG man who came into my library recently in New York looked about at the high walls entirely lined with rare books, then sank into a chair. He was the very picture of dejection. For a moment he sat quietly staring into space, then said, with a melancholy sigh, "It's no use!"

"What's the matter?" I inquired. "Bad news?"

"No!" he turned upon me with a quick blaze of temper. "How can anyone collect books after seeing all these rarities?" He waved in accusatory circles toward the walls. "I have very little money. Why, I can't even begin to collect!"

Now this was really a very nice young man. He was in his early twenties, loved books, and had brains too. Then what was the matter with him? Alas, he had very little money and very, very little imagination. He was minus the latter asset, the very foundation of successful book collecting. He allowed himself to be blinded by the high prices of a few old volumes. He either could not, or would not, visualize anything beyond that which he actually saw before him. He had no vision.



A Prophecy Fulfilled

PEOPLE do not always have to invest in high-priced books to form an interesting collection. Many unusual collections have been made through small but exceedingly careful and, of course, thoughtful expenditure. Yet this is a fact very difficult to thump into the young collector's head. It has taken some men I know—men with slender purses—several years to realize this. Meanwhile they lose both time and bargains. But vision in book buying does not come so readily when you are first suffering from the febrile manis of collecting. Yet be not dismayed! Just because Gutenberg Bibles and Shakespeare Folios jolt the auction rooms with their stupendous prices is no reason why you should ignore the works of a comparatively obscure writer who appeals to you, someone in whom you believe.

Keep your eyes on his books, his manuscripts, his letters, when you are browsing in bookshops; ask yourself a few leading questions concerning his future and answer them honestly. Do you believe your author has an intrinsic value that is likely to increase with the years? How scarce are these books or manuscripts or letters of his? Think back. If you have the real collecting instinct you have kept all your sales catalogues. Check them over.

Just remember that Thomas Hardy, Rudyard Kipling and Joseph Conrad first editions could have been bought a few years ago for almost nothing; in fact at their published prices.

This reminds me of a remarkable prophecy made by my uncle, Moses Polock, in 1895. He was complaining of the high prices he had just paid for several books. He said he didn't see how rare volumes could possibly go any higher. Then he amended this by naming three men in English letters whose works he thought would advance to almost unbelievable values—Shelley, Keats and Poe. If only I had taken advantage of Uncle Moses' significant foresight and vision! These three writers are now probably the most sought after of all.

"When prices are high," Uncle Moses advised me, "don't forget that there are new fields for the collector. There's no need to grumble. You can always spend your money wisely on the things which are not so much in demand."

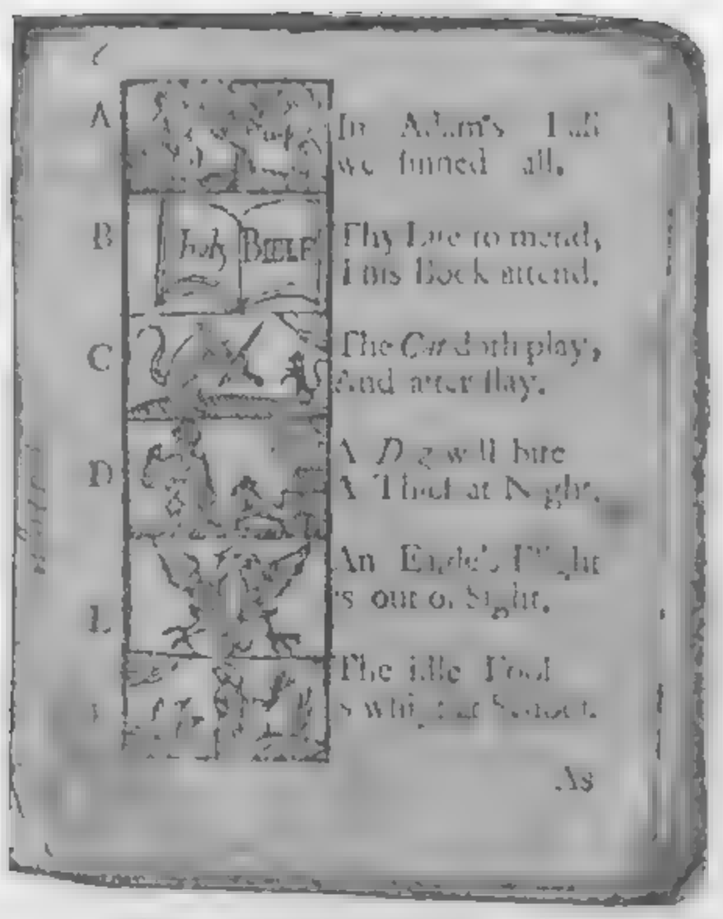
I realized, even then, that these were words of wisdom in the book game. Many times I have thought of his oft-repeated, laconic statement: "There are always books to fit every purse."

There are hundreds of types of books to collect. Volumes as yet unnoticed in the auction room, which lie neglected year in, year out, upon the bookseller's shelf, and which are disregarded by the conventional collector. They are waiting for the man with imagination to discover them. And many of them will eventually come into their own. My uncle and others of his day could not foresee the slavish manner some collectors would in later years pursue, with neither rime nor reason, every volume on any arbitrary list. Imagine buying books other than those of your own taste and inclination! It seems the veriest joke to have signposts on the way, indicating the books you should buy—just as though one or two men are able to choose fifty or even one hundred of the most outstanding books in English or any other literature. The difference of opinion is too great. To me such buying is about as thrilling as going to a doctor to have him dictate your diet.

Qualified

"I HAVE collected," said my uncle, as we talked together a few years before he died, "along a path untrodden in my day—early American children's books." He walked about his dusty old shop for a few moments, then selected a diminutive volume—the Dying Speeches of Hannah Hill, Junior, published in Philadelphia in 1717. "Now," he observed, "I will show you an example. I would have you know that this little book is damn rare." He always hated and made fun of the stereotyped expressions in booksellers' catalogues, such as "excessively rare," "extremely rare," "of utmost rarity," "very rare," and "rare." He said it reminded him of the man who had eggs to sell, offering them as newly laid eggs, fresh eggs and eggs. Uncle Moses described his books more colorfully. First of all they were "infernally rare," then "damn, damn rare," followed by "damn rare," and finally "rare."

This and similar picturesque language fitted his rugged personality and endeared him to everyone. How much more interesting it would be if modern cataloguers used their imagination when describing the degree of rarity of an old book.



In his younger days Uncle Moses had had a most unusual opportunity to gather together many early books published expressly for children. When he succeeded to the business of the Philadelphia publishers, McCarthy & Davis, in 1851, the stock included a number of early American juveniles. You see, McCarthy & Davis were successors to Johnson & Warner, who succeeded the original firm established by Jacob Johnson in 1780. It was noted for its children's books, so you can imagine the varied juvenile curiosities my uncle inherited.

Feed for the Lambs

EVEN when my brothers and sisters and I were very small children, Uncle Moses remembered our birthdays and other anniversaries, always with a pretty little book. Although we were all taught to care for and really honor our books from the time we could hold them in our hands, it was to my eldest sister, Rebecca, and to me, too, that he gave the most valuable and entertaining volumes. I have kept every one of them; each bears his inscription in beautiful finely printed letters, "From Uncle Mo."

My sister was early imbued with the book-hunting spirit, and I have often found her in some little secondhand store in Philadelphia quietly looking through piles of books in the hope of securing something quaint, something unusual and perhaps hitherto unknown. Her searches were not fruitless either.

These book hunting expeditions were adventures for us. We thought it great fun to add to our little library so charming and tiny a pamphlet as, for instance, The History of Ann Lively and her Bible, which was sold in 1830 for one-half cent, and issued in New York in a somewhat proselyting manner by the American Tract Society. It was a red-letter day in our lives if we could find some curious example to flaunt before the amused face of Uncle Moses. But the occasion was rare, indeed, when we found a book which he did not already own.

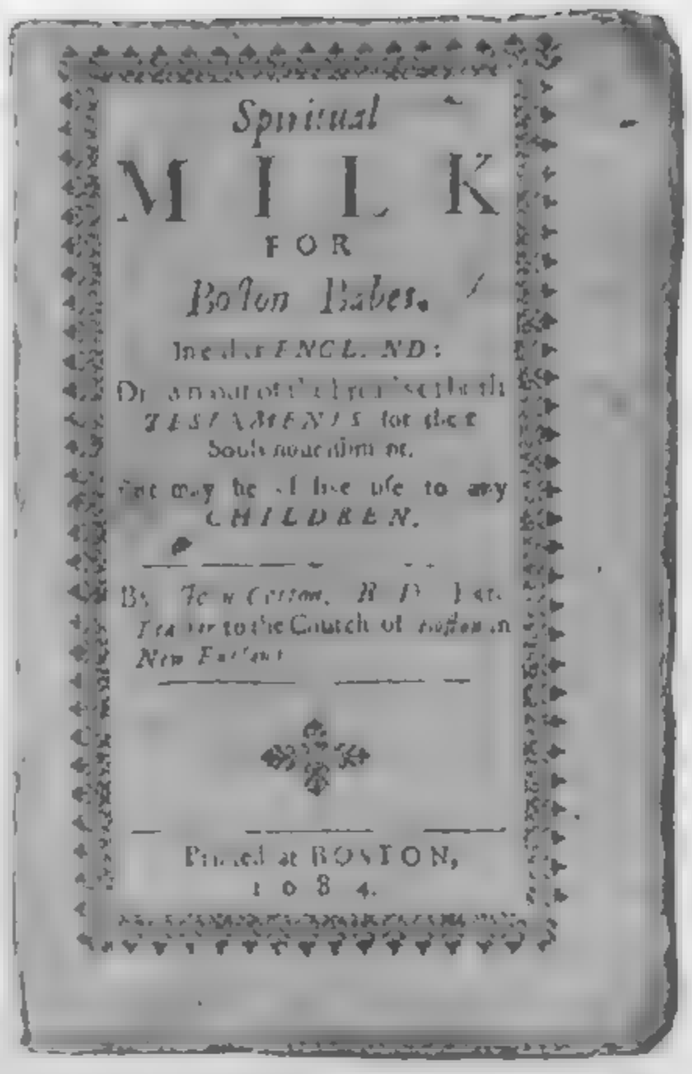
It was many years ago that I took Uncle Moses' tip to start collecting early American children's books. Hence I am some leagues ahead of those who got a later start. Many collectors are only now beginning to rub their eyes and to wake up to the fascination which these tiny volumes offer to book lovers. Early American juveniles are unusually interesting for several reasons. To begin with, they give such naïve samples of the mental food our poor ancestors lived upon in the dim days of their childhood.

Take, for instance, a small volume published in 1738 by Samuel Phillips, called History of Our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, Epitomized; for the Use of Children in the South Parish at Andover. The author says that "his great Lord and Master had commanded his Ministers to feed his Lambs as well as his Sheep." But what anæmic feeding! He sets before his particular lambs sixty pages of the most indigestible food ever concocted, consisting of questions on and answers to the most abstruse metaphysical, philosophical and controversial subjects! Subjects which are no nearer solution today than when the Rev. Samuel Phillips propounded them for the benefit of his bewildered little lambs of Andover Parish 189 years ago!

You will find early American children's books difficult to obtain. There are but few left in good condition today, but it is great fun tracking them. In the first place, very few were published by our Colonial presses. Such venerable gentlemen as Cotton Mather and Governor Winthrop kept the printers too busily occupied issuing theological works or acts of provincial assemblies; too seriously engaged with statutes, laws, almanacs, prayer books, catechisms and sermons, to print many books for children. Lost in a theological web of their own weaving, the leaders of the day cared little about the intellectual amusement of their girls and boys.

But most of the young book fanciers, lucky enough to obtain the few books issued, mauled them about or destroyed them entirely. They are generally found with torn and missing leaves—these charming atrocities have made many copies quite worthless to the collector. I have been told that it is but normal for a bouncing bibliophile of twelve months to teethe on the hard board corners of, for instance, a copy of Cinderella. Indeed, a young child's attitude toward a book is not unlike that of a cannibal toward a missionary. Very young children—this is on record, if you doubt me—have been known to eat their books, literally devouring their contents.

When I was about seven years old another little boy of the same age came from a suburb of Philadelphia to spend the day with me. We quickly struck up a friendship. Although it was raining and we were forced to remain indoors, we played together quite happily. Everything went smoothly until late in the afternoon, when our inventive



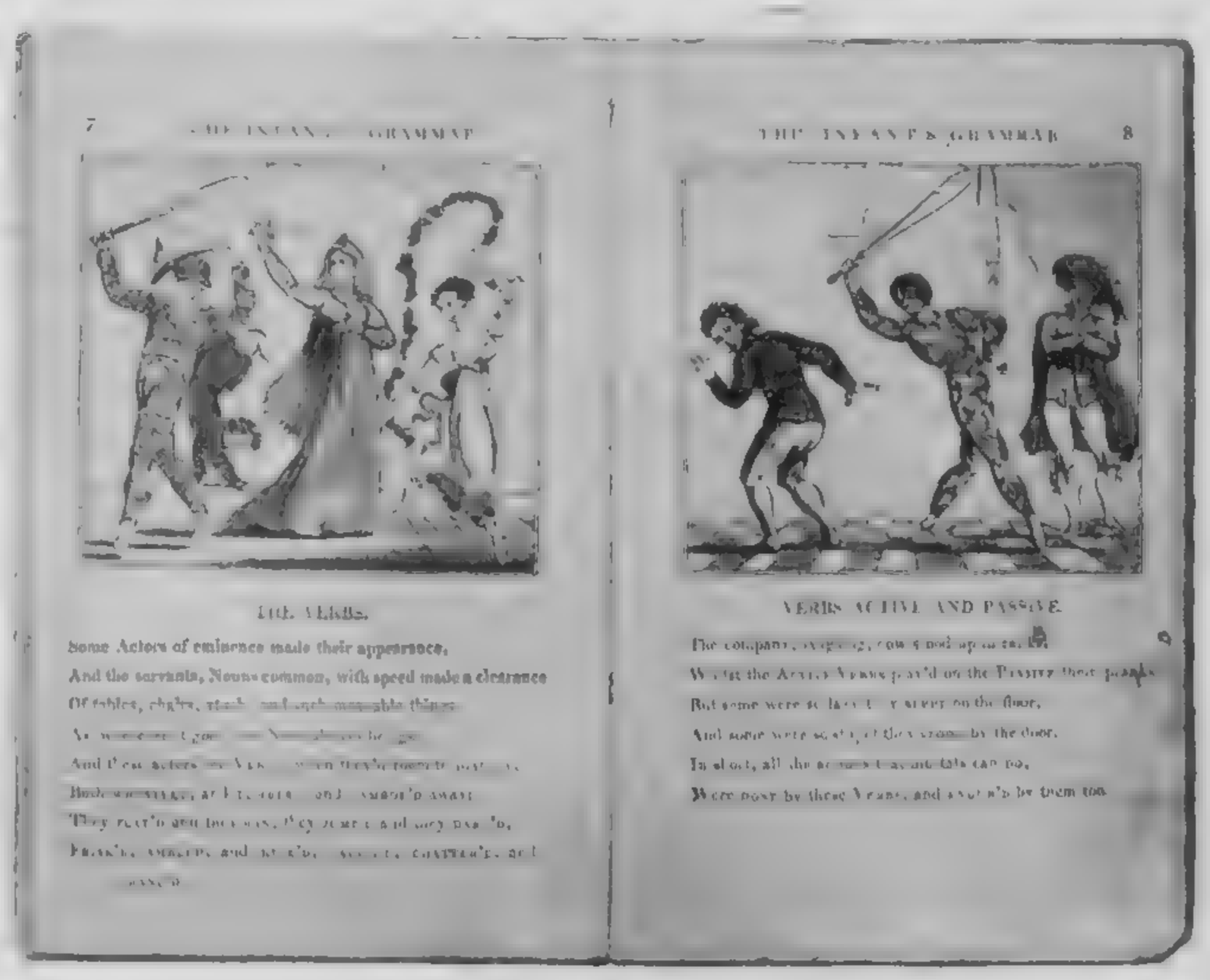
faculties began to give out. It was then, after we had taken apart most of my toys, that my little friend's eyes lighted upon my books. I watched him cross the room to the low shelf which held them so neatly, and I remained quiet even as he began to paw them over. But when I saw him take a pencil from his pocket to write crude letters of the alphabet along the margins, I flew at him like a wild cat. Only the immediate intervention of our combined families saved him from annihilation. We have met many times since, and we always laugh at the story of my juvenile wrath.

Hannah's Lingering Death

HE STILL insists, after forty years, that his was a perfectly normal action in a child. I believed in treating a book as something sacred, even at that age. The germ had evidently entered my system with my first vaccination!

In 1902 my uncle gave me his wonderful collection of children's books.

Among them was his "dama rare" pamphlet, A Legacy for Children, being Some of the Last Expressions and Dying Sayings of Hannah Hill, Junr. Of the City of Philadelphia in the Province of Pennsylvania, in America, Aged Eleven Years and near Three Months, which was printed by Andrew Bradford, at the sign of the Bible, in Philadelphia, in 1717. Little Hannah took several days to die, and she insisted upon having the undivided attention of every member of her family. She gave them moral advice, told them what they should do and what they should not do after she had departed. "The Council which she gave, to her Dear and only Sister and Cousin Loyd Zachary, whom she dearly loved, was very grave and pithy. . . . "


THE INFANT'S GRAMMAR
THE INFANT'S GRAMMAR 8
THE VERBS.
Some Actors of eminence made their appearance,
VERBS ACTIVE AND PASSIVE.

(Continued on Page 43)

LOST ECSTASY

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

She Moved the Box Back Again. Her Cheeks Were Flaming and Her Head Ached Sharply

XVIII

IT WAS in February that Kay finally accepted Herbert. She was honest with him.

"You know," she said, "that I cared for Tom McNair. I think it is all over, and anyhow I always knew it couldn't be. I would have been unhappy with him and he would have made me wretched."

"I won't force myself on you, Kay. If ever you feel ——"

"I know that. I shall feel safe with you, Herbert."

She told her father and mother that night, in her mother's bedroom. Katherine was lying back on her chaise longue—she seemed to lie down a great deal those days—and Kay felt slightly comforted by the relief in Henry's face.

"Herbert will talk to you tomorrow," she told him. "But I wanted to tell you myself, so you will know ——"

To his credit, he understood.

But when she looked at Katherine she saw, to her amazement, that there were tears in her eyes.

"I thought it would please you, mother dear."

"Is that why you did it, Kay?"

It was the nearest to an attempt at her confidence that Katherine had ever come, and Kay looked down at her ring.

"No," she said slowly. "I'm fond of Herbert, mother. I'll do my best to make him happy. I—we—that is ——" She stopped suddenly; already she was saying "we"! "We have no plans yet," she went on painfully. "We are not in a hurry. But I wanted you to know as soon as possible."

After that she went into her own room and closed and locked the door. And late that night she opened the wall safe where she kept her grandmother's pearls and took out the snapshot of Tom McNair. But she did not look at it. She took a match and set fire to a corner and then held it while it burned. When it got too close to her fingers she dropped it into a cigarette tray—she was still smoking more than was good for her—and watched it until it was a heap of fine ash.

But for some curious reason she did not say her prayers that night. She had always done it, even at boarding school, kneeling on the bare cold floor.

"S-h-h! Kay's at her ablutions!" the girls would say.

Perhaps she felt that night that having taken her life into her own hands, there was not much use appealing to God. Perhaps it was because she had prayed for certain things recently and they had not been granted. There was no particular revolt in her, if there was no particular hope. And another curious thing—she slept better that night than for months. It rather puzzled her the next morning. It did not occur to her that sleep as well as fainting may be an escape from the unbearable.

The engagement was announced as soon as Herbert had seen her father. She was entirely acquiescent. But she had a new Herbert to deal with after that—a debonair, self-assured Herbert, filled with plans. Henry was giving him a partnership in one of his subsidiary companies and was setting aside a definite sum for Kay, the income to be paid annually. Herbert took to wearing a gardenia in his buttonhole and was looking at houses.

"What we need," he said oracularly, "is a good dining room, Kay. We'll be giving dinners, and if we can seat eighteen or twenty it makes it easier."

He found one to his liking one day and came to take her to see it. But she was not at home. As a matter of fact, it was the anniversary of old Lucius' death and she had asked to take the flowers. She stayed there for quite a long time, staring at the shaft where Katherine had wanted to put "He has followed the trail into the sunset" and had been voted down. But she was very apologetic when she got home, and quite gay at dinner that night.

On the surface, then, she fooled everybody. But she wakened sometimes to find that she had been crying in the night; that some forgotten dream had dampened her pillow and swollen her eyes. She would get up and bathe them in cold water before she rang her bell, and then the day would begin and she could forget. Boxes would arrive, people would be coming and going. There were notes to write and clothes to be fitted.

Even Bessie was deceived for a time. Then one morning, when Kay had been out late the night before, she arrived before she had wakened. She fidgeted about for a while and then walked into Kay's room. She was still asleep, but her pillow was wet with tears.

Bessie stood looking down at her, her long cigarette holder in her hand, and Kay stirred and roused. She felt the damp pillow and tried to turn it, but it was too late.

"Kay darling," Bessie said, "maybe I ought to keep my mouth shut, but—do you think you'd better go through with this?"

"I'm all right in the daytime, Aunt Bessie. It's only at night ——"

"At night! Good heavens, Kay, you'll have to sleep with the man you marry! If you're going to cry about somebody else in your sleep, it isn't fair to Herbert. It's—it's not decent."

"But I don't know who or what it's about. Honestly. I never remember."

Bessie sniffed and went out. The child never remembered! Then it must be a regular thing. She was breaking her heart about something, and she—Bessie—knew well enough what it was.

Henry had started making invitation lists. He would pore over the Social Register, and he took to making small memorandums of his own in the car, using the backs of old envelopes for the purpose and then mislaying them.

"Now where the mischief did I put that? I thought of two or three people today that I don't want to forget."

In time, the wedding clothes began to come in; boxes from French shops containing trifles; sets of chemise, abbreviated little bloomers and nightdress to match, in palest shades of chiffon; tea gowns and negligees over which Nora folded her hands and turned up her eyes in ecstasy; evening wraps, sport frocks, dinner gowns, ball dresses.

"How soon?" Herbert had asked.

"Whenever you like."

The date was finally set for May, and after some argument, a country wedding was decided on. Now it was the country house which engrossed Henry and Katherine's interest. All through March and into April they made small chilly pilgrimages out to the country. Each opening bud had significance. As early as the ground could be worked, men were digging and sowing. Borders were planted and replanted. And if Katherine now and then looked at Kay with furtively anxious eyes, the excitement seemed to be doing her good.

There ought to be new hangings in the long drawing-room, and perhaps in the hall. And there were some old French chairs at Morley's still in the original brocade. However, since most of the furniture would be moved out anyhow—perhaps not the chairs —— But the curtains. Yes. Certainly the curtains.

Kay seemed hardly to have finished writing the notes for her engagement presents when the wedding gifts started to come in. Herbert was frightfully excited about them, although he strove to conceal it. He would call up from town—they had moved out again to the country—and ask her about them:

"What's come in this morning?"

"I really don't know. A lot of boxes; they haven't been opened yet."

That was always a small grievance to him. "But great Scott, darling! There are about fifteen men around the place. Can't some of them get to work?"

In the evenings he spent most of his time in the three upper rooms where, on long tables and minus their cards, of course, the gifts lay in glittering rows; and one evening he brought out a book, a sort of ledger, and began to enter them for insurance.

"But we have a book already," she said, somewhat exasperated. "Everything is in it; who sent them, the shop they came from ——"

"This is a different matter," he told her, in a voice so exactly like Henry's that she started. "There is a very large sum of money invested here, and it requires protection."

Even at that, she liked him better with a book in his hands than with herself in his arms. There must have been times when Herbert felt her recoil, and knew, for a moment, anyhow, that what she wanted from him was not love at all, but relief from pain and security against some weakness in herself. If he did, he undoubtedly comforted himself with the fallacy of most males, that when he owned her he could win her. Indeed, he said as much to Bessie Osborne one day. There was little or no beating about the bush with Bessie.

"Kay's looking thin, don't you think?"

"She's doing too much. All these parties before a wedding are ridiculous."

"You think that's it?"

"Don't you?"

"I'm wondering. Does she ever speak of that cowboy of hers?"

He flushed with annoyance. "I do Kay the common justice of believing," he said stiffly, "that if that were not over she would not be marrying me."

"I'm sure that's very fine for you," said Bessie cryptically.

"As for the inference you have drawn, it is unfair to Kay and unfair to me. Even if it were true, once we are married, all that nonsense will be cured."

Bessie yawned slightly. "I dare say," she agreed. "There is certainly no nonsense about you, Herbert."

The presents continued to pour in. The station wagon met every train and came back loaded; the delivery truck from the express office made three trips daily. Silver. Glass. Paintings. Antiques. Mirrors. Kay writing notes: "My dear Mrs. Smith: I want to thank you, for Herbert and myself, for the exquisite old Chelsea tea set. It was dear of you to remember us so beautifully, and we ——"

The wedding was still two weeks off, but already her wedding gown of rose point over white satin lay on a bed in an empty room, covered with a sheet, her veil of old lace beside it. Now and then the bridesmaids wandered in and lifting a corner of the sheet burst into little oh's and ah's of admiration. The gown was more than a gown to them. It was a symbol. They had an eager half-neurotic curiosity about Kay and Herbert. It was impossible to believe that these two self-contained people were soon to be one flesh, to share the same room, to enter into each other's most private lives.

Once, to please them, Kay put on her veil, with its bandeau of seed pearls, and Nora, coming in, whipped it off quickly.

"That's bad luck, Miss Kay, and you know it."

"What bad luck can touch her?" one of the girls drawled. "She's got everything, including—Herbert."

If there was malice in that, Kay ignored it.

She meant to make Herbert a good wife. She did not believe in dutiful wives; she knew there must be more than that, so she meant to make him a loving wife. In a way she did care for Herbert; if she had not known the other thing she might even have called it love. He was consistently kind, and he took care not to ask of her more than she could give. And perhaps, like Herbert, she, too, believed in marriage as a sort of cure-all.

She was already saying "we" as well as writing it in her notes of thanks. And one night, when Herbert had kissed her and was about to go, she almost said a dreadful thing. He had got as far as the door.

"Well, good night, Kay."

"Good night, Herbert. Be sure ——" She caught herself then, but Herbert had turned.

"Be sure what, darling?"

"I've forgotten now. It wasn't important."

(Continued on Page 98)

The Wagon Circled the Arena in a Cloud of Dust, Followed by the Yelling Indians on Their Ponies, Firing Their Blank Cartridges With Deadly Effect

MOPES

By THOMAS McMORROW

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

I HAD got hold of a copy of the Stars and Stripes that morning, and I looked through it while I stood at the crossroad. I was looking in the just-published make-up of the Army of Occupation for the name of my outfit, and hoping to high heaven that I wouldn't find it. The outfit was moving back out of the Argonne, going somewhere. Somewhere, indeed—you know the Army. Everybody knew where we were going except the colonel and the majors, who didn't hang out with well-posted people. But we were moving; that was certain and good. I had been put at the junction below Mareq to direct the companies alternately to right and to left, so that the regiment might not hog a road; the First Army was moving back on that crisp morning of late November, 1918.

The outfit wasn't listed in the Army of Occupation—one heartless rumor scotched. I watched the boys plodding by, doing their two and a half miles an hour under skinny packs. Those packs had fallen away dreadfully since they were toted into the Argonne. A pack had weighed sixty pounds then, and without any joker in the rear rank hanging his equipment on it too. A soldier certainly likes his comfort who'll tote a sixty-pound pack, except on a bet—a blanket, a combination knife, fork and spoon salvaged from a dead German, a Luger, an iron cross, or even a row of German buttons for the girl to sew on her coat, letters from home to make fires with, all attainable eats, the whole tucked into a shelter half—into the ditch with the rest!

Endless squads of shining morning faces swung by, washed and shaved bright pink, no longer matted with hair and dirt; every one agrin, or ready to be—"It looks like the boat!"

The last man of the outfit—a greasy and smoky cook on a starved mule—passed me, giving me a patronizing nod, as became a mounted man who was not proud. I sat down on my pack, lit a cigarette, and waited for a truck.

"What outfit, soldier?"

I looked up from my newspaper. An M.P. was standing there, with two unkempt American soldiers in tow—prisoners, evidently. The speaker was one of these prisoners, an undersized man of thirty or so, with light and shifty eyes, smiling with a flash of white teeth. His fellow prisoner was a rustic-looking chap with an air of vacant good humor.

I remember that he was quite chubby; it was some time since I had seen an American soldier with an extra pick on his bones. I told him curtly. I was full of vainglory in those days.

"You didn't meet up with the 287th Pioneers on your travels, did you, soldier?"

"Your outfit?" I snapped open the Stars and Stripes and showed him where he could see for himself. "Up in Germany. In the Army of Occupation."

"Oh, Peter," said the stout prisoner, his mouth falling open, "is the whole blame regiment took prisoner by the Jerries?"

"Army of Occupation, you dumb-bell," said Peter. "I told you yesterday the war was over. *Finis la guerre*, George."

"No, it ain't either, Peter. There's lots more ammunition. And didn't we hear a machine-gun barrage only yesterday?"

I had to smile. "You probably heard my outfit salvaging. We threw everything on the fires, belts of bullets and all, so as to get through."

"Oh, was that you salvaging?" said Peter relievedly. "Well, I knew the war was over, but I will admit that noise was awful familiar."

A French army truck appeared, going my way, coughing and choking and making about ten kilometers an hour downhill. I flagged it and it stopped; a dapper sergeant jumped from the front seat and let down the tail of the truck. The French were nice that way. If that had been an American truck I would have been just as welcome and more so, but the truck wouldn't have stopped for me. There's a trick of getting yourself and your trinkets in and out of a truck over a tailboard when that truck is rocking right along. Before you master it you are almost sure to hit a metaled road with all you have, and to slide like a man with rollers on his chest.

Well, We See Not a Few M. P.'s, and We Get Along Very Nicely With Them, and No Questions Asked. But With the Mademoiselles We Do Not Go So Big

I got in. The M. P. and his charges got in too. I had a box of cigars riding my pack—I had saved those smokes from thieves and beggars galore by saying when asked what was in the cigar box, "Cigars!" and joining in the laugh—and now I opened the box and offered it to the Frenchmen on the front seat. You can imagine they were glad to get a real cigar in that country. The circumstances call for a courtesy like that, if you can offer it, and they'd do as much generally. We had tobacco and they had cognac.

But I was surprised when the prisoner called Peter took a full quart bottle of cognac, still wired and gold-leafed, from his pack and tendered it to the Frenchmen. I looked at the M.P.; he looked at the bottle.

"Open her up," said Peter, "and take a big drink!"

The Frenchmen were surprised too. "*Mais non, m'sieur*," they said in unison; but they gloated over the bottle. It was a cold day.

Peter insisted. The sergeant finally opened the bottle and had a drink. "Him, too," said Peter, indicating the driver.

It said Lion de Belge on the bottle. "Where'd you get it?" I asked.

"We was salvaging too," said Peter, eying the Frenchmen with the solicitude of a physician. "How do the Frogs look to you? . . . In a Jerry machine-gun emplacement back there, I found it. Pshaw, I don't think it's poisoned, do you? This was laying right alongside a machine gunner with yellow whiskers; he never even pulled the cork when he was bumped off. You know we were told to lay off anything the Jerries left, because it would be poison, so I been worrying about this bottle. . . . Eh, *m'sieur, comme se na* in the bread basket now? Not so bung, eh?"

"*Bon!*" chanted the Frenchmen. "*Bon!*"

"Well, here's luck," said Peter. But now the M.P.—a big and broad-faced man with gray eyes full of heartless good humor—put out a hand and took the bottle.

"Who won the war?" grumbled Peter.

"The M P.'s," said George.

"Who put over the barrage?"

"The Welfares, with seventy-five-mile guns," said George.

They glared at the M.P. He nursed his Belgian alcohol and admired the famed landscape of autumnal France. He was all right.

"Smoke?" I tendered them my precious box. I wasn't exactly in love with M. P.'s myself. Oh, I know they were necessary; in fact, I've done provost duty myself. But there's a natural prejudice. "What are you in trouble for?"

"Losing our outfit," said Peter. "And what gets me sore with this kidnaper here, soldier, is there's medals coming to us in our outfit and croix de guerres and generals waiting to talk to us. And here we're keeping company with the scum of Europe. Who won the war?"

"The M.P.'s," said George obediently. The M.P. must have been a good fellow, or he would have cuffed them both.

"How did you lose your outfit?" I asked. I knew how such fellows commonly lost their outfits; they stepped aside in the pitch dark while their buddies went ahead into the lines.

"We was put on detached duty for exceptional bravery of language in the face of the enemy," said Peter.

"The top sergeant just wanted an excuse to get rid of us," said George. "He never liked us, if the truth is known."

Peter said to the Frenchman, "Vouz, going to alley toot sweet to Minnool, m'sieur?"

"*Pardon? Ah-h, Sainte-Menehould, n'est-ce pas? Oui!*"

"Minnool is where our outfit concentrated on," said Peter to George. "Maybe there will be a kitchen left behind, with the cooks sleeping off a drunk, and they will ransom us with a gallon of bacon grease, which this kidnaper can swap off for white mule with a Frenchman. How did we lose our outfit, soldier?" Then he went on:

You know where Chippie is, soldier? That's where the outfit was, resting in the tanbark under those sheds. We'd run out of work in that area, making roads and planting dead ones and doing odd jobs between the artillery and the front line, and we were much reduced from shell shock and eating sowbelly and hard bread. We were hoping to move back.

This day there was a big crap game in the second platoon, with a couple of thousand francs on the blanket, and I had the bones. Planting dead ones, soldier, is what the French call mugger, but it is better than being planted, by much, and it certainly results in some big crap games. We even drew new money in the game—our billet was beside the road, and soldiers from outfits that were moving up stopped off to shoot their rolls. It is the custom in this Army, as you know, to pay an outfit and shove it in the lines; and nobody likes to be knocked off with a hundred and fifty francs and upwards in his pants pocket.

When who should push his bald head in the billet but the topper, and he hollers, "Rook and McMonigle!"

"Went out for a pint," I said in a disguised voice. But he came right in and laid hands on us. "Listen, sergeant," I said to him in a nice way, "don't you know anybody else in this outfit but me and George here? You ought to go around and get acquainted. What do you want?"

"Roll your packs," he said, grinning. "You're the birds were wanting to join a fighting outfit, I believe. There's not enough class to the pioneers for you. Here's where you improve yourself. You shall see action with the 235th Division—report to headquarters company on the 510th Infantry at Exermont. Make it snappy."

"See me later about this," I said, getting down on my hands and knees again. "I'll think it over very seriously, but if I ever said I wanted to join a fighting unit I must have been full of white mule."

Our topper is able for any two men in the company, which is why he is the topper. He snatches me up from the blanket with one hand and says, "Not but what the pioneers are a fighting outfit, too, only with them it is business before pleasure."

So George and I reported to the skipper in heavy marching order—packs and rifles, tin hats and gas masks. We found him in the topper's quarters, sitting on the floor with the looeys, playing pinochle. The topper put a new sheet in his portable typewriter, spit in his hands and said, "I'll report sending privates Rook and McMonigle, cap."

"What I think now," said the skipper, scratching his leg thoughtfully, "is when that order started out it was to the second battalion and called for two platoons."

"It is a good order as is," said the topper, "and a pleasure to obey."

"Just follow your ears," he said to us, leading us outside and pointing to where the big noise is coming from. "Where's your compass? No, it wouldn't be Peter Rook if you didn't lose it. Here's mine. It's only about six kilometers. Bear due northeast." He pondered for a last word to us, and said, "Well, men, take good care of the compass if anything happens."

He gave us no papers, because we weren't getting transferred to the 510th Infantry; our regiment was attached as corps troops to the 235th Division, and our company was already with the 510th Infantry, if you understand how they handle pioneer units. We weren't working at it just then, but might be called on. Also, there is no need to have papers in a battle area, because there are no M. P.'s there, and nobody to ask questions. Well, there is also the fact that our topper takes great pride in his company, and if he thinks a man is a total loss he will say to him, "Report sick, and we will send you to a hospital and you will go to a replacement camp. You've been gassed!" I mention this queer trait though it really don't apply, because there is no reason why the topper should want to get rid of George and I by sending us to almost certain death.

So we got our packs on our hump, slung our rifles, put on our tin hats to get them out of the way, and started off, cane in hand. There is something, by the way, that ought to be issued, instead of asking a soldier to jackass a lot of junk—a nice cane. No silly swagger stick, but something to push along with—a yard of sapling. Our outfit all has them.

George said to me, "Peter, I hope we do not end up in a hospital."

"If we would be in any danger of getting mussed up," I said, "the topper would not lend us his compass, would he? Besides, what is the matter with a hospital? We will start with one for fear we will end up somewheres else."

I knew where there was a hospital, but I had never been able to make it, so this detail fitted me like the paper on the wall. We left the road and started across lots, going due southwest. That route would not take us directly to Exermont, but that was not so important. There was no hurry. In my own poor ignorant way I had observed that it was a large war, and enough of it for everybody without crowding. It was like when we hollered off the train to a Scotch outfit, and asked where was the Huns; and they smiled those Scotch smiles and said, "Ye'll find them, lads!"

Well, we found the tents with the big crosses, and George and I parked our baggage in a bombproof and waited for chow call. Then we fell in line and held out our pans. What did we get? We got corned beef and cabbage and a piece of pie, that's what we got. And milk in the coffee—on the level. Say, we put away the best meal since we were simple enough to get off the ship. I don't know how other pioneer outfits chowed, but what we ate before hitting Chippie was the iron rations we picked up on the field, out of the packs of the dead ones. Something nice, soldier, if you never tried it, is *Schweinefleisch in seinem eigenen Saft, Berlin, 1918;* I had a couple of cans of it in the pack. But most of the time it was canned willie and hard bread.

Well, two days later a sergeant stepped briskly up to us where we were hitting this chow line, and he said, "What outfit are you men from, and what's wrong with you besides your appetites? Stand over here until the major sees you."

I saw where we had wore out our welcome. George said, "I told you that sergeant was taking notice of us, Peter. We ought to have hauled out yesterday at the latest. You got me in this, Peter. We had no right to hang around two days."

"All right, I'm wrong," I said fairly. "I don't need you to tell me, nor any medical major neither. Where is that sergeant got to, George? Walk now, not run, to the exit."

We slipped over to the bombproof and got our luggage, and laid a course for Exermont by the topper's compass. Well, we might have steered nor'-nor'east, that being the direction of the first smoke we sighted. That sergeant had interrupted us in the very act of getting our breakfast, and I want my breakfast in the morning and not have it for lunch or supper. We came to this smoke, and it was an artillery kitchen—heavy artillery—and they were feeding hot rice and pancakes. Pretty soft for the heavy artillery—if I can't be in a hospital in the next war, I'm going to be in the heavy artillery. Takes them three days to set up their guns and three days to take them down, and there is no excuse for their kitchens to get themselves lost. One of the outfit told me they even fed doughnuts once a week, but George and I thought we wouldn't wait around. Heaven help the poor pioneer, with his gun and his shovel and his flat feet and his container of canned willie.

We left these boys rolling in their luxuries and started over the hill. It was a ridge. They had their guns lined up and pointing up the slope. Well, you know how it is. These were real heavies—ugly big brutes painted blue and green and yellow, and moving by machinery. The boys advised us to keep our heads down as we went over the top of the hill, or we'd be likely to have our hair parted. The way it is in this war, nobody cares for anybody but themselves. These boys had laid their guns so they were skinning the top of the ridge every shot, and anybody was liable to mope into one of those pills and get rode halfway to Metz. They began to fire while we were walking up, but not at us.

We needed the topper's compass. You know how the land lays in through there, all grown up in tall yellow grass like the wild and woolly West, with here and there a grove of trees—no roads, no fences, no houses, nothing. When we were planting them we used to throw out a line of beaters, and it was wonderful, the stuff we scared up out of that grass—foxes, owls, wild pigs and deers, rabbits. I had a dandy shotgun that I found in a house, but one of the looeys got it off me. He was a wolf on souvenirs.

Continued on Page 40

"Pardon Me, General, But Which is the Best Way to Exermont?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 14, 1927

"Innocents Abroad"

STRONG movements, backed by minority groups, all affecting the foreign interests and relations of America, are being pushed and popularized by extensive propaganda to force the United States:

To abandon our citizens and to permit the confiscation of their property in Mexico;

To withdraw from the Philippines and to abandon the islands and the constructive American program there to the mercy of native politicians;

To withdraw from Nicaragua and to permit Mexico to set up a government there that would be antagonistic to the United States;

To leave any West Indian or Central American country free to revert to revolution and chaos, regardless of our stake in it or the safety of the Panama Canal;

To get out of China and to stay out, telling our missionaries and our merchants to linger at their own peril;

To get into Russia and to let down the bars to her propagandists;

To kill our immigration laws and to flood the United States with the undesired and the undesirable of the world;

To cancel the so-called war debts, including the vast sums loaned for reconstruction and business purposes, that we may, as the Americans who are keeping the agitation alive frankly state, buy the love of Europe;

To kill the American nationalistic and patriotic spirit, substituting therefor a thin pink circus lemonade that is labeled internationalism;

To hamstring our Army and Navy in the name of peace, though never in her history has America had more urgent need of strong defenses.

This is only a brief outline of a foreign policy as it has been formulated by some of our uplift groups.

The proponents of these large, vague movements rarely have a comprehensive point of view on their country and the world, or on the relation of one of their theories to another, in spite of their prattle about internationalism. Often the voice urging these policies is the voice of a well-meaning man, but sometimes the hand is the hand of Moscow. Some of these good men would cripple their country in the name of brotherhood. Nothing is more dangerous than the sincerity of ignorance and the nobility of innocence.

Why is it that men who have been unable to understand and better conditions in their own communities feel that they possess the qualities essential to handling and adjusting the most delicate foreign affairs? Why is it that young men and older ones who have never had a day's experience in practical business affairs, but have spent their lives in the chair of the writer or critic or professor, feel qualified to diagnose our business ills and to prescribe for them? Nine times out of ten they recommend the removal of the stomach for an attack of indigestion. Why take seriously the remedies and panaceas for maladjustments of social conditions that are offered by the pinks, the reds and those journalists of discontent who make a living scratching the dunghills of the world? Why is it that to so many Americans the sturdy nationalism of the British and the patriotic fervor of the French are so wholly admirable, while they decry any attempt at national solidarity at home? Why are the so-called nationalistic aspirations of China and Mexico so sacred in the eyes of our pinks and pacifists, while American patriotism and nationalism are ideals to be sneered at and fought against?

It may be wise to withdraw either wholly or partly from some countries, to fit new policies to new conditions, and even to cancel the so-called public loans made to Europe during the past ten years; though these, of course, are really private loans, made by American investors, and in the event of cancellation they must be paid by taxation that would be largely levied against the holders of the bonds. In short, in the case of many investors, their bonds, to all intents and purposes, would be confiscated. Even so, there could be no real objection to cancellation if that is the sober judgment of the country, uninfluenced by propaganda and formed after an analysis of the debts, with a full understanding of the specific purposes for which they were contracted and for which the money was spent. It might even be advisable to consider at the same time a partial cancellation of the private loans made through banking houses since the war, for they already total as much as the so-called public debts, or more, and they are increasing daily. Their payment imposes an even greater hardship on Europe, for they run for shorter terms and in the main carry a heavier rate of interest. But in all these cases the thing to guard against is a hasty, emotional, propaganda-inspired conclusion.

If our memories were not so long, a good many of us would like to return to the simpler days of the past century, when America was practically self-contained—the days of unrestricted immigration, when there were plenty of cheap cooks and plenty of that low-grade labor that gave us our low wages, bread lines, strikes, and from which the majority of our reds and crooks and gunmen have sprung. If we could forget the open saloon and the wage-wasting and hell-raising on every corner. If we could forget the low standard of business ethics that prevailed. If we could forget that city government was often by public utilities, and state government by railroads. Not that these abuses have been wiped out, but year by year they have been lessened till no one in his senses wants to go back to those days.

Conditions have been improved by the realists, not by the theorists. Business has grown wiser, saner and cleaner through the criticism and effort of clear-headed men within and not outside its ranks. For the big men of America—the men who are doing its constructive, productive work—are the business men.

It is to business that the pinks look for their dividends, the professors for their endowments, the journals of discontent for their advertisements or the subsidies that keep them going. Without business we become a semiprimitive, self-contained people, with very little in the container. We doubt whether the world would be better off if the American business man withdrew from foreign countries. It would probably be very much worse off. America certainly would be.

The critics of American business as it is being conducted in China, in Mexico and in other parts of the world cry sternly: "Its right hand has offended—cut it off." But perhaps a little treatment would save the hand and correct its faults, some real, many imaginary. We doubt, however, if those without inside knowledge of all the conditions and without any practical knowledge of business affairs are the ones best fitted for the job. They could be of much greater service to their country if they would go back to writing essays and reviews of the new books, to teaching, to cleaning up their own communities. These are all practical uplift jobs in which a man can be of real service to his country; but when he steps out of them into affairs of which he can really know little, no matter how noble his intentions, he is usually spreading out his stock of uplift too thin. Ordering and saving a city block involves a lot of drudgery and detail and discouragement, while saving the world is a large, romantic and exciting affair. Doing our own little job well is usually a drab grind, while telling a corporation how to run its business or a country what's wrong with it is an appealing pursuit, particularly if we are fairly young—and it often lands us in the publicity, especially if we can cry that our sacred right of free speech has been curtailed. Attack and destruction are always news; defense and construction command small space.

Those passionate advocates of free speech who are continually bobbing up on the front page complaining that someone is trying to suppress them are usually more intolerant than their opponents. In a surprisingly large number of cases, free speech to them means simply the right to foment movements subversive of law, order and the established government. Once they gain their ends, as in Russia, free speech ceases to exist for anyone except themselves. Talk against the established government then becomes lese majesty. Even your sincere uplifter is a little shocked when anyone dissents from his views. Because they are put forth in the sacred name of uplift, they must be right.

Uplift is too often an assumption of personal perfection and rightness in a world where everybody and everything, including uplifters and their theories, are always imperfect and often wrong.

Compulsory Coöperative Marketing

ONE particular difficulty attending all attempts at cooperative marketing lies in the attitude of the minority who decline to join. Bearing no share of the expense of organization, they share in the advantages resulting from it. They step under the umbrella when it is raining and step out when it is clear. In a number of instances agricultural coöperative associations have gone to the wall largely as the result of the uncontrollable practices of nonmembers.

In Queensland, Australia, legislation has been enacted that amounts to compulsory coöperative marketing. Whenever 75 per cent of the growers of a fruit unite by contract in a coöperative marketing association, the remaining 25 per cent of the growers are compelled to market their produce through the coöperative association whether they elect to join or not. The thing is new and we have no information as to how it is working.

Emboldened by this precedent, and by coöperative experiences in various parts of the world, fruit growers in British Columbia have secured legislation which is, in effect, compulsory coöperative marketing, though it does not go to the extent of the enactment in Australia. From the body of the growers is formed a committee of direction. The marketing of the associated growers is done through a separate central organization. All independent shippers must be licensed and all fruits must be shipped through licensed shippers. The control committee has the power to fix the quantity of any produce that may from time to time be marketed by a shipper. It has the power to fix the place or places from which fruit may be dispatched for marketing and to set maximum and minimum prices for the products concerned. Also, it has the power to fix the time at which any particular variety of produce may be permitted to pass to market.

The purpose of the legislation is to control production indirectly and to control marketing of produce directly. It does just exactly what would be done if all the fruit ranches in the province were owned by one individual or company and operated accordingly. But it is certainly going to extreme lengths to deny *in toto* to independent growers the right of individually selling their produce.

A RETIRED BUSINESS MAN LOOKS AT BUSINESS

As Told to Jesse Rainsford Sprague

A COUPLE of years ago, when I was still in active business, I was in London; and an English business-man friend took me to a meeting of a trade organization that was considering ways and means of increasing British prosperity through the tourist industry. The speaker of the day was a man connected with one of the British South American steamship lines, and he advised that instead of making so much effort to attract travel from the United States, there should be concerted attempt to induce South Americans to visit the British Isles.

"The man from South America is a real spender," the speaker said earnestly, "and not at all like some of our Yankee cousins. You have never seen an Argentinean or a Brazilian put up at a first-class hotel, where he pays three guineas a day for his room, and then go out to a tea shop for a shilling breakfast!"

As the sole representative of the United States, I guess I was supposed to feel pretty cheap after this backhanded slap at Yankee spending habits. After the meeting my friend tried to save my feelings by saying the speaker was, of course, drumming up business for his particular steamship line, and probably didn't mean all he said.

But my feelings weren't hurt at all. It occurred to me that the speaker had paid us a rather fine compliment, and described in concrete words one of the main reasons for our national prosperity. The average American will pay three guineas for a hotel room if he likes it and thinks he can afford it. But at the same time he stands in so little awe of hotel clerks and bell boys that he has no hesitancy in walking down the street for a shilling breakfast at a tea room, if he feels so inclined. If the hotel wants to sell him a half-guinea breakfast, it has got to convince him that it is what he wants.

It is precisely this quality of independence that has made us the great business nation we are. Americans are individualistic enough to decide for themselves what they want to buy and how they want to buy it, regardless of what other people think. And because Americans are individualistic, they want more things. Americans are determined to live well, but they are willing to pay the price in hard work. Little business in the United States has grown into tremendously big business because it has the most eager and critical market in the world in its own dooryard.

For the first time in more than thirty years I have had a chance to study business from the outside, looking in. Since I got out of harness I have traveled pretty steadily about the country, by train, by private car and, in many portions, by public autobus. I stopped for varying periods in big cities and little villages, and everywhere I talked with traveling salesmen, storekeepers, barbers, manufacturers, chamber-of-commerce workers. I have tried to see what business looks like from the standpoint of a consumer. Such an experience takes considerable of the conceit out of a man. Most of us who have done well in business get the idea that we must be pretty smart; but after a man has gone around the country in such fashion he gets a more humble viewpoint; he begins to realize it might not have been so much his own smartness that made him prosperous as the amazing vitality and industry of the 100,000,000 people who were eager to be his customers if he could offer them something they wanted and at a price their common sense told them was reasonable.

The country is prosperous, almost unbelievably so in comparison with European countries. It is somewhat the style nowadays for business executives to get together in convention and claim they have created this prosperity by their superefficiency in manufacturing and selling. American business is efficient certainly. But a good part of its efficiency comes from the fact that its customers make it be efficient under penalty of taking their trade elsewhere. No American business firm has a clientele that will stay put.

(Continued on Page 161)

Now We Know Why He's Been Practicing on That Electric Horse

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

McNab and His Neighbors

"Jean, a Couple o' Auld Scotch Friends are Comin' to Stay the Night Wi' Us"

"I Suppose I Can Send the Bairns to One o' the Neighbors an' So Make Room for Them

"Ye Bring Them Along! It Will Seem Guid to See Some One Free Hame"

"Sandy, I Hadna the Slightest Idea Ye Were Bringin' Elephants! If They Stay to Breakfast We're Ruined!"

The Handicap

THE preacher fulminates a screed
Against the books I should not read,
With possibly a word or two
Denouncing what I should not do.

My paper prints a page or three
On plays I must not go to see;
It calls them wicked, vile and base,
But gives them lots and lots of space.

Yet no one gives a rousing cheer
For what I ought to see and hear,
Nor sounds the trumpet, drum and fife
For what is fine in Art and Life.

No modern critic dares to praise
Desert in conduct, books and plays,
And Virtue languishes, despised,
For only Vice gets advertised.

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

An Eye for Business

WHAT you tink? A customer he comes along and he say, "Tony, I wanta some fruits." Heesa nice-lookin' fella and I say, "What you want, mister? Nice opels, goot pech, fresh stromber, panuts."

The grape he look at. He bendza over to peep in da sack and den he gives heesa eye a grab in da hand and say heesa glassa eye she fall out. Den weed hands and knees we searcha everywhere, but the eye he cannot be found. Da man look like he go craze, he wanta da eye so very much bad. "Tony," he say, "dat eye worth mucha da mon. I give fifty dollar for him eef you find him."

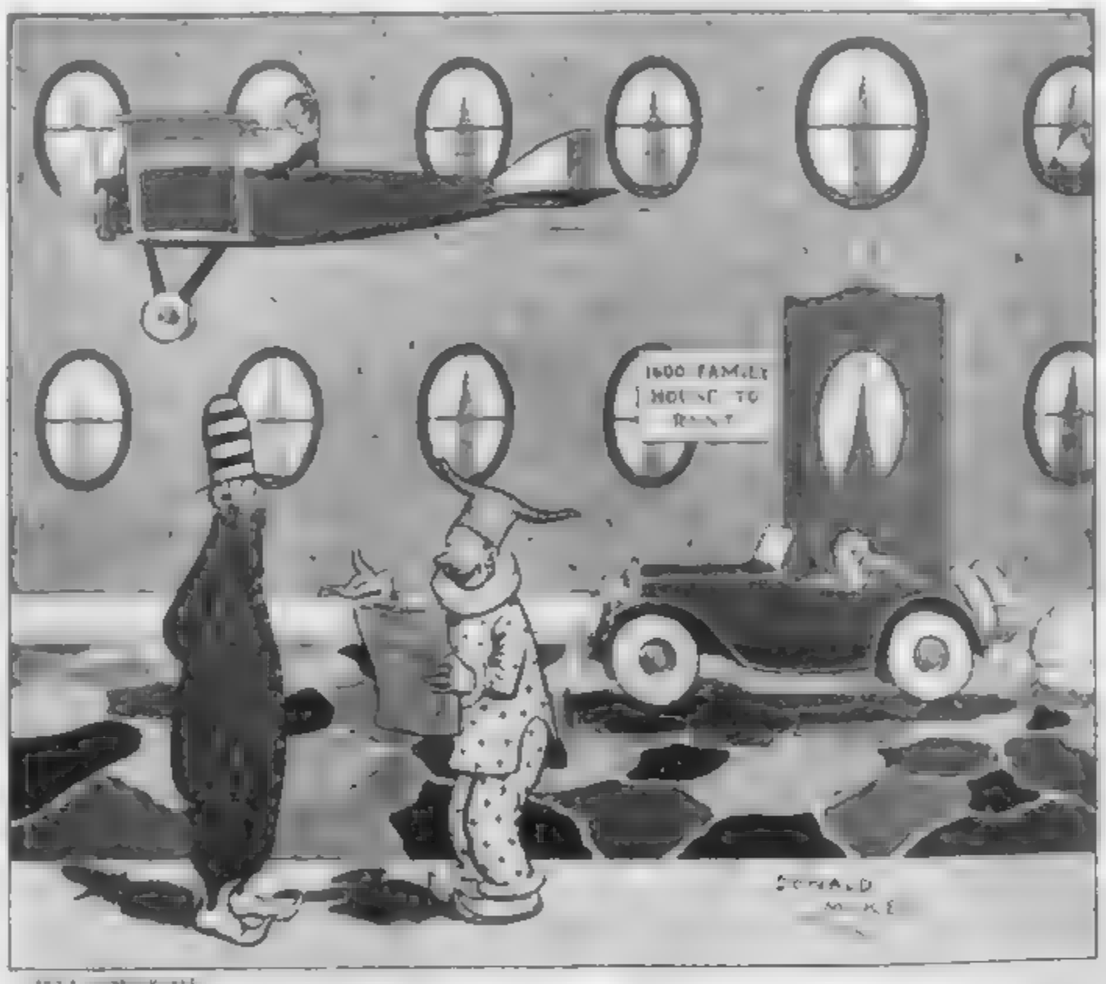
Heesa nice fella, he buy da grape and he lose da only goot glassa eye he got. I sorry and tink maybe I finda da eye and get da fifty dollar. He leave weed me da addresses and phones number.

While I looka in da fruits another customer he comes up and say he wanta buy a grape. He gives me a fifty cent and while I make a da change in da registrar he look a surprise and say, "What's this?" What you tink? Dere in da hand he holda glass eye and laugh. "Dat's a halafa fun," he say. He putsa da eye in da pocket and starts off away.

"Hey, mister," I holla, "how mucha you take for him da eye?" I catcha him and he say itsa goot eye worth fifty dollar, but his eyes goot, too, and he don't need three eye, he sell him for thirty-five dollar. I pay him da mon and dasha for the phone. The man what lose da eye I can't get him. Da central operator she say no such numbers.

Den I tink of da optimistician round da corner. I takes him da eye and say what it is worth. He look at it and say he don't wanta it. "I takea fifty dollar."

(Continued on Page 206)



Optimist (A. D. 1997)—"Isn't it Great? The District Attorney and the Police are Going to Get Together and Clean Up the New York Stage. I Told You Those Indecent Plays Couldn't Last!"

"I Must Give You a Summons." "What For?" "Parking in Front of a Hydrant"

"But, Good Grief, Dad, There's Absolutely Nothing to Do at Home"

The soup everybody likes!

Soup belongs in the daily diet

The refreshing, sparkling, appetizing flavor of the full-ripe tomato! How it appeals to you! The sun itself has sweetened it—bathed it in a shower of its warm rays until it hangs, a red and irresistible temptation, on the vines.

Plucked at its richest maturity, it gives only its luscious tomato "meat" and pure invigorating juices to Campbell's Tomato Soup. All the rest is discarded. So in this famous soup is just the precious tomato goodness, made more tempting and nourishing still by the blending of golden butter fresh from the country, and the most delicate and careful seasoning.

Here is a challenge for your appetite indeed. A soup that gives you a glow and that cheerful mood which means real enjoyment of your food. Of all soups, Campbell's Tomato is the favorite. The first taste will tell you why. 12 cents a can.

Campbells' Soups

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

A BAD YOUNG MAN

II

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

"Larry Larrabee, Stop Cracking Wise, and Tell Me What You are Up to Now"

MR. FREDERICK TRASK attributed his success in inducing gentlemen to prefer his bonds, to his gift for diplomacy. When he first beheld the red head of Larry Larrabee at the door of the private room of the Red Roof Inn, his first impulse was to give way to a fit of temper. His second was to meet the situation with diplomacy. He summoned a smile to his face.

"Why, hello, Larry," he said, with a show of cordiality. "At it again, eh? You seem to have accumulated a superb snootful. Congratulations."

"Same to you," said Larry, bowing. "Just been drinking some of dad's medicinal rye. March liquor, I call it. Ask me why?"

"Why?"

"Goes in like a lamb, but turns to a lion."

He roared, a rather poor imitation of the jungle king. He winked at Poppy. She looked straight ahead.

"Look here, Larry," said Freddy Trask. "I'd like to buy you a drink. Then off to the hay. How does that strike you?"

"My hero!" cried Larry, shaking Freddy's hand. "My wonder man. Thank you. But wait. Let me buy the first drink. See. Wealth beyond the dreams of avarice!" He plucked from his pocket a ten-dollar bill.

"No," insisted Mr Trask. "I spoke first. My party. Just wait here a minute. I'll go out and speak to Leon and have him shake us up something extra special."

"Noble fellow," said Larry. "But hurry back."

"Excuse me a second, Poppy," said Mr. Trask, and went out hurriedly.

Once outside the door, he snapped at a waiter, "Where's Leon?"

"Cellar."

He found the proprietor down among the barrels, busy with a siphon.

Leon smiled oleaginously. "Something you want, Mr. Trask?"

"Yes. There's a young pest trying to crash my party. Help me get rid of him."

"That stewed colleger?"

"Yes."

Leon became the man of affairs. "Rough stuff?" he asked.

"No. Ease him out somehow. See here. He's pretty far gone already. A couple of stiff drinks and he'll be out cold."

Leon nodded. "Leave him to me," he said.

As soon as the door had closed on Freddy Trask's heels, Larry's hand darted out and closed on Poppy's wrist.

"Poppy," he said, and his words were clear and incisive now, "you've got to get out of here."

"Let me alone, you drunken spy."

"Spy, maybe. Drunk, no. Haven't had a drop. All a stall. Had to make Leon think I was a boiled sophomore, and easy pickings, or he wouldn't have let me in. Come, before Freddy gets back. I've got dad's car outside."

"I won't, I won't, I won't," cried Poppy, beating her fists against his chest. "You're a nasty, spying, interfering wretch, and I hate, hate, hate you."

Then, very suddenly, she put her hands to her face and began to weep softly. "Oh, Larry," she sobbed, "I'm so glad you came."

"Come," he said urgently. "Let's go. Catch up your hat."

He helped her to her feet. It was an auspicious moment for Freddy Trask to return, and just then he did.

"What's the idea?" he snarled. The time for diplomacy had apparently passed.

With entire calmness Larry answered, "Poppy doesn't feel well. I'm taking her home."

"Are you?"

"Why not?"

"You beat it," cried Mr. Trask, his face working wrathfully.

"Temper, temper," said Larry.

"I'll have Leon throw you out."

"Wouldn't you like to do it yourself?"

"In three seconds I will."

A beatific smile came to Larry's face. "Hard words, those, Sir Frederick. But you'd better be your own soft self. You know you wouldn't strike a tadpole."

The face of Mr. Trask was a whitish-green mask of fury. He rushed at Larry with clenched fists. With one long arm Larry held him off, by placing his hand on Freddy's heaving bosom.

"This," said Larry, "is a moment for which I have long waited. You have given me a reason for handing you a hand-engraved sock on the beezer. Are you ready? Here—with my compliments."

Larry let fly his right fist, hard and true, in what is technically known as a right cross. Freddy Trask crumpled into a corner. He remained there, limp, looking murder, but not attempting to accomplish it. Larry bent over him, and there was menace in his face.

"Freddy," he said, "help yourself to a lot of fresh air. Don't stop to pick buttercups either. Get out."

Mr. Trask got to his feet. There was homicide in his eyes still, but aside from that, he looked like a yesterday's lily. "You'll hear from me about this," he said, with a trembling huskiness.

"Send me a picture post card of Niagara Falls," said Larry, and held the door open. Without a glance at Poppy, Freddy went out, and they heard the bang of the front door and the noise a very angry man makes when he is racing the motor of a car in a profane and violent effort to start away in a hurry.

"Now, Poppy," said Larry gently, "pull yourself together. We're going away from here."

Still sniffling a bit, she let him stick her hat on her blond head and steer her by the elbow toward the door. They had almost reached the outer portal when Leon came after them, waddling, puffing, incensed.

"Hey. Where's Mr. Trask?"

"Mr. Trask," said Larry pleasantly, "was called away suddenly to lay a cornerstone for a home for destitute hoot owls."

"Who'll pay for the drinks?"

"I will. Here." Larry thrust the ten-dollar bill into Leon's pinguid hand. "Good night, good luck, God bless you—that's all that I can say."

Then he escorted Poppy to his father's car and deposited her therein. "Home, James," he said, as he switched on the headlights.

"No, no," whimpered Poppy.

"Where to, then?"

"Nell Wesley's house. I—I—told dad that I was going to spend the night there."

"And so you are, young lady, so you are."

"Oh, dear," wailed Poppy, "what a louse I am."

"Not you, dear," said Larry, starting the car. "You're just a very young Airedale whose eyes are opening for the first time on a very curious world. Let's sort of forget tonight. Another time, maybe, you'll remember grandpop's words: Look before you weep."

She dabbed her eyes with her handkerchief and nodded.

"Now get this," said Larry. "Not a word to anybody about what happened tonight. Keep your little mouth shut and you're as safe as dad's bank. Nobody will know anything, if you yourself don't tell them. As for the fragrant Freddy, I've a strong hunch he will stop buzzing around."

It was just under six miles, by an uncouth and serpentine road, from the Red Roof Inn to the domicile of Miss Nell Wesley. Poppy Bangs, Larry Larrabee and Mr. Larrabee's forty-seven-hundred-dollar limousine made it in nine minutes and sixteen seconds.

On the ride, Poppy, huddled in the front seat, said nothing. Larry, his eyes glued on the unwinding ribbon of moonlit road, said nothing either.

He halted before the gate to the Wesley home. He held open the door of the car and Poppy stepped out. Offhandedly, he said, "Well, good night, Poppy."

"Good night, Larry," she said, a catch in her voice. She turned "Oh, Larry."

Quickly she bent over, caught one of his hands and for the briefest possible part of a second, touched her lips to it. Then she ran up the path to Nell Wesley's house.

Larry Larrabee sat there for a minute, staring at his hand.

"Gosh," he said softly. "Gosh."

Then he headed the car toward his father's house, and as it passed along the dark streets he sang to himself:

"Are you aware that the cats have got
No tails on the Isle of Man?"

A block from his father's house he stopped singing. He inserted the car in the garage, and tiptoed up to his room. Some twenty seconds later the room was filled with gentle, rhythmic snores.

Breakfast in the Larrabee home was at 8:10, which meant ten minutes past eight. On the dot Mr. Larrabee, Sr.,

Continued on Page 38

SWIFT

Cheese Straws

1½ cups flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
Cold water
Paprika
1 teaspoon salt
8 tbsps. Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard
¾ cup grated cheese
2 tablespoons Brookfield butter

Sift together flour, salt and baking powder; work in lard lightly. Add just enough cold water to make a dough. Chill. Roll out to ¼ inch thickness. On one half sprinkle 4 tablespoons of grated cheese, dash of paprika and dot with butter. Fold dough over, press edges together and repeat two times. Cut into desired small shapes. Bake in a hot oven (450° F.) for 15 minutes.

Dainty pastries everybody admires . . *so easy now for you to make them unusually delicate and tempting*

WHAT endless delightful surprises can be prepared with baked foods—with so little effort! New touches in tarts and pastries, alluring novelties such as cheese straws. And how good they can be when they have that delicate richness, that trace of tempting mellowness which depend on the shortening. It is to get this special goodness in all kinds of pastry that the greatest care in choosing shortening is necessary.

For many years, famous chefs and good housekeepers who pride themselves on always having this appetizing richness in their baked foods have chosen Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard for their cooking. Rendered unusually pure and sweet from choice pork fat, "Silverleaf" makes all foods better whenever it is used in baking or frying. And its creamy smoothness, just the right consistency to mix well with other ingredients, gives exceptional lightness and tenderness in your baking.

You save time and effort, too, by using "Silverleaf's" exclusive self-measuring carton. Just score the print as indicated and cut the exact amount needed.

New enjoyment is in store for your family and guests when you begin to use "Silverleaf" in your baking and your frying. Ask for it by name. In the self-measuring 1 and 2 pound cartons, also in 2, 4 and 8 pound pails.

Swift & Company

When you use this exclusive "Silverleaf" carton you just score the top of the lard as shown on the flap of the carton and cut the exact amount needed.

"Best to buy for bake or fry"

"Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard

(Continued from Page 36)

faced his matutinal coffee, toast, and one four-minute egg. On hearing his son's step on the stairs the face of Mr. Larrabee performed a protean miracle by growing even more stern than it had been. Never a cheery, chatty soul at breakfast, this morning Mr. Larrabee wore an aura of pronounced indigo hue, and he crunched his toast with vicious teeth.

"Morning, dad. Grand day."

His son was entering the dining room, outwardly nonchalant. For several chill seconds Mr. Larrabee gave no sign that he was aware of his offspring's existence.

Then in a voice that was flavored with black crape and tombstones, he said, "Good morning, Lawrence. Sit down."

Taking a seat before a waiting egg cup, Larry asked, "Anything wrong, dad?"

"Something," said Morton Larrabee, as one speaking from a sepulcher, "is very wrong indeed. Lawrence ——"

"Yes, sir."

"Where were you last night?"

"Me?"

"Yes; you."

"Didn't you tell me to go to my room?" asked Larry, losing all interest in his egg.

"Is that an answer to my question? Come, Lawrence; don't quibble. I will not take a chance that you may lie to me. I will tell you some facts. I did tell you to spend the evening in your room; I did tell you you could not use my car; I did refuse to give you ten dollars. Facts!"

"Yes, sir."

"Well," said Mr. Larrabee, "you did not stay in your room; you did take my car; you took—or shall I say 'stole'—ten dollars of my money. You sneaked back into the house around midnight. These are also facts."

"Yes, sir."

"You do not deny them?"

"No, sir."

"Your attempt to steal away without my knowledge was very clumsy, Lawrence."

"Yes, sir."

"You might have credited me with some intelligence. Did you think you could deceive me so easily?"

"No, sir. I knew you'd see me, or find out. But I had to go when I did."

Mr. Larrabee sighed bitterly. "You show no sign of contrition for your conduct," he said.

"I feel none, sir."

"This," exclaimed Mr. Larrabee, "is the last straw."

"I suppose so, sir."

"I," stated Mr. Larrabee, "am a just man. I will give you a chance to offer some explanation."

"Shipbuilding is a Man's Work"

"I have no explanation to offer," said Larry.

"What!" Utter exasperation was in Mr. Larrabee's voice

"None," said Larry firmly.

"To think," cried Mr. Larrabee tragically, "that my only son should turn out to be a sot, a liar and a thief. To think ——"

"Stop," said Larry. "I'm not a sot, a liar and a thief. The worst thing I am is a human being. That's something you've never realized."

"How dare you talk to me like that?" thundered Morton Larrabee.

"I've never been disrespectful to you before," said his son, looking squarely at his father. "I haven't had the nerve to. But now things are changed. You say this is the last straw. I suppose that means you are going to turn me out, disown me and all the rest of it ——"

"I'm glad you realize that ——"

"So," went on Larry, "now we can talk, not as stern parent and erring son, but as a couple of men. I'll be sorry if I have to leave Bellemere. Yesterday I wouldn't have been. Today I have a reason for wanting to stay here. While I'm talking frankly, I want you to know that it hasn't been much fun being your son. You've given me a place to sleep, and food, and a few clothes, and handed me out a little cash now and then; but as a father—well, you've been a washout."

"Go on," said his father, drumming with his knuckles on the table, as if he were exercising great self-control.

"You've acted toward me as if you were part refrigerator and part adding machine," said Larry. "I've never felt I could confide in you. You always seemed willing to believe anything anybody said against me. Perhaps I have blown off steam now and then. Lord, I'm not a stuffed bird in a glass case. You haven't tried to understand. You've always preached at me, and tried to make me feel a lot guiltier than I had any reason to feel. You've given me nothing but censure and rebukes, but never credit for trying to be honest and decent ——"

"I suppose," said Mr. Larrabee ironically, "that you consider what you did last night honest and decent."

Larry returned his father's look unwaveringly. "I do," he said.

Mr. Larrabee's self-control proved itself at this juncture, to be imperfect. He blazed out with: "How dare you say that?"

"It's true," replied Larry quietly. "I wish I could tell you the whole story. I just can't. I admit that I took the car, which I did not harm, and the ten dollars, which I'll pay back. I think you're entitled to know this much: What I did last night was nothing I'm ashamed of; and nothing, I think, you'd be ashamed of, if you knew all the circumstances. I ask you to believe me, sir."

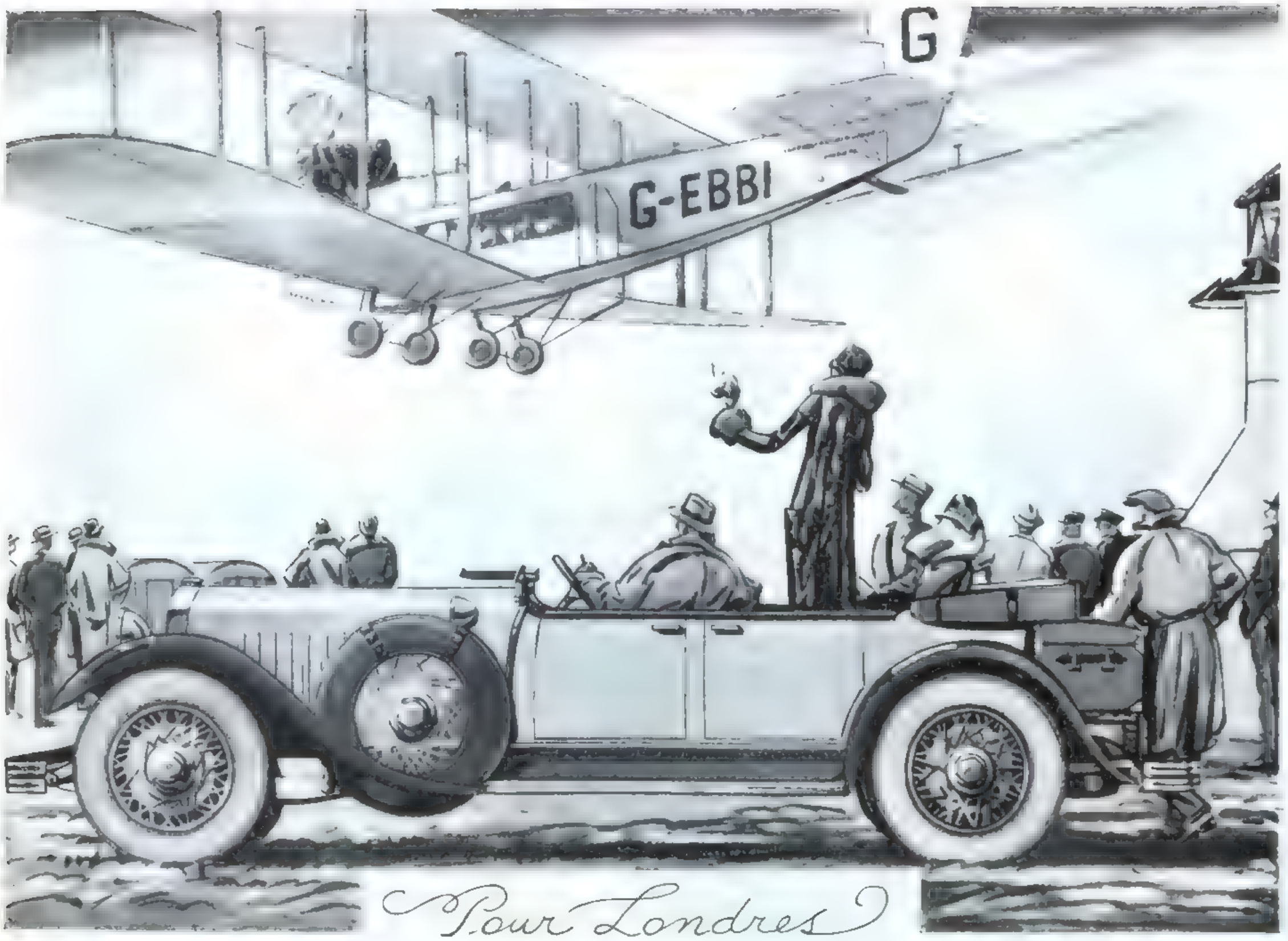
During his son's recital Mr. Larrabee chewed his lips as if he were trying to hold back a flood of pushing words. Now the words broke through the dike of his self-restraint.

"Lawrence," he said in the voice of a very angry man, "you are beyond all hope. Your mendacity is appalling. You have the unmitigated gall to sit there and tell me a cock-and-bull story like that and expect me to believe it."

"It's the truth."

"Lawrence," said Mr. Larrabee, impaling his son on needle-point eyes, "stop this farce. I know what you did last night." (Continued on Page 163)

"Good. You've Come to the Right Shop. Delighted to Have You. Need Young Blood"



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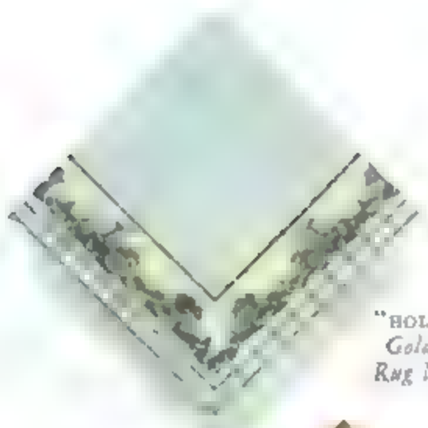

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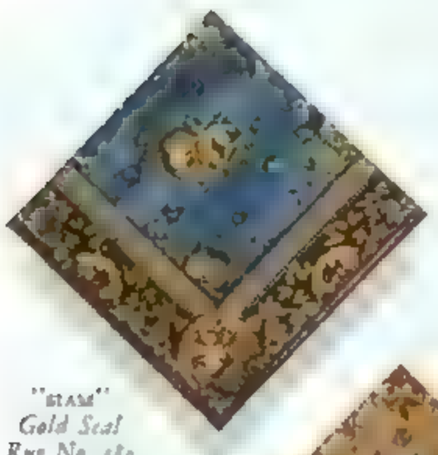

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THE ZEPPELINS

By ERNST A. LEHMANN AND HOWARD MINGOS

ENGLAND would have suffered terribly had Germany set out in dead earnest to destroy everything British regardless of its military value. Even with the Zeppelins that were produced during the war she might have inflicted far more damage than was actually caused by the sporadic raids. I mention that fact here with reference to the oft-heard statements that the United States is so fully protected by two great oceans.

Admittedly she is protected today. But just as the Germans held the instruments capable of doing terrible harm to England, so must recent engineering developments produce similar though more powerful weapons which an enemy lacking discrimination might send against the United States. The oceans would not stop the huge military airship, the aerial leviathan of the near future.

The American people were never well-informed concerning the real nature of the important services rendered by the Zeppelins. Hardly anything at all was told about their reconnaissance and patrol activities, and only a few of the raids found their way into print on this side.

I know it will surprise the majority to learn that as early as 1915 the naval Zeppelins made thirty raids during that one year, though then there were no more than fifteen ships in commission at any one time.

During the first six months of war the German navy had five such craft. Six months later ten more had been commissioned in that branch of the service. But remember, this was in the early stages. Had it not been a period of great national anxiety the Zeppelins of those days would have been termed more or less experimental. As it was they operated as warships and the personnel, from the commanders to the newest recruits among the mechanics, were compelled to gain their experience from actual operations against the enemy. And that could not be done without accepting very severe losses. I hope America is never confronted with a similar situation.

The few losses occasioned by the peacetime operation of American airships would be insignificant compared to the wholesale destruction of men and equipment if the national Government were forced to send untrained crews into a conflict, with the complicated war machines of the future. One purpose here is to prove that statement by showing what actually occurred in the Zeppelin branch of the German army and navy.

Experiments Up in the Air

THE navy had its Zeppelin service as far back as 1912, though when the first naval airship, L-1, was commissioned in October of that year, there was no airship harbor to accommodate it. The commercial station at Hamburg served as a temporary berth for the navy's first rigid, however, and enabled it to operate with the fleet. A larger ship, the L-2, was commissioned one day in September, 1913, and on that very day the L-1 was wrecked in a sudden storm over the North Sea, drowning part of the crew, including both the commander and the first chief of naval airships, Captain Metzing

The loss of the L-1 was comparable to that of the U. S. Shenandoah, which in September, 1925, was wrecked while passing through a storm in Ohio. It had the same influence on public opinion. To make matters worse, the new L-2 thirty days later burned in the air at Johannisthal. It was difficult to explain to the public, and, in fact, to the average naval officer that poor ventilation in the engine gondolas had ignited some overflowing hydrogen gas, and that correction of the ventilating system would prevent accidents from that source in future. In and out of the navy the safety of the Zeppelin remained largely a matter of grave doubt. Nearly all of our best airship personnel had been killed.

But Metzing's successor as chief happened to be a firm believer in airships. He was Captain Peter Strasser, a brave and talented officer, destined to be the genius responsible for the war operations of the naval Zeppelins and the leader who established them in a lasting position as important units of a modern fleet.

A 1917 Type Naval Zeppelin

A word about Strasser. In January, 1915, while in Frankfort-on-the-Main, awaiting the completion of my Zeppelin, Z-12, I had been asked to address a group of naval and military experts concerning the use of the observation car, which I had developed to a fairly reliable degree.

As a result, the war department had decided to introduce the car, though not without first letting the departmental engineers tinker with its development. They required more than a year—meaning that much valuable time was lost—before working out the details.

It was different with the navy, however. Strasser had immediately decided to experiment with the car built by the Zeppelin Company according to my plans. As was his custom, he declined to send any of his subordinates aloft to conduct the experiment. He himself went up to make the test.

I did not see the preparations, but they must have been bungled somewhere. When the airship had reached a sufficient height Strasser got into the little car and gave the signal which would lower it a half mile below the ship. About 300 feet down, while the winch was allowing the cable to unwind slowly but steadily, the tail of the car became entangled with the wireless aerial. It caught the car and tilted it upside down. The cable meanwhile continued unwinding from the winch above and was beginning to dangle in a slack loop below Strasser, who only saved himself from being tipped out by clinging to the sides of the car with a deathlike grip. Suddenly the aerial gave way, sending the car and Strasser plunging down until it brought up at the end of its own cable with a sickening jolt. It was not a propitious introduction for the new device. Still had it been more quickly developed it might have saved considerable trouble and several disasters. Strasser himself might have survived.

He let nothing interfere with his program of participating at least once a month in a raid on England. On August 5, 1918, while approaching the English coast shortly before nightfall, the L-70, with Strasser aboard, was shot down in flames by a British airplane. This happened on a comparatively clear evening. The use of the observation car would have permitted operations in cloudy weather and tactics calculated to avoid discovery by the enemy.

Christmas Presents

STRASSER had possessed enough influence to procure two new airships in the spring of 1913, the L-3 and L-4, which were operating with the navy within a month after the beginning of war. For months they were employed solely in patrol work. The L-3 had made 141 flights over the North Sea during the last months of 1914, her longest tour of duty keeping her out thirty-four hours. That was a good performance for the early ships.

The L-4, too, made fifty flights in the latter part of the same period, often staying out a day and a night. The L-5, which had been turned over to the navy immediately after it left the Zeppelin factory in October, had made fifty successful patrol flights over the Baltic before the new year.

As a present that first Christmas of the war, the high command had given the navy three new Zeppelins—L-6, L-7 and L-8. That was the beginning.

The following year, 1915, the navy had many more Zeppelins, though the maximum in commission at one time was not more than fifteen because of the losses. Yet those naval airships made 389 long-distance patrol flights during the twelve months' period, besides the thirty raids against England.

Four of them were lost in action with the enemy. The L-3 and L-4 were wrecked in a gale on February 17, 1915, both landing in Denmark, where their crews were interned. The two ships had been sent far north to the Norwegian coast to check up a report by a merchant vessel which suggested the presence of a large British force in those waters. They found the sea deserted, however.

When they turned back for their long homeward flight they had just enough fuel left to make port under the best of normal weather conditions. A strong southerly wind sprang up unexpectedly. It soon increased in velocity until it became a gale. The ships could not make enough speed against it. In later periods they would not have been sent so far out without being prepared to receive timely radio warnings of adverse weather. Both commanders, Fritz, of the L-3, and Count Platen-Hallermund, of the L-4, had been anxious to make a thorough job of their search, so had remained over the doubtful area long enough to scan the surface in all directions.

They were able men, as I knew, for both had been with me in Hamburg the previous winter in charge of the first and second naval crews which I had instructed in the

(Continued on Page 70

To Manufacturers of Quality Products

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EARLY AMERICAN CHILDREN'S BOOKS

(Continued from Page 27)

Today I have nearly 800 volumes, which date from 1682 to 1840. They reveal with amazing fidelity the change in juvenile reading matter, the change, too, in the outward character of the American child. They depict the slow but determined growth from the child of Puritan New England to that of our own day. It is a delightful change from Virtuous William, The Obedient Prentice, and Patty Primrose, to Tom Sawyer, Huck Finn, Penrod and Winnie-the-pooh. If Robert Louis Stevenson had had the temerity to publish Treasure Island in the good old days of Governor Winthrop he would have been a fit subject for the common hangman! I do not mean to imply that the New England boy of the seventeenth century was the goody-goody thing which his parents tried to make him. If he was choked with the Bible and threatened with the catechism and the prayer book, if the creed and Bunyan were ruthlessly thrust down his innocent young throat he nevertheless could think of Captain Kidd, Sir Henry Morgan, the Indians, and the whole machinery of the boyhood imagination. Free thought was permitted him because there was no way to suppress it.

The little Puritans! My heart aches for them when I read an example such as The Rule of the New-Creature. To be Practiced every day in all the Particulars of which are Ten. This is the earliest book in my collection. It was published in Boston for Mary Avery, who sold books near the Blue Anchor, 1682. Imagine the weary little child who had to listen throughout a long Sunday afternoon to the contents of a book which started off in this manner:

"Be sensible of thy Original Corruption daily, how it inclines thee to evil, and indisposeth thee to good; groan under it, and bewail it as Paul did. . . . Also take special notice of your actual sins, or daily infirmities, in Thought, Word, Deed. Endeavor to make your peace with God for them before you go to bed."

Teaching the Good to Die Young

There is, too, one of the most famous of all juveniles, the equally inspiriting and nourishing Spiritual Milk for Boston Babes. In either England; Drawn from the breasts of both Testaments for their Souls nourishment. But it may be of like use to any Children. Printed at Boston in 1684. My copy is the only one known of this date. John Cotton, the great and influential Puritan minister, had written this many years before, and it was first published in England in 1646, to settle a growing dissension among the Puritans, who could not decide which catechism of the many then in use was best for their children. This volume grew very popular and from it the little ones learned to die with much grace, and, therefore, eternal glory. Yet it was found very difficult to teach the young of New England the proper way to die; of all knowledge it is the most difficult to impart, as there are no really good textbooks.

The ecstasy over the departure of a pure young child is one of the most remarkable manifestations of the Puritan spirit. No book shows this more clearly than the Rev. James Janeway's A Token for Children, being an Exact Account of the Conversion, Holy and Exemplary Lives and Joyous Deaths of several Young Children. This book passed through edition after edition in England and her colonies, and was the certain means of saving many children from hell and damnation. My copy is the only one extant from Benjamin Franklin's press, and is dated 1749. Janeway states in his Preface, which is addressed "to all Parents, School Masters and School Mistresses or any who have any Hand in the Education of Children:

"Remember the Devil is at work hard, wicked Ones are industrious, and corrupt Nature is a rugged, knotty Piece to hew. But be not discouraged."

The author then goes on to relate the wicked bringing into this world of little children, and dwells lovingly and tenderly upon their wise and glorious deaths at the age of six or seven or even ten years. An early death in purity and virtue was a thing to be coveted and desired, and Janeway requests in his Preface that the teacher should impress upon the little ones the advisability of imitating the early demise of these sweet children, whose short and devout lives are narrated by him. Cotton Mather, who wrote a continuation of Janeway, and described the brilliant, joyous, matchless deaths of New England children—Janeway described the demise of the children of Old England—died at the age of sixty-five years, thus prudently neglecting to follow the example of his beautiful and obedient pupils who passed away, in all holiness, at the hoary age of six. We shall select a passage from the celebrated little book, which bears this title:

"A Token for the Children of New England, or some Examples of Children, in whom the Fear of God was remarkably budding before they died; in several parts of New England. Preserved and Published for the Encouragement of Piety in other children."

The selected passage is as follows:

"Elizabeth Butcher, Daughter of Alvin and Elizabeth Butcher, of Boston, was born July 14th, 1709. When she was about Two Years and half Old; as she lay in the Cradle she would ask her self that Question, What is my corrupt Nature? and would make answer again to herself, It is empty of Grace, bent unto Sin, and only to Sin, and that continually. She took great delight in learning her Catechism, and would not willingly go to Bed without saying some Part of it.

"She being a weakly Child, her Mother carried her into the Country for Health; And when she was about Three Years old, and at Meeting, she would set with her Eyes fix'd on the Minister, to the Admiration of all that Sat about her, who said that grown up People might learn and take Example of her. She took great Delight in reading, and was ready and willing to receive Instruction.

"She was not contented with the bare reading of God's Word, but would frequently ask the meaning of it. And when she was at her work, she would often ask where such and such Places in Scripture were, and would mention the Words that she might be directed to find them.

"It was her Practice to carry her Catechism or some other good Book to Bed with her, and in the Morning she would be sitting up in her Bed reading before any of the Family were awake."

Such goodness could not last, and on the 13th of June, 1718, poor little Elizabeth departed this life, "being eight years and just eleven months old."

It is related of another child, Daniel Bradley, the son of Nathan and Hester Bradley of Guilford, Connecticut, that when the said child was about three years old, "he had one Night an Impression of the Fears of Death, which put him into Crying; his Mother told him, if he died he would go to Heaven; unto which he replied, He knew not how he would like that Place, where he would be acquainted with no body!"

It is curious how you run unexpectedly upon things which you have long desired. I always wanted a copy of George Fox's Instructions for Right Spelling, printed by Reinier Jansen, in Philadelphia, in 1702. One day I stopped at Travers' Bookshop in Trenton, New Jersey. Now Clayton L. Travers is a true bookman; he knows the business thoroughly. In fact he was an old crony of my uncle. I said to him that I had been looking several years for Fox's book. When I told him the title, he thought for a moment, then disappeared to the back of the shop. Two minutes later he returned with a little volume which was in an old sheep binding, the title page illustrated with an elaborate woodcut border. I opened it and read the great Friend's simple description of a comma:

"Comma," wrote George Fox, "is a little stop or breathing; as Behold O Lord." Please note that he placed no comma after Behold! The discovery of Fox's old spelling book was a delight to me, but what made it still more pleasant was Travers' generosity

in letting me have it for about one-quarter its worth. Collector's luck!

"They be darned small, but the flavor am delicious," said an old Southerner to me of the quail in his part of the country. The same can also be applied to these children's books. I suppose many people will wonder why I, an old bachelor, prefer them? I can only answer with another question. Why is it that old bachelors also write the best children's stories? There is no answer. But, thank heaven, I am not alone in my crime. Another confirmed bachelor, a dear friend of mine, is quite as enthusiastic on this youthful theme. Dr. Wilberforce Eames, of New York, one of the greatest students of books this country ever had, abets me; especially when he casually informs me of the probable whereabouts of some rarity that I have been seeking for years.

Another bookman, my genial colleague, Mr. Lathrop C. Harper, also of New York, and a great specialist in Americana, has been as much interested in these little books as I myself. Instead of selling them to me, Mr. Harper gives me all the tiny juveniles that he can find. He has just presented to me a little book published in Boston in 1714, which contains embedded in a waste of theological discussion for infants, the following priceless gem:

"O Children of New England, Poor Hearts; You are going to Hell indeed: But will it not be a dreadful thing to go to Hell from New England?"

Mr. Eames, with generosity equaling Mr. Harper's has filled many of the crevices of my collection with the most interesting gifts. I can't say that I altogether approve of the generous impulses of these two gentlemen—except when it applies to myself! It is very bad for the book business. If bookmen were encouraged to go about giving away their precious finds, what would we poor booksellers do?

This reminds me of the long chase I had for Heavenly Spirits for Youthful Minds some time ago. A customer in Yonkers wrote to me saying he had this very rare book, supposed to have been issued by an old Kentucky press in 1800. I was very keen to see it, so I motored to his home at my first opportunity. When I arrived he pointed toward the shelves at one end of his library. I saw with delight and envy the long-sought volume, but when I took hold of it I was chilled. It felt decidedly clammy. Then, as my friend burst out laughing, I realized it was a porcelain jug made in the exact shape of a book! The joke was on me.

A Youthful Collector

My disappointment was not too great, however, as the Heavenly Spirits was filled with mundane ones—Old Crow whisky. I accepted it as gracefully as I could, but I no longer use this imitation volume for whisky—I want something larger. Nor would I want to fill it from the Glass of Whiskey, a tract published for youthful minds in Philadelphia in 1830. This tiny yellow-covered pamphlet is but two inches square. The artist who drew the illustrations indicated, with his picture of a bunch of grapes beneath the title, that he knew little or nothing of the inspirational sources of whisky. Perhaps his innocence secured him the job. Small boys freely imbibing, and the resultant fruits thereof, are neatly portrayed. With what fascination and horror little children must have read:

"There is a bottle. It has something in it which is called Whiskey. Little reader, I hope you will never taste any as long as you live. It is a poison. So is brandy, so is rum, so is gin, and many other drinks. They are called strong drink. They are so strong that they knock people down and kill them. They are sometimes called ardent spirits, that is burning spirits. They burn up those who drink them."

The appropriate ending must have sent many a tot in search of a pencil to sign the pledge: "O, how shall I keep from being a drunkard? I will tell you. *Never drink a drop of anything that makes people drunk.*"

I made my first find in children's books when I was but a child myself. A playmate of mine had an aunt who lived on Broad Street in Philadelphia. We passed her house daily, on the way to and from school. Sometimes we were invited to stop for lunch. One day I happened to notice a pile of small books on her sitting-room table. She said she kept them there to amuse the younger children of her family. Although she knew I came from bookish people, she seemed surprised that I, a boy of twelve, should be interested in old volumes. As I could hardly put them down, she was evidently impressed; she offered them to me. You may well believe that I took them and rushed out of the house, lest she change her mind. When I reached home and my uncle saw what I had been lucky enough to receive, he exclaimed at their rarity. My treasure trove comprised three wonderful little volumes. They were Black Giles, The Cries of Philadelphia, and a rare edition of Babes in the Wood.

For thirty years I tried to obtain Benjamin Franklin's, The Story of a Whistle. "*Le grand* Franklin," as they called him abroad, wrote and published this fascinating story in 1779, when he had his press at Passy, just outside of Paris. He had printed it in French and in English, on opposite pages, in a charming little pamphlet which he presented to his friends. He used the little Passy press mainly to run off official documents and other matters connected with his mission as the American Minister to the Court of France. In 1923, I bought one of the two copies that have survived, at an auction sale in London. It had been briefly catalogued—lucky for me!—as A printed sheet in French and English, On Paying too much for a Whistle. Although I would have gladly paid £1000 for it, it was knocked down to me for less than one-tenth of this sum.

The Start of a University

When discussing printing in this country, it is impossible not to refer to Benjamin Franklin. He originated almost everything original in America. His projects are more talked about today than when he lived. Franklin, as a child in Boston, had had a taste of the dull literary offering of the Pilgrim Fathers. The New England Primer was then the best seller. When he became a printer he published edition after edition of it. Although Franklin himself records the sale of 37,100 of these Primers, there is but one copy known to exist today. Mr. William S. Mason, of Evanston, Illinois, is the owner of this unique copy. Surely, in some New England attic there must be another. The collector can but hope! I have the only one known printed by his successor, David Hall—shall I ever obtain one from Benjamin's own press?

In 1749 Franklin wrote and published Proposals Relating to the Education of Youth in Pensilvania. This work greatly interests me and all those who claim the University of Pennsylvania as their Alma Mater. It was soon after Franklin issued this that he and twenty-three other citizens of Philadelphia banded together as an association which soon completed plans to establish an academy for young men. It opened in 1751. So this little book is a part of the actual foundation of the University of Pennsylvania. When he was an old man—eighty-two to be exact—Franklin was still keenly interested in new books for children. He had already given his favorite grandson, Benjamin Franklin Bache, a fine printing press with types, and set him up as a printer. Under the guidance of his celebrated grandfather, young Bache printed Lessons for Children from Two to Five Years Old.

The older man was so delighted with his efforts that he decided, with a business acumen not diminished with the years, to market the books for him. Believing Boston to be a good commercial outlet, he wrote, on November 26, 1788, to his nephew Jonathan Williams:

Loving Cousin: I have lately set up one of my grandchildren, Benja. F. Bache, as a Printer here, and he has printed some very pretty little books for children. By the sloop Friendship, Capt. Stutson, I have sent a Box address'd to you, containing 150 of each volume, in Sheets, which I request you would, according to your wonted goodness, put in a way of being dispos'd of for the Benefit of my dear Sister. They are sold here, bound in marbled Paper at 1 s. a volume; but I should suppose it best, if it may be done, to Sell the whole to some Stationer, at once, unbound as they are; in which case, I imagine that half a Dollar a Quire may be thought a reasonable price, allowing usual Credit if necessary.

My love to your Family, and Believe me ever,
Your affectionate Uncle
B FRANKLIN.

Competitors and collectors have often complained that I have frequently purchased at auction rare books that they especially desired and that I did not give them a chance. Quite true! But I have often tasted the same bitter medicine myself. I recall, very vividly, a certain day in May, 1918, when the Crane Sale was being held in New York and there was a tiny Royal Primer included among the items, which I felt belonged to my collection of children's books. Printed in Philadelphia in 1753 by James Chattin, this Royal Primer was the only one of its kind in existence. In the good old days when George D. Smith was czar of the auction rooms, all other dealers and collectors were under a terrific strain the moment he appeared. We knew it was almost hopeless to bid against him.

At that time Mr. Smith represented Mr. Henry E. Huntington. He entered the auction room armed with as many unlimited bids as a porcupine has quills. Mr. Smith seemed to take a peculiar delight in running up bids on the little juvenile books I craved. And I had set my heart on the Royal Primer from the moment it was shown to the audience—a beautiful copy in its original sheep cover. I was prepared to pay as high as $200 for it, but as I watched Smith, the very shadow and auction voice of Mr. Huntington himself, I had serious doubts of obtaining it. The bidding started at ten dollars. Imagine my emotion when it rose rapidly to $1000! I felt a complete bankrupt. It was no small task to bid against this octopus of the game, and when the Royal Primer was finally mine at the absurdly high sum of $1225 I arose quickly and went out for air.

The contents of the primers are generally the same. They begin with a rimed alphabet with illustrations, words and syllables for spelling lessons. Many of the earliest ones contain verses which were supposed to have been written by the English martyr, John Rogers, just before his execution, for the benefit of his "nine small children, and one at the breast." Mrs. Rogers and the children are depicted calmly watching the head of the family at the stake as he is about to go up in flames. Their little faces are like so many cranberries.

Later primers are equally amusing, sometimes with frontispieces of George III, and others have dubious likenesses of Our President. Not even the mother of George Washington would have recognized her boy's features in these crude pictures. But the primers were very popular, and the Puritans continued to issue them. The Beauties of the Primer was followed by the Primer Improved and the Progressive Primer, a more elaborate departure, which boasts colored illustrations.

The Bible in Verse

It was during the early part of the eighteenth century that the Puritan taste began to broaden a bit. In addition to the early primers and catechisms, children were encouraged to read the Holy Bible in verse and semireligious books which had come into fashion. A friend—Mr. Thomas E. Streeter, of New York, a most discriminating collector—found in a volume of pamphlets, Some Excellent Verses for the Education of Youth, to which is added Verses for Little Children, by a Friend, Boston, printed by Bartholomew Green, 1708. It was the only copy extant, having miraculously escaped the rough usage of tiny hands. I despaired of obtaining it, when one day Mr Streeter sent it to me with his compliments. Here is a sample of the Biblical verse as it was written to impress the small reader. Imagine the youth of New England, born with all the lively desires of a modern child, spending a Sunday afternoon memorizing such rhythms as:

Though I am Young, yet I may Die,
And hasten to Eternity.

Another melancholy book of poetry for children was printed in 1740 in New Haven by T. Green. My copy is the only one known today. Its pleasant beginning must have charmed the small reader; thus: "Children, you must die in a short time. You will soon go to a Heaven of Joy or a burning Hell." There are seven poems in each. The author cannot resist depicting a lugubrious future. Imagine your own child memorizing this sample, called The Play:

Now from School I haste away,
And joyful rush along to play;
Eager I for my marbles call,
The whistling top or bouncing Ball.
The changing marbles to me show,
How mutable all things below.
My fate and theirs may be the same
Dasht in an instant from the Game.
The Hoop, swift rattling on the Chase,
Shows me how quick Life runs its Race.
My hoop and I like turnings have,
So fast Death drives me to my Grave.

A School of Good Manners

Among all the books I have seen that were published at this period in the Colonies, I have found but one which might be taken seriously if issued today. It treats upon an international problem—good behavior—which, alas, is the bugaboo of children the world over. Personally I have always felt that it is the most terrible and obnoxious of all the moralities—but then, I'm only an old bachelor! "The School of Good Manners Composed for the Help of Parents in teaching their Children how to carry it in their places during their Minority" was brought out in Boston, Reprinted and sold by T. and J. Fleet at the Heart and Crown, in Cornhill, 1772. It begins with Twenty mixt Precepts, such as Honour the Magistrates, and tells little children plainly what and what not to do. Under a heading of Behaviour at the Table, it admonishes: "Spit not, cough not, nor blow thy nose at the table, if it may be avoided." Behaviour When in Company is a little less stringent, perhaps, than one might expect. It reads: "Spit not in the room, but in the corner." Further: "Let thy countenance be moderately cheerful, neither laughing nor frowning." For Behaviour at School one must "Bawl not aloud in making complaints," and "Jog not the table or desk on which another writes."

It is not probable that these righteously exemplary books could be all things to all children. What a welcome change the Prodigal Daughter must have been! Isaiah Thomas, of Worcester, printed her history in 1771, in Boston, before he became famous as the publisher of simpler children's books such as Goody Two Shoes. In many of these early books the title page relates practically the entire story in scenario form. A case in point is the "Prodigal Daughter, or a strange and wonderful relation, shewing how a gentleman of vast estates in Bristol, had a proud and disobedient Daughter, who, because her parents would not support her in all her extravagance, bargained with the Devil to poison them. How an Angel informed her Parents of her design. How she lay in a trance four days; and when she was put in the grave, she came to life again." Quite a happy ending for an eighteenth-century prodigal.

The gradual change which took place in juvenile literature was brought about partly by the captivating whimsicalities of Oliver Goldsmith. His delightful books for children, which his publisher, John Newbery, had bound in gilt paper and adorned with woodcuts, were sent over here from his far-famed shop at the corner of Saint Paul's churchyard in London. When they were reprinted in staid New England, they were a startling innovation to the book trade. Then old ballads began to return to the market, each with some striking change also. Contrast the stern outpourings of the learned Cotton Mather with Doctor Goldsmith's Elegy on that Glory of her Sex, Mrs. Mary Blaize:

Good people, all, with one accord
Lament for Madame Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word
From those who spoke her praise. . . .
She strove the neighborhood to please
With manners wondrous winning;
And never followed wicked ways
Unless when she was sinning! . . .

The Royal Battledoor, the Mother Goose Melodies, A Pretty Book for Children and some of the best verse ever written for juveniles then came into being. Bah, Bah, Black Sheep, Pease-Porridge Hot, Little Tommy Tucker—have they since been improved upon? I doubt it.

BAH, BAH, BLACK SHEEP

Bah, bah, black sheep, have you any wool?
Yes, sir; yes, sir, I have three bags full.
One for my master, one for his dame,
But none for the little boy who cries in the lane.

PEASE-PORRIDGE HOT

Pease-porridge hot,
Pease porridge cold,
Pease-porridge in the pot,
Nine days old.
Can you spell that with four letters?
Yes, I can: T-H-A-T.

LITTLE TOMMY TUCKER

Little Tommy Tucker
Sings for his supper;
What song will he sing?
White bread and butter.
How will he cut it
Without e'er a knife?
How will he be married
Without e'er a wife?

I was spending a week-end last summer with some friends who have a large library consisting chiefly of the classical English authors. I had been out one afternoon, and as I returned to the house, was met halfway by my hostess. She had a distraught look, and before I could inquire what had happened, she said, "I am frightfully upset! What do you think I found Tommy doing just now in the library? Reading that nasty old book, Fielding's Tom Jones!"

Her son Tommy was twelve years old. "What have you done about it?" I asked, trying to suppress a smile.

Tom Jones Abridged

"I took it from him and put it in the stove!"

She refused to believe me when I told her that Tom Jones, Clarissa Harlowe, and Pamela were read aloud in the evening to all members of the family in Puritan New England, and Miss Rosalie Halsey relates that when certain passages became too affecting, the more sensitive listeners retired to their rooms to weep! Sometime later I showed her my copy of Tom Jones, abridged especially for youthful reading, with its crude little woodcut facing the title page, and this explanatory verse beneath:

This print describes a good man's heart
Who meant to take the orphan's part,
And may distress forever find
A friend like him to be so kind.

The moral of Tom Jones, as translated for its youthful readers, seems to boil down to this: If you are a good child you will never annoy your neighbors! Fancy Henry Fielding's amusement when Tom Jones appeared abridged for children!

Printers early discovered that books for children should be made in proportion to their little clients—small. Miniature volumes have always held a great fascination for children of all ages. Their very neatness and compactness make them seem the more precious and desirable. Perhaps it was with a view to making Bible stories valued more highly by their small readers that they were printed in tiny volumes called Thumb Bibles. These adorable wee volumes, illustrated with crude woodcuts, are extremely rare. Not long ago a lady came to my Philadelphia office with an old-fashioned hand bag—the silk gathered sort, roomy if not beautiful. I noticed that it stuck out in little points, and wondered what on earth she could have brought in it. My curiosity was more than gratified when she emptied it upon my desk—some twenty Thumb Bibles! When I asked her what she wanted for these little charmers she shook her head and said that anything I cared to offer would be acceptable. I suggested $300. She looked at me aghast.

(Continued on Page 46)

Through the "Plains of the Lost" in a Buick

Into that little-known land which has defied civilization for four centuries since the Spanish Conquistadors first searched for golden cities, the little expedition ventured.

Headed by C. W. Hatton, of the Los Angeles Museum, and C. L. Franklin, this band of scientific explorers drove a Buick Sedan 680 miles into Lower California—examining flora, recording topography, breaking a trail for civilization to follow. For 180 miles they traveled over trails previously traversed only by pack mule, with the thermometer reading 120 degrees at midday.

They climbed steep mountains—grades of 45 degrees and more, with only loose volcanic rock beneath the wheels. They crossed jagged arroyos, 20 feet deep with crumbling banks. They penetrated forests of sharp-needled cacti.

And most difficult of all, they crossed that mysterious desert mesa—"The Plains of the Lost"—through finely-powdered sand, hub-deep; over fields of dense mesquite, with the nearest water 50 miles away. Through everything, Buick kept on going—making history!

Buick's powerful Valve-in-Head Engine met every strain without once faltering. Buick's reliable Mechanical Four-Wheel Brakes held every time. It was not necessary to make a single adjustment, nor to add one drop of oil!

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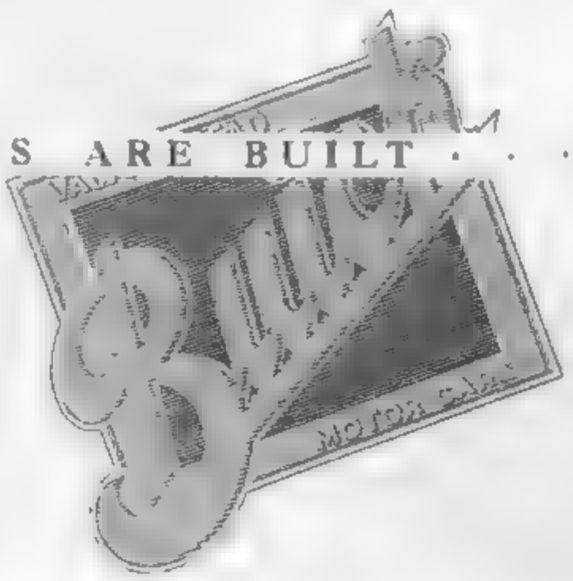

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Letter

REGINALD DENNY

How would you like to see REGINALD DENNY in dramatic rôles as a change from the comedy parts in which he has always appeared? The idea has been mentioned to me several times, but before I reach a decision, I'd like to have a more general opinion. Will you write yours?

DENNY is a very talented young actor and fully capable of handling any kind of part he may be called upon to play. Heretofore he has been seen only in the light, airy, youthful, joyous rôles and has won widespread popularity in them. I have thought at times, however, that possibly we are "hiding his light under a bushel." What do *you* think?

Notable Universal pictures to come will afford the highest form of screen entertainment, and I mention a few just to give you an idea of their character.

***"Men of Daring,"* a Universal production that you will see** at leading theatres this summer, is the sort of story that I like to release every now and then. It tells of the thrills, hardships, and exploits of pioneers in the Black Hills and the protectors in army blue who combined with them to push America's frontiers westward.

***"The Claw,"* from the story by Cynthia Stockley, starring** NORMAN KERRY and CLAIRE WINDSOR This is a dramatic story of the African Veldt. Directed by Sidney Olcott.

I would like to hear from you concerning any Universal pictures you have recently seen. Have you seen *"The Collegians"* or *"Michael Strogoff"* or *"The Love Thrill"*? Do you ask your favorite theatre to get these Universals?

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send 10c for autographed photograph of Reginald Denny

If you want your name on our mailing list send in your name and address

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 44)

"Why," she said, "I would have been willing to take twenty-five!"

Children began to assert themselves, beginning with the last quarter of the eighteenth century. They became individuals rather than so much parental property. Thomas Bradford must have realized this when, in 1775, he placed such juvenile delights upon the market as The Scotch Rogue, Moll Flanders, Lives of Highwaymen, Lives of Pirates, The Buccaneers of America and The Lives of the Twelve Cæsars.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century shockers began to appear. Lurid tales of dastardly deeds were read by children who hitherto knew life through such stories as The Prize for Youthful Obedience, The Search After Happiness, Little Truths, and other edifying concoctions. The colorful experiences of Motherless Mary, A Young and Friendless Orphan who was eventually Decoyed to London, appearing from the presses of a New York house in 1828, interpreted life in a new if less safe way. John Paul Jones' life was issued with a terrifying frontispiece and in a dress to attract small boys with an admiration and envy for buccaneers and their fierce and bloody lives. Even Noah Webster, that staid dictionarist, wrote The Pirates, A Tale for Youth.

Teaching Tiny Tots to Talk

The interest in American history began at the close of the Revolution. The scenes of all the juvenile histories were formerly laid in foreign countries. The American Colonies now had their own history, and some of the rarest, and perhaps the most attractive to the student, are those dealing with this subject. The History of America abridged for the use of Children of all Denominations, adorned with cuts, Philadelphia, Wrigley and Berriman, 1795, is engaging and wonderful. The little illustrations are marvelous examples of the illustrator's skill. On account of the expense, the publisher duplicated the portraits, and one cut served for several worthies. Thus Christopher Columbus, General Montgomery and His Excellency Richard Howel, Governor of New Jersey, were depicted exactly alike, the American eighteenth-century military costume looking picturesque and fearful on Columbus.

The New York Cries, printed and sold by Mahlon Day in 1826, is particularly entertaining. According to the introduction of this little book: "New York island is 15 miles long, and from one to two miles broad. It is laid out in spacious streets and avenues, with large squares and market places. The circuit of the city is about eight miles, and the number of buildings which it contains is estimated at 30,000, and the inhabitants at about 172,000."

I cannot resist quoting the cry of Sand, as it is a reflection of the time when New Yorkers used sand on their floors, instead of costly Oriental rugs:

Sand! Here's your nice white Sand!

Sand, O! white Sand, O!
Buy Sand for your floor;
For so cleanly it looks
When strew'd at your door.

"This sand is brought from the seashore in vessels, principally from Rockaway Beach, Long Island. It is loaded into carts, and carried about the streets of New York, and sold for about 12-½ cents per bushel. Almost every little girl or boy knows that it is put on newly scrubbed floors, to preserve them clean and pleasant.

"But since people have become rich, and swayed by the vain fashions of the world, by carpeting the floors of their houses, there does not appear to be so much use for Sand as in the days of our worthy ancestors."

Peter Piper's Practical Principles of Plain and Perfect Pronunciation was published in Philadelphia by W. Johnson in 1836. Issued nearly a century ago, it is still enshrined in our hearts. Although there were many editions issued in America, few have survived the tooth of time and the voracity of these youthful readers. The Philadelphia edition had perfect pictures properly painted, and it is one of the most charming morsels ever devised "to please the palates of Pretty, Prattling Playfellows." Two quotations are given in order to bring us all back to the time long ago when Peter Piper meant so much to us.

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers;
Did Peter Piper pick a peck of pickled peppers?
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,
Where's the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?

Villiam Veedon vip's his Vig and Vaistcoat;
Did Villiam Veedon vipe his Vig and Vaistcoat?
If Villiam Veedon vip'd his Vig and Vaistcoat,
Vhere are the Vig and Vaistcoat Villiam Veedon vip'd?

The publisher's excuse of presenting Peter Piper to the public is worthy of the book itself:

"He Prays parents to Purchase this Playful Performance, Partly to Pay him for his Patience and Pains; Partly to Provide for the Printers and Publishers; but Principally to Prevent the Pernicious Prevalence of Perverse Pronunciation."

A Childless Nursery

The book will always remain attractive to us, but when we think of the youthful minds it has mixed, the jaws it has dislocated, the tongues it has tied, we can only remark that we love it for its faults!

When I look into these old editions, these picturesque little volumes, which reveal so charmingly the quickening change from the days of the Pilgrim Fathers, I am surprised that some enterprising publisher does not reissue them today. Such stories as Pug's visit to Mr. Punch, Who Killed Cock Robin, The History of Little Fanny, Little Eliza and Little Henry, as well as the droll Old Dame Trudge and Her Parrot, would go as well now as 100 years ago. I think they would make a fortune for someone—although I do not guarantee it!

Two specially made miniature bookcases house my whole collection of children's books. On either side of a large sixteenth-century Spanish bookcase they hang against the wall, and visitors to my Philadelphia home take delight in looking at their quaint illustrations and the still quainter text. But alas, my library is now like a nursery without children. The whole family—800—have traveled to New York and are now on exhibition in the New York Public Library, where they can be seen by all who are interested.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Doctor Rosenbach, as told to Avery Strakosch. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE GREEN LAND

(Continued from Page 5)

prospect became ever more persuasive. It was all so cozy after those valuable enough but bleak-appearing areas that no one can deny to be rife in that other state. It seemed a livable land, not harshly challenging the adventurous but soothing with promises of an easy security. There were even robins—the same robins that fly suspiciously over California without stopping, except for a meal or two. And all because there is water, water everywhere.

Water, of course, does a lot more than effect a change of color. It engenders sprightly comment and repartee between the buff land and the green. California pretends to believe that humans in the north have the feet peculiar to waterfowl. Although this, on the face of it, is a clumsy exaggeration, Oregon shows no resentment, merely retorting that "Oregon gets the rain California needs," and adding that sweeter than the tones of lute or dulcimer are the taunts of the envious. Better, it avers, umbrella or raincoat in an hour of need than any continuous flood of sunshine that ever vouchsafed climate to a land that must import its drinking water. On the other hand, Southern California chanced to be copiously wetted the other day and it was remarked of California in the green land that "This commonwealth, we earnestly believe, is the only one in the Union where the fortunate resident may roast at noon, shiver at two o'clock, begin wading at six, start swimming at eight and emerge at dawn from the subsiding shower," and so on.

Pretty soon Oregon suffered a minor flood of its own—from a shower slightly more profuse than usual—a circumstance by no means going unremarked in the California press. On this, Oregon abandoned for the moment the respective moistness of the states and turned its attention to fruit. "And prunes? Well, we sometimes say that Oregon is the country for prunes, yet fairness compels one to admit that prunes abound in our Southern sister." You see how it goes along our lovely Riviera—flippancies not too heated, sheathed for the most part in velvet or near velvet. Both states are members of this Union, both are good states, and each knows this of itself and the other. Of course, an Oregon rain should not be termed a "flood," and, of course, those tiny cosmic hiccups occasional to California should not be called "earthquakes"; but states will be states.

The outstanding feature of the Oregon rain is its gentleness. California weather has so much more nervous energy, rushing madly through in a couple of days a downpour to which Oregon will devote a whole placid month, doing a little each day, but keeping everlastingly at it. There may be an off day now and then, but not many. And this slow precipitation is so conventional that not often does it infect even the idlest chatter. One may cast a weather eye aloft and remark, "Well, well, looks as if it wouldn't rain today. Quite unusual for this time of year." But no one ever says it has been, or is raining, or will rain. Everyone knows it has been, is and will. Nor does one ever say, "Ah, it's raining again." In winter seldom does it rain again. It merely rains. But this rain is never vexing; quiet, gentle, unobtrusive, it ceases to be noticed. In another state they have a way of saying, "It makes down ugly." Oregon weather never does that; rarely is there a rain that very evidently means to get things all wet.

If you wish weather worth talking about in the green land, give it snow. The one high weather spot of the past winter was a snowfall. It was a cunning little snow, about half an inch deep, but, believe it or not, it made the front page of a metropolitan newspaper and was honored with the headline City Locked in Winter's Grip. That just shows you how weather innocent the green land is. Some more snow fell later, and that was called a blizzard. The cold became terrific. Once the mercury fell as far as eighteen degrees above zero. That was weather to be talked about a lot. But mere rain—a topic for equally spicy comment would be the presence of oxygen in the air we breathe.

So, practically unnoticed, water makes a green land that is always lively as well as

(Continued on Page 48)

The Landau Sedan $895—*Body by Fisher*

Surpassing last year's success

Not even its electrifying success during 1926 not even its tremendous sales, which more than doubled the best previous first-year record of any new make of car—

Not even these amazing achievements can compare with the present-day triumphs of the New and Finer Pontiac Six!

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The New and Finer

PONTIAC SIX

(Continued from Page 46)

rich. There are bears on the wooded hills—more bears than any state has a real need for—deer in the valleys, pheasant in the tangled cover, grouse in the fir trees, ducks in the sky, fish in the streams. You quickly hear of these creatures. Note: Do not call Oregon "the sportsman's paradise"; this has probably been done. The conventional speech from a city dweller runs: "By the way, if you like to fish or hunt, I have a little place only a few hours out where you can get all kinds of sport." If he omits to say approximately this at your first meeting, and in the first ten minutes, you may conclude that as a social unit you have fallen considerably short of infatuating him. All townsmen of Oregon and that equally green state to the north have these little places a few hours out. They are part of what the so-called webfoot gets for the trifling inconvenience of raincoat and galoshes. Try to get any of it away from him with a bribe of California sunshine—try to do it!

And not forgetting lumber. Let us tag after a band of gentlemanly tree assassins as they ride through a stand of stately timber now under sentence of death. Here is that calm cathedral beauty; dim-lit aisles narrowing off between rows of fluted gray columns that rise 200 straight feet before their feathered tops are come to; sunlight dripping through this high canopy, for your stained-glass effect; a moving reek of resinous incense. But if you guess at cathedral calm in the souls of these knowing-eyed invaders, you simply don't know lumber persons. Other people must instantly use the tried old image—it is soundly literary—but these men never liken any forest to a cathedral. They never think of such, nor ever will until cathedrals are built of lumber. Nor are they hushed by the solemn beauty of these weathered columns, or by the heady incense drugged to a mood of piety; the dim religious light brings them no ecstasy. Nothing of that sort. They are saying it is a bully stand of timber. They gloat a lot. They are alertly judging contours for the track that must be laid in to these trees when they are slain.

Where Trees are Big and Frequent

A more than usually noble tree is passed. "Hey, Charlie, ain't that a peach! What do you guess that one at?" Charlie runs a coldly murderous eye up the column of ruddy brown, calculates briefly and replies, "Oh, about 7500 feet, I'd guess." The outrageous guess is approved and they talk of other things. Yonder they will have to sky-line a lot of these trees. They discuss that. They discuss yarding problems and tractors; how much track should be laid in a day and the cost per foot. Little they suspect they are profaning a cathedral. They wouldn't believe it if you told them. And next year on that spot not the most imaginative observer will be reminded of any house of worship. Just for meanness, now, ask these persons if they don't like the new stucco houses that have become so deservedly popular. Unanimously they do not like them a little bit. They confess this at some length and noisily. Such language in a cathedral!

In the shade of meritorious timber these persons are, nevertheless, dreamers in their way, their methods, daring, drastic, devastating. They do big trees in a big way. Show them enough of the conventional Oregon or Washington landscape and their strategy of attack is at once under way. They will build railways, and if a city is needed, they will build that; not a lumber camp but a city with all kinds of churches, a mayor, a community spirit, golf course, schools, library, hotels, and Milady's Beauty Shoppe between the Quality Shoe Shining Parlor—Nick Papholophagus, Sole Prop.—and the Fashion Waffle Kitchen. They hesitate at nothing if only the trees are big and frequent.

Fifty miles down a noble river from Portland, and across on the Washington side, there lay four years ago a few square miles of brushy, jungly, swampish waste for which no use had ever been found, save that retired clergymen and very small boys might fish on it for carp, catfish or crappies. Good for nothing else—the lumber people made a city there, and did so, as the phrase goes, in jig time. They grubbed out all brush not scenically helpful, drained the swampish spots, graded, leveled and built. In about two years the city was practically there; in three years it was actually there, with a population of 12,000 souls—if you are fundamentalist—or lumbering persons, if otherwise. Anyway, the town of Longview had that many people and, to prove that they were human, the old families who came the first year looked properly down on newcomers who were delayed until the second, and these patronized later newcomers who will have no social standing until there are still later arrivals to keep in their places. A city seems to be a city whether built in three years or a hundred.

The Annual Salmon Crop

And there is nothing shoddy about this quick job. It is a carefully planned city, slumless, with wide avenues, spacious green squares and a lot of handsome trees that seem to have been left for the trifling and unlumberish reason that they lend beauty to the prospect. This must have been a wrench to the lumbering soul. Lots of those trees, even to the inexpert eye, would cut up pretty. The general effect is one of placid, dreamy leisure, of being remote from the taints of trade, an effect to be felt in one of those older New England towns not unlike this in surface aspects. One would look for families here now in their fourth generation, instead of their fourth year for the oldest. This effect, however, is twice destroyed: first, by one of the most snappy and elegant metropolitan hotels between San Francisco and Seattle; and second, by the presence at the town's river edge of the world's very largest lumber mills; at least one is assured of this preeminence and they do seem large enough, after one has trudged hazardously through a few miles of them watching timber having quite everything done to it.

Lumber explains this startling city, then; also the miles of railway leading off to the fastnesses of the green land where the proud big tree must wince at the blade of a ruthless pygmy. And it is along railways that the earth's unprettiest spots are to be discovered. Of all desolations wrought by man the saddest will always be a logged-off hillside. Lumber persons are apt to be pretty grimly thorough. Once a choice part of the green land, here is only a scarred gray waste disfigured by stumps and the fallen ugliness of trees rejected. Some of these look promising, but you may be sure the last foot of sound timber was extorted from this cutting before it was fired over so that the scanty remnants of brush and culls might not later burn inopportunely.

An ash-gray pall is over the ground and over the gaunt wreckage that survives. Here and there may be a gash in the reddish soil, but this is the only color save that seared death gray. Green, you would say, had never been here. After this you marvel that even a lumberman should ever be able to look a living green forest in the face. But even then you watch a passing train of flat cars loaded with great logs that have had to be chained—as if they might still escape. Other trains are rolling down the mountain after this one, loaded with more logs that are going to be made up into furniture and homes and packing boxes, and so on. So what would you? We simply can't have lumber without messing up mere beauty a lot. And there is reforestation going on, so that those to come after us will still have trees to cut down.

Should you prefer in this green land a gainful pursuit that doesn't scar, leave the woods and take to water. The raindrops that have smattered down through those muffled tree tops have united to produce an unusually grand river. To one who has rather specialized in rivers, it seems quite the most excitingly beautiful one anywhere to be found, and certainly one of the largest, as it runs to the sea between widely parted banks that are always movingly scenic. But the stream has other values. There are fish. The problem of reforestation with these is less difficult than with timber. The river doesn't miss those that are taken. There will be as many salmon next year as there were last and are this year. More, perhaps—silver sides, blue backs, chinooks and the steelhead that is reported to offer more sport in his taking than any other fish. Strong talk, that, but there are responsible-sounding talkers who grow warm saying it over and over. Abhorring statistics, we shall have none here, but the number of salmon that yearly enter Columbia River canneries in dripping baskets and emerge an hour or so later in labeled tins may be likened to one of those major astronomical distances more shortly expressed in light years. And their taking smears no desolation across the land.

Or, if you will, leave wood and water and become pastoral, with 300 sacks of potatoes to the acre. The green land is fat and mild and fruitful, a land of farms as distinguished from ranches; farms that produce those delicacies so lavishly set before their serfs by the lumber folk. Or go up the river to the edge of the green land; you will go out of it as abruptly as you entered. You are in it, you cross a tiny divide and five minutes later you are definitely outside. Here again are the low golden hills, the bleak ridges, the sharp angles of broken scarp and promontory, gray ramparts, sparse undergrowth, treeless slopes. Here is a sheep and cow country; here are cowboys as yet camera shy, who would suffer a blasting embarrassment did Hollywood's loveliest blonde prattle of bandits and plead that one or more of them save her from a fate often alleged in moving-picture circles to be worse than death. However, this is a California landscape and we are out for a change of view. Let us go back and learn how a mild, quiet land produces mild, quiet people and mild towns so different from those of California where life was always an adventure.

A Mutual Knockers' Club

Our Riviera has four towns sharply individualized. Revert briefly to the badinage with which they refresh one another. Los Angeles has not to this day recovered from the San Francisco disaster of twenty years ago. It simply can't let bygones be bygones. In return, San Francisco considers Los Angeles a freak growth where real estate is wildcatted, larger than itself in mere population, but only by reason of the circumstance that Iowa winters are insalubrious, and San Francisco papers are not above giving space to the legend of that tourist who was haled to the bastile for photographing icicles in a Los Angeles park. But both cities agree that Portland is damp. That is a joke of lasting savor.

Then there is Seattle, with pithy long-distance taunts for the California cities and for its neighbor, Portland, the poisoned gibe of "spinster city." Seattle didn't coin this, but has never ceased to relish it. We have noted what Portland professes to think of California, and we may now reveal that, so far as one can gather by ear, it shrugs its eyebrows, looking askance at Seattle as prairie-town folk regard the city of whose traps and pitfalls they have learned by hearsay. Portland considers Seattle to have reached the stage of cultural development and civic seemliness attained by San Francisco in 1875—which was not so much. It professes to detect a flash laxity of morals, a social crudity, an erratic formlessness, a disregard of ritual that should matter greatly to a town of the right sort. It sees the Washington metropolis with the hat rakishly worn, the cigar a little too long, the diamond a bit too big. Portland's feeling seems to be that you can't really tell what such a city might do at any moment—and that you ought to be able to tell.

And, of course, one knows what Portland will do at any moment. Never has it been erratic, reckless, or one thing yesterday and something else today. It has never wildcatted. It seems never to have had a boom; one gathers that it must consider booms to be not quite nice, not decorous, just the least bit rowdy. Its boosters are never raucous, never passionately strident, as in the lower state. It makes but little noise meant for outland ears. It is rather above slogans. Washington, as the result of a spirited slogan-contest, lately chose, "Washington, Nature's Paradise, Man's Opportunity." Portland comments: "Well, Washington is a great state. It ought to be a great state, for we seem to remember it as part and parcel of the Oregon country." But "People may no longer be dragooned into thinking in slogans," and "Washington isn't Nature's paradise; certainly it isn't. Not even Oregon may claim that distinction."

Portland does, mildly, modestly and with abundant justification, call itself the City of Homes, an admission rather than a boast. Again it is the official Rose City of the Northwest, though this is not a local coinage, having been foisted upon Portland by the American Rose Society. And the imputation of roses is as fair as the admission of homes in great number. Portland is embowered by blossoming shrubs, climbing vines and trees in all the known sizes. This rank growth creeps up to crowd the town's edges, while roses from the town escape to a wild free life where they can climb telegraph poles or loiter along farm fences. There is no doubt about the roses.

A City of Home Folks

Standing on a high spot to overlook the town, there is as little doubt about the homes. Far and serenely they stretch to the rimming hills, along the 400 miles of paved streets within the city limits. Sightly homes, too, small oftener than not, yet commodious, tastefully gardened and having that unmistakable bought-and-paid-for look. On a Sunday afternoon the owners with but few exceptions may be seen busy with trowel or spade or lawn mower on their plots of green, their hardy perennials, their herbaceous borders; or they may be discussing bulbs with next door, or perhaps trading rose slips.

So here is a city with a staid and stable air, quiet, unfevered, restful. With a similar beauty of site and environs, young and Western though it be, it is not unlike that other older Portland across country. And only a quiet green land could have produced it. Says a late press quip: "Government figures credit Portland with having the lowest high cost of living. The reason probably is that a few of us still drive last year's car." This may or may not be fact, yet it is like Portland, and it brings us to the people themselves.

As the town is different, so must its people be. Living in homes rather than in flats, they are home folks, which is a different breed from flat dwellers; a quiet, orderly, churchgoing breed. This breed regards city ways with a prudent distrust. There is the matter of "night life," a misleading phrase meaning, in hard-boiled cities, early morning life. Here it means what it says. There is a curfew for the young ones at nine, and three hours later their elders are stopped from public revels, at least the insignificant minority prone to revel. In the one or two fell coverts where the saxophone bleats for dancers, the lights go off at midnight. After that there is no place to go in Portland but home. Nor is this night life so very mad at its maddest.

Trustworthy scouts report that at almost any table about the dancing space will be women and girls who are not only not drinking intoxicants but are actually not smoking. Whether good women should or should not smoke is still zestfully debated here, and certainly a woman without a cigarette in a restaurant does not thereby

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FOR EVERY ENGINE

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CHAMPION

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Champion Spark Plugs were used in the 91 cubic inch Miller Special with which Frank S. Lockhart set a new record average of 164 miles an hour, for a measured mile, over the dry lake bed at Muroc, Calif., April 11.

Car manufacturers recommend, and hundreds of thousands of motorists are changing spark plugs every year to insure better and more economical car operation. All spark plugs, even Champions, ultimately lose some of their efficiency under the continued stress of 600 to 1500 explosions per minute. ¶ Pitting of electrodes eventually checks the free flow of current. Carbon burned into the insulators will, in time, cause current leakage. A weakened spark is the result. ¶ Under these conditions the instantaneous ignition necessary to cause complete combustion does not take place. Gas is wasted. Power is lost. ¶ *This is why it is real economy to install new spark plugs every 10,000 miles.* ¶ ***Champion X***—exclusively for Ford cars, trucks and Fordson tractors—60 cents. Set of four—$2.40. ¶ ***Champion***—for all other cars—75 cents. Set of four—$3.00. Set of six—$4.50.

Here, *Men* is a new Athletic Suit *for* $1

with an extra inch of leg room and an extra elastic inset in the back for easy stretch and to prevent rips

We've made this new Allen-A Athletic Suit to meet the request of numerous business men, athletes, and men who love the outdoors. So, it ought to have just what you want in underwear.

The price is $1 a suit.

There's an extra inch of room in the leg. So the garment hangs *free*, instead of hugging the leg. You can bend, stoop, run or sit without any bunching or binding.

And in the back there's an extra elastic spring needle inset—to reinforce the elastic webbing, so preventing ripping and tearing. This feature also enables the garment to spring back into shape and place, no matter how violently you exercise.

In addition to these two exclusive Allen-A features, this Athletic Suit has an oversize chest, large, taped armholes, extra roomy seat—and the famous Allen-A one-button closed crotch.

Take this advertisement to your own dealer. Insist on *this new* Allen-A Athletic Suit—Style No. 140—at $1 a suit. Try one suit if you like. We know you'll be back for more. If your dealer can't supply you, send us his name. We will see that your order is filled at once. Remember—style No. 140.

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Hosiery
for men, women and children

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Spring needle knit and athletic type—for men and boys only

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render herself conspicuous. Once a New York shop for women's apparel established a branch here, and in the gilded salon where gowns were tried on, it installed, after the licentious city way, all the paraphernalia for smoking, including a popular brand of cigarettes. Do you think the shop got away with that in a city of homes? It was curtly spoken to by those in authority; the snappy gilt ash trays, the sinful cigarettes, the flagrant matches were meekly withdrawn. Portland was not and did not mean to become Babylon, or even faintly Babylonish.

Beauty in Full Dress

Our same secret agents report that the prevailing type of ingénue has not, as in most cities, modeled herself in dress, cynicism and behavior, public and private, after those glittering little Mayfair hussies of Mr. Arlen. A further item has it that there is applied in Portland less lip rouge per lip than in any other town, large or small, in these states. A mouth natural in line and tint does not here, as it would be sure to elsewhere, shock the eye, and one may even observe high-school girls, all of sixteen or seventeen, without a trace of make-up. Beat that if you can, or pair it.

Late suppers are likely to be of cake and lemonade, the lemonade ruddied with grape juice only if the party is a fast one. Statistics further reveal that an overwhelming majority of these homes with the roses in front are constantly without gin. If these testimonies do not explain where that sour wag of "the spinster city" found his inspiration, there are others. For one, the jealous watch over public morals in the so-called realm of art. Beauty in Portland, exposed to casual wayfaring eyes, must be draped—and we don't mean scantily, either. It seems to be conceded that a painter or sculptor in the hallowed seclusion of a properly certified art gallery may go, as the saying is, the limit. Outside that dusky sanctuary the good women of Portland will narrowly police him. As in the matter of posters. Here, to herald a picture play, is the not too-warmly clad figure of a young woman in aerial flight. It is quite charming, and in most communities would be thought harmless and would probably incur no editing. In Portland it does. The vice squad issues a decree and an artisan with a paint bucket comes to veneer the semblance of a green or red or blue—anything but flesh-colored—bathing suit on the blithe and lovely being. All is pure again.

Once an office building was designed by an architect presumably ribald, or who had perhaps forgotten where he was. Across its upper front and above its main portal was to be a sculptured frieze. Glossing over the loathsome details, human nudity was involved, until bulging-eyed crowds blocked the street and an aroused public spirit squelched the outrage in its borning. Purifying chisels wrought upon the offense and today that frieze of bloated Teutonic cupids and damsels profusely festooned with roses will hold no eye but that of the most academic art lover. Here is another: Lately a theatrical magnate built a beautiful and costly playhouse. The cover of his program for the opening was attractive in design, drawing and color, but unhappily there was a brazen splash of nudity in the foreground; a prettily decorative figure, the most conventional and inoffensive of nudes—something San Francisco had already accepted without remark from even the most sensitive warden of public rectitude. But a preliminary showing of the cover in Portland taught the theater man that the cities in question have differing standards. Press, pulpit, women's clubs and Portland's fastidious mayor stormed the poor man, and stormed him to a finish.

An Old-Fashioned City

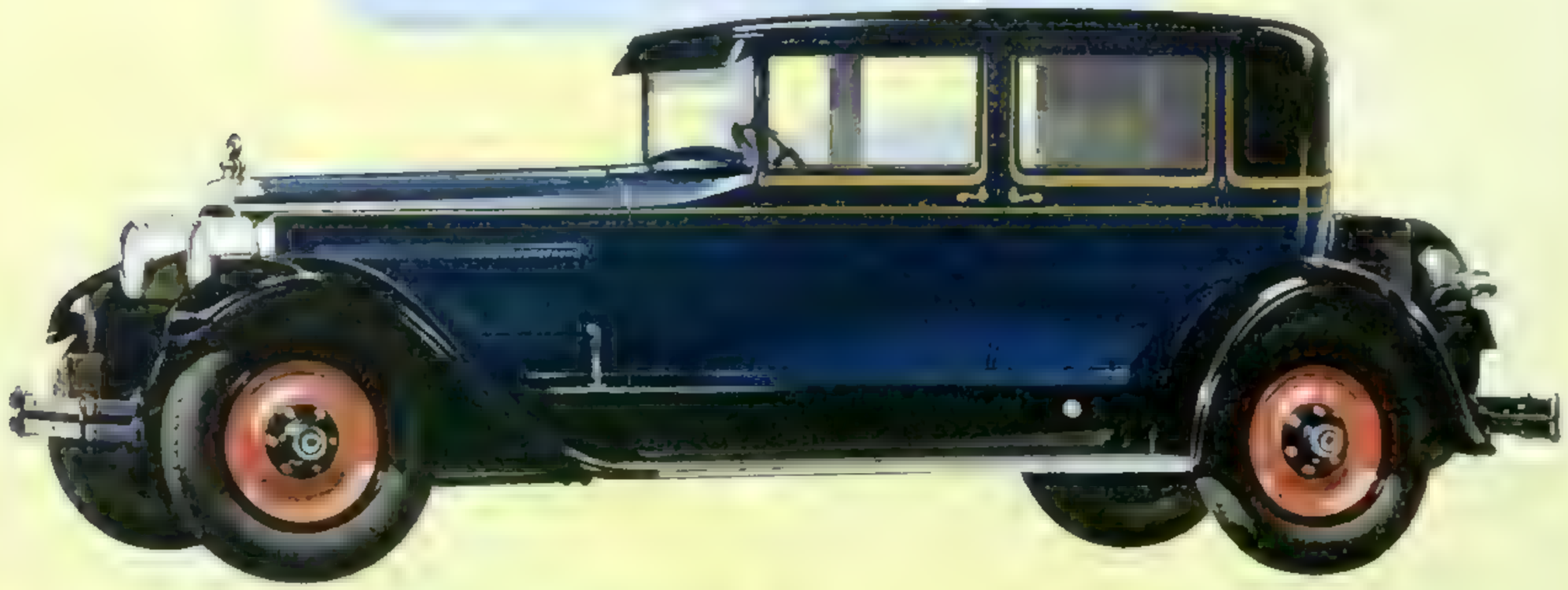
Of course, Portland is old enough and big enough to know better, but who could wish it to? Rather should we cherish these survivals of a bygone age when the only permissible nude in art was the gentleman in the front of the almanac who was used—badly cut up he was, too—to help out the signs of the zodiac. And especially should they be cherished when it is remembered that they are but a minor and perhaps inevitable manifestation of a city that is truly a city of homes; an old-fashioned all-American city; as American as succotash or Will Rogers; as American as New York is something else. If you really must live in one, how could you wish a pleasanter, safer city than this, or where could you find it? Only in another green land, and there is no other as green as this. And, at least, if you are not won from California by all this, you shall go back wholly refreshed The exploration has been worth while.

Mr. Nuwed: "Would You Mind Sittin' on a Chair Awhile, Dearie? Remember Papa's Been Movin' Pianos All Day"

The Restful Car

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

"The supreme combination of all that is fine in motor cars"



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And Packard owners, themselves leaders in every field of human endeavor, know that their cars cannot but reflect a compliment upon their taste and judgment.

PACKARD

THE RED RACCOON

(Continued from Page 25)

retain the bird's balance during the brief struggle. Then silence. Daylight revealed the skin and bones of the runt dangling from a lofty crotch of the tree while two blue jays pecked at it in an effort to secure the few remaining shreds of meat.

It was at about this period that Larrabee, questing along the Ninescah, intent upon catching a mess of channel cats for his larder, noticed the litter of tracks upon the sand bar, as if human infants had been walking there upon their hands. He ferreted out the den.

"That many more hot trails for the pups to run of nights, once winter comes," he said, and thought but little more about the matter. Later he saw the young raccoons upon the sand bar just at dusk. Some months thereafter—well into the fall, in fact—Larrabee sat in a blind with a goodly kill of wild fowl beside him. During a lull in the flight his eye detected movement. An animal moved across the prairie and its coat caught the first rays of the rising sun. At first glance Larrabee suspected that the apparent color was occasioned by a reflection of these early-morning rays. But the animal moved into a shadowy swale and still its pelt gleamed red. Larrabee grunted.

"Red fox!" he said. "Didn't know any of that tribe had pushed so far west out into the prairies as this. Never heard of one. But as the trees advance, the foxes will likely come, same as the others have. This here's the first."

Then he shook his head.

"That's no fox. It's a coon!" he stated. "Sure as I'm a foot high, that's a coon with a rufous pelt—same color as a fox."

At later dates Larrabee was to encounter again this off-color raccoon. He named him Rufus, from the color of his pelt, and later the name was shortened. He became known as Old Rufe, the red raccoon.

Larrabee had lived his life among the wild things. He knew much of animals, had seen many changes of habit and differences in color phases according to locality and environment. Being of an investigative turn of mind, after once observing a fact he sometimes speculated as to the cause. He had observed, year after year, an almost imperceptible change in the color of the pelts of the pioneering raccoons that had invaded the old prairie range of the buffalo. The rich dark coats so frequently encountered among the raccoons of the forested hills of Missouri were less and less in evidence among these invaders of the plains. Lighter shades of fur had become the rule—grizzled tan and grayish tones.

Larrabee knew that Nature regulates such matters, also that such changes do not occur in aimless, haphazard fashion. Rather that there are always definite agencies that operate slowly but with certainty toward any given end.

The agencies in this case seemed a bit obscure at first. Still, there were certain elements that might well have been contributory factors.

Some of the raccoons, though nocturnal of habit, seemed averse to returning to underground burrows to sleep out their days, and it was not unusual for them to secrete themselves in dense thickets of tall grass instead. These grassy expanses also afforded cover for thousands of quail, while millions of waterfowl resorted to the streams and marshes. Market hunters frequented these places with their shotguns, in search of quail and waterfowl. It sometimes happened that a raccoon, having concealed itself in the grass instead of seeking an underground retreat, fell prey to the guns of the market hunters. Not with any great frequency, perhaps; yet such occurrences were not rare in the prairie regions. Larrabee and many others maintained packs of swift wolfhounds with which to course the coyotes. Occasionally these dogs chanced upon prowling raccoons and tore them down. Now it seemed but natural that a dark-furred raccoon would show up much more distinctly against the tawny background of the autumn grass, would be detected much more readily by the eyes of human hunters or coursing dogs than would an animal of lighter hue whose pelt would blend with the dead-grass shades of the winter landscape of the plains.

It might be, he reflected, that these agencies—even though the number of raccoons so slain seemed relatively small—nevertheless, had been sufficient, throughout the course of the years, to constitute the determining factor that had eliminated a greater percentage of dark-furred individuals, while leaving a preponderance of light-colored animals for breeding stock to carry on the race; thus producing, from enforced selective mating of the lighter-color phases, a race of light-furred raccoons to populate the plains. Whatever the cause, he was sure of the fact that the pelts of these pioneering raccoons were much lighter in color than those of the parent stock of the Missouri hills from which they sprang. Grizzled, tawny, even grayish pelts were now the rule, with an occasional very light skin, almost of creamy buff. And, in the only instance recorded to date, there had now appeared an animal that sported a ruddy pelt, red as the fur of a fox.

The red raccoon, however, was unaware of any difference between himself and any other member of his clan. At this early stage of his career his activities centered almost exclusively round the search for food with which to appease his insatiable appetite. There was, too, an element of fear in him that led him to exercise caution. But he had few natural enemies and that season of year had not yet arrived when men would hunt him with trap, dog and gun, both for sport and for the value of his pelt. So during the first six months of his life fear did not quicken into that ever-present dread that was to dog his footsteps in later life.

Along in the late spring he visited an isolated settler's sod house and rifled the garden. The settler's dog gave tongue and rushed valiantly to the defense of the garden truck. He was too wise, however, to do more than bluster, and refrained from attacking the old raccoon, who, with bristling fur and bared teeth, defended the retreat of her offspring. Rufe, too, was bristling, even though alarmed, ready to fight or to run as occasion demanded. His mother's warning note and her actions indicated that retreat was the order of the day, or rather of the night.

At intervals there were cornfields, and when the young corn was in the milk Rufe visited these fields regularly and feasted almost to suffocation, wrenching the ears from the stalks and tearing off the green husks. It was upon one such occasion that a dog bellowed down upon him. As always when alarmed, Rufe thought of water. This particular cornfield was well back from the Ninescah—a mile perhaps—but the farmer had built a dam across a shallow draw to form a tank. This reservoir was full of water and not far distant. At the first note of the dog, Rufe made toward the tank. The dog bawled lustily behind him. In the past such dogs as had jumped him had contented themselves with vocal demonstrations, with blustering rushes that stopped just short of attack. Not so with this dog.

Rufe had almost reached the tank, running his best, when the dog, with a final spurt, closed with him. Savage teeth struck home in his back and both he and his pursuer went down. Almost before he lost his footing Rufe was transformed into a fighting demon. He writhed round as if turning in his skin, and sank his teeth viciously into his foe, raking him also with steel-tipped fingers. The dog broke away, only to attack again. And each time that his enemy backed off for a second, Rufe sprinted for the water, whirling to face the dog once more as it swiftly overhauled him. He put up a valiant fight, but he was only two-thirds grown and no match for the dog. He was badly mauled, though he had left his mark on his assailant, but the end would not have been long deferred save for the fact that with his last spurt he raced over the lip of a steep declivity that flanked the reservoir and both himself and his antagonist rolled together into the deep water below.

The cold water revived Rufe on the instant. He rose to the surface to be confronted by the bared fangs of the enemy. As the dog closed with him Rufe seized his foe with tooth and claw, dragging his head under water. In the dog's possible code of ethics fighting under water was an infraction of the rules. He released his hold and endeavored to rise to the surface, there to renew the attack in the accepted way. Rufe, however, continued to give vicious and uninterrupted battle in the depths. When the dog attempted to bite back he inhaled water that strangled him. Savage teeth at his throat and powerful hands that gripped his head and pulled him down aided in the process of strangulation. When at last the dog did attain the surface the red raccoon was riding his back, and launched an immediate attack that drove his head once more beneath the water before he had managed to fill his laboring lungs with air. His whole attention became centered upon violent efforts to elevate his head from one element and thrust it into another that would permit of his breathing. Meanwhile, a fighting fury roughed his head.

Now the raccoon, though a doughty warrior when pressed, is not a killer. Even in the heat of battle and having bested his antagonist, he seldom lingers to finish off his opponent, but instead, apparently satisfied, ambles off upon affairs of his own devising. All that he asks of life is to be left unmolested to pursue his amiable carefree way. The dog suddenly found himself breathing air instead of water. A swift-moving dark furrow cleaving the surface some distance away indicated the route of his late antagonist. He did not follow. Instead, he swam ashore, coughing weakly in an effort to expel the water from his lungs.

Rufe attained the far shore, the side nearest the Ninescah, toward which he made tracks with all possible speed. This encounter enlightened him as to why his mother had believed that dogs were bad medicine for raccoons. He had learned about dogs. Incidentally, the dog had learned something of raccoons. One thing this encounter implanted firmly in Rufe's mind was his relative safety when in the water. Heretofore, from the time that his infant consciousness had been drawn toward the brawling sound of the Ninescah and his subsequent resorting to water whenever alarmed, it had all been largely instinctive. Now there was a definitely established reason for it. Few animals could defeat him in the water. Thereafter he felt more secure when near marsh or stream, somewhat apprehensive when his wanderings led him far from water. And this knowledge was later to stand him in good stead.

After holing up for a few days to recover from the mauling administered by the dog, he emerged one night with ravenous appetite. His rambles in search of food led him far afield, and at sunup, instead of returning to the den, he bedded down in a dense jungle of tall grass. It was three nights before he returned. With the dawn one of his sisters returned for the day. The other members of the family were out on expeditions of their own. Thereafter he never again saw all the members of his family at one time. He cruised farther abroad, returned to the den less frequently. On these rambles he met the other denizens of the prairies.

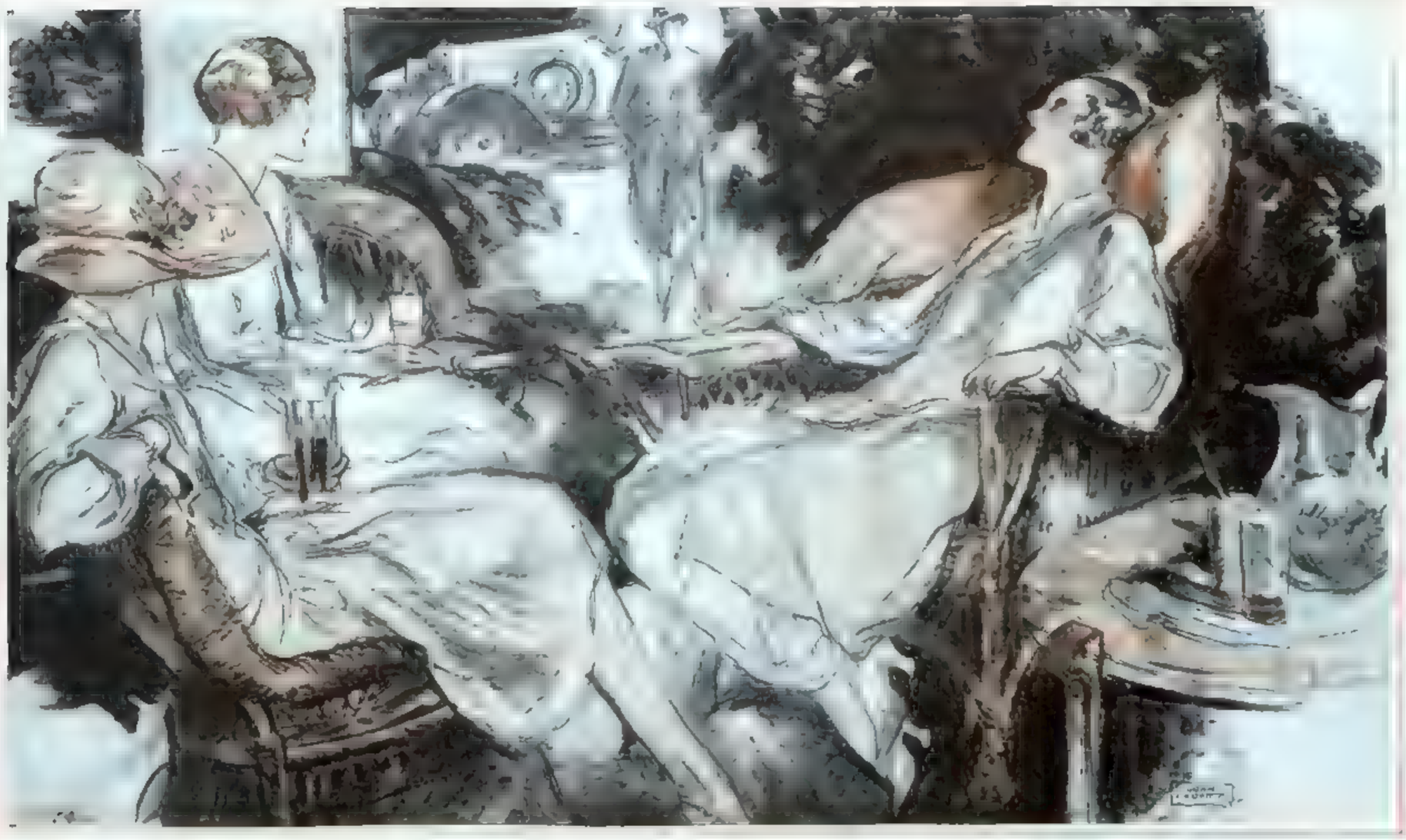
One night he came face to face with a huge narrow-stripe prairie skunk in a trail in the grass. This creature disputed the way, drawing its back into a high arch, its plumed tail aloft. Then it stamped its forefeet vigorously in warning. Rufe was not belligerent. He had no quarrel with this strikingly marked creature. Besides, its odor was unpleasant, and he someway knew that this feature would become enhanced upon provocation. It offended his sensitive nostrils. He gave trail, drawing aside and forcing his way through the grass. This move was fortunate, for within a few yards his nose informed him of the whereabouts of a nest of mice, which he proceeded to devour with great relish. Coming out upon a sandy bench that flanked the grassy bottoms, his nostrils were assailed by a delicious odor that was new to him, but he knew that it emanated from food, and from food that he would find most delightful. He traced it upwind to an oval affair of dark green, and bit into it. The red juicy meat inside the dark rind was most appetizing and these objects were scattered round by hundreds. So he feasted that night in Larrabee's watermelon patch, located perhaps a quarter of a mile from the old hunter's shack.

The following night he encountered a low, squat, grayish creature with spraddling front feet that were armed with claws resembling spading forks—which, indeed, they were, the badger being equipped as an excavating machine. This stupid creature flattened its nose, bared its teeth, and hissed with the sound of some great snake. From the depths of its tunnel this hissing might sometimes delude an enemy into believing the place to be inhabited by a serpent, save that the hiss always terminated in a low growl, followed by an asthmatic wheezing of a fresh inhalation. The red raccoon confronted this beast during a period of three full hisses, growls and subsequent inhalations. Then he gave trail and resumed his rambles. Such was his way. He was seldom spoiling for a fight. Frequently he encountered opossums, and when swimming across expanses of marsh he hauled out upon the huge rush mounds of muskrat houses to rest or play. The rats accepted him, knowing that a raccoon would molest them but seldom. Frequently he met mink fishing in the waters of the Ninescah or traveling along the shores.

A raccoon is a creature of some regularity of habit. Rufe's wanderings gradually became somewhat systematized. There were certain spots that he visited again and again, lingering but for one night, then moving on to the next. Gradually he settled to one route, which was, roughly, a circle. He traveled down the Ninescah for a dozen miles below the den, to where a creek broke in. He followed this almost to the head, exploring various inflowing spring branches en route, then turned off again to follow a fork to its head, out across a low divide and down another branch to a winding creek that eventually flowed into the Ninescah some ten miles above the den that had seen his birth. Sometimes he covered this round in a week; at other times it required ten days or more, according to how long he loitered on the way or how many side trips he indulged in en route. Always he spent a day holed up in the old home den upon his return to it. Some days he held it down alone, while on others he shared it with one or another of his brothers or sisters, each of whom had developed a more or less regular route. One of his brothers followed somewhat the same general round as that adopted by Rufe himself. Occasionally they traveled together for a night.

The mink, too, traveled with similar regularity, and Rufe met the same ones again and again on his rounds. The skunk families of the neighborhood, however, were disinclined to range far afield. They prowled, of course, in search of food, but always returned to the home den to hole up for the day. Within a mile of the raccoon home there was a den of prairie skunks inhabited by eleven individuals, the mother and ten full-grown young.

(Continued on Page 56)



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Why are husbands so stupid *about motor oils?*

MANY women have discovered that motor oil is another tremendous detail that men are stupid about. They have discovered that their husbands carelessly buy just *any oil* . . . when the most important item in the economical care of a car is the use of *the right motor oil.*

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Let your husband continue to think that automobile motors are beyond the realm of feminine understanding, if he likes. In the meantime you can exercise the same good judgment and economy you use in your home-keeping. Thousands of women are already doing this by buying *the right motor oil* for their cars . . . instead of just *any oil.*

You needn't know a thing about motors to understand why it is ruinous to run your car without the right oil. The reasons are very simple.

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Against those two destroyers of your motor stands only a film of oil, thinner than this sheet of paper. This oil film is the only protection your motor has against both heat and friction. But if the oil-film fails, it results in breakdowns, a laid-up car, big repair bills.

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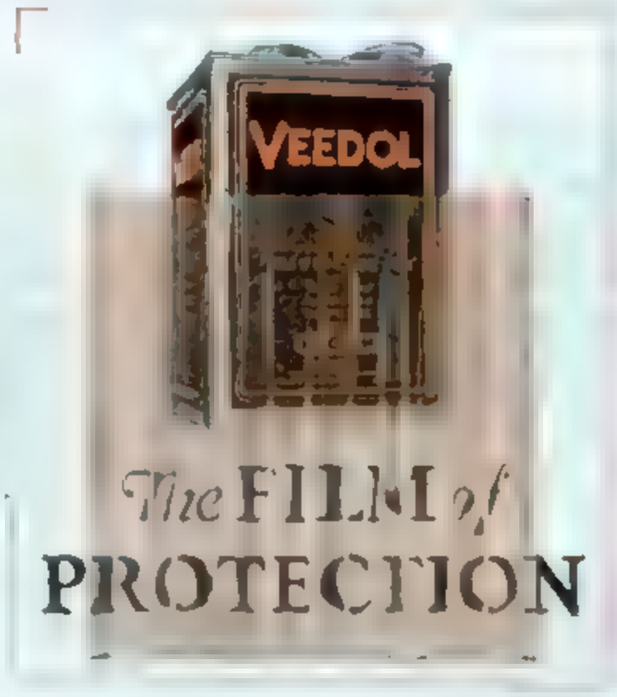
Why trust your motor to oil films that might break? Let the "film of protection" prevent repairs, and reduce the expense of running the family car.

The next time your car needs oil, drive up to the orange and black Veedol sign. Ask the dealer to drain the old oil out of your crankcase, and fill it with the correct Veedol oil for your car.

Always ask for Veedol Lubricants by name. If you drive a Ford, always ask for Veedol Forzol, the economy oil that gives 8 definite economies.



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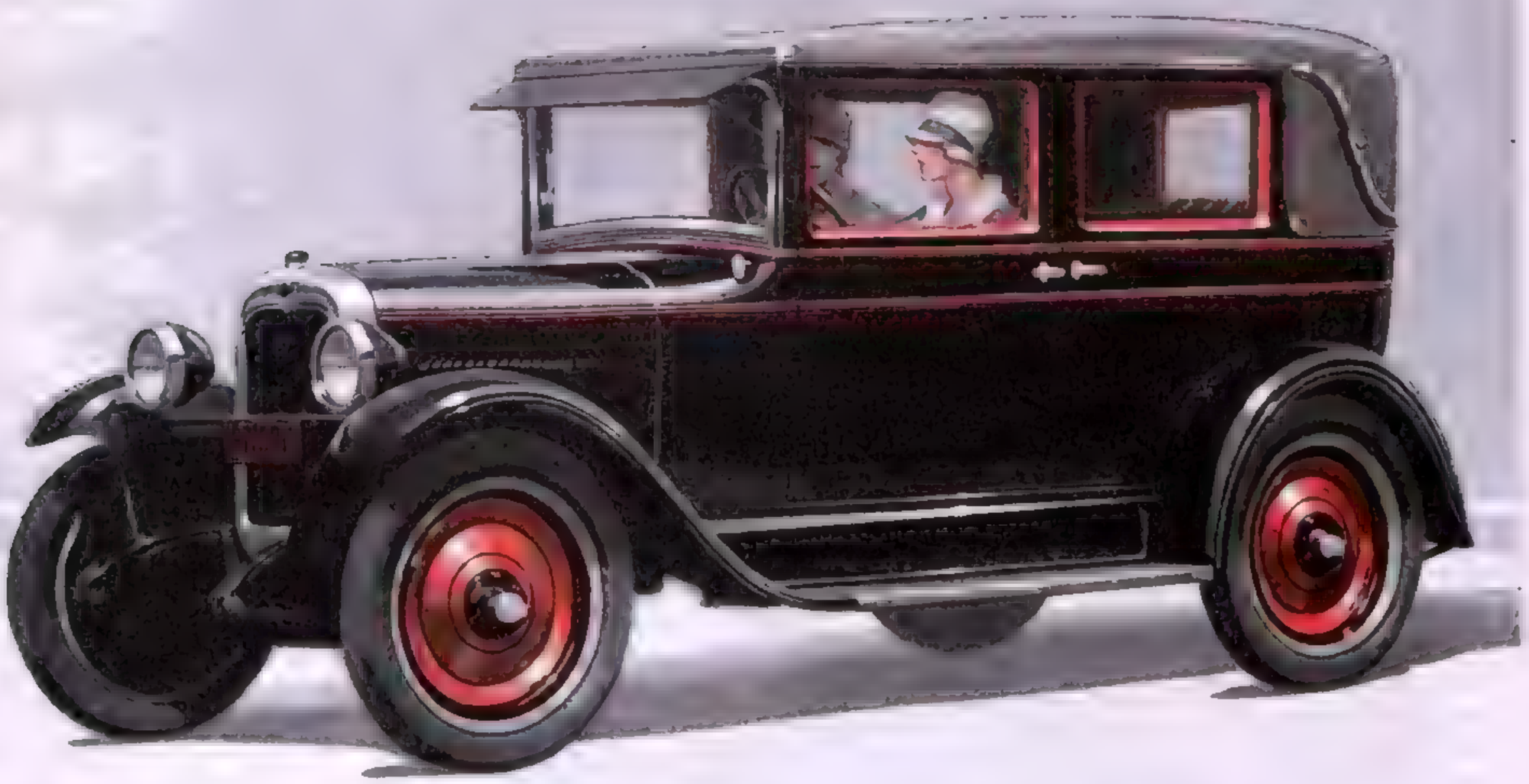

Every inch a car of finest quality! A specially designed Fisher Body, with mouse gray top and finished in lustrous black Duco with embellishments of brilliant Chasseur red. Oblong plate glass windows accentuate its length and lowness and impart that air of fleetness which is the vogue in both America and Europe. Brilliantly nickeled windshield frame and landau irons.

Interior appointments of the highest type—rich plush upholstery, vaulted roof, maroon leather wind laces around the doors, built-in smoking set, hardware of period pattern. All the power, speed and smoothness of Chevrolet's valve-in-head motor and modern chassis design. Truly, the smartest car of its type ever introduced—a masterpiece of craftsmanship and value!

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THE SEIBERLING RUBBER CO.
AKRON OHIO

SEIBERLING RUBBER HEELS

For gentlemen too, of course.

(Continued from Page 52)

As the chill night air announced the coming of autumn Rufe located several thickets of sand-hill plums along his route and feasted on the overripe red fruit. And he never failed to visit Larrabee's melon patch for a night in making his rounds. Near Larrabee's, perhaps half a mile downstream, the Ninescah was flanked by the biggest and oldest patch of timber that graced the river for half a hundred miles. The trees were large cottonwoods, the greater part of them, but with many a hackberry, elm, box elder and walnut tree growing among them. Here, the only place upon his route where hackberries could be secured, was also another rare delicacy—the only wild grapes within a wide radius. Rufe, his diet largely vegetarian during this period of abundance of ripening fruit, lingered longest in this portion of his range.

On the banks of the Ninescah, midway of the grove, had once stood a giant cottonwood. Someone had cut into it with an ax, slabbing the bark from one side of it, and later some hunter had built a fire against this exposed surface. The flames had eaten into the tree and crawled up through the dead wood of its heart to a considerable height. Decay had lengthened and enlarged the cavity until the hollow extended some thirty feet up the trunk. This was, in all probability, the only hollow tree within fifty miles. Undercut by the current, its roots exposed, a stiff prairie gale had toppled the tree riverward, where its trunk had parted at the top of the hollowed portion. This stub, the roots still clinging to the top of the bank, thrust far out into the stream. The hollow end, according to the stage of the river, was either half out of water or wholly submerged.

This was one of Rufe's favorite resorts. In passing through this grove he never failed to enter the hollow butt of the fallen tree and travel through it to the water to swim off downstream. Now that hackberries and wild grapes were ripe and Larrabee's melon patch adjacent, Rufe sometimes spent a whole night in the grove. On such occasions he frequently left off feeding to prowl through the log, take to the water and swim down to his favorite landing place a hundred yards below—the mouth of a swale that led back to the trees upon which the wild grapevines were suspended. Sometimes he indulged in this pastime a half dozen times during the night. On two occasions he retired to the hollow downlog and spent the day.

On the whole he encountered few dangers, excepting an occasional brush with settlers' dogs. From Larrabee's cabin there frequently sounded the deep baying of many dogs as Rufe prowled in the grove or raided the melon patch. There was menace in this sound and he gave the place a wide berth.

One night he passed near a camp wagon far up the Ninescah. The wind carried his scent to a hound dog that slept near the wagon, and this creature awoke on the instant and gave chase. Rufe reached the water before this baying fiend overhauled him. The dog seemed baffled. It quested along one side of the stream, then swam to the far shore to cruise in search of the missing trail. Rufe knew that his trail had ended at the point where he had entered the water, that there would be no scent which the hound could follow until such time as he should emerge to leave his tracks on the land. The knowledge that the trail must be broken for scent, to delude the nose, not the eye, when pursued, seems to be the portion of most creatures of the wild. Foxes, bears, raccoons and others resort to various ruses to break their trails. Some few old grizzlies, coyotes and renegade dogs that have been hunted for long seem to have divined the fact that man, alone of all creatures, follows a trail by sight, not by scent, and make deliberate efforts to break their trails to baffle the eye instead of the nose when trailed by man.

All water-loving creatures apparently are aware of the fact that when they enter the water they leave no trail that the keenest nose can unravel. The source of Rufe's knowledge in that respect is obscure. Perhaps it resulted from the fact that he knew from his own experience that his own keen nose detected readily enough the trails of other creatures on land but lost them when they entered the water. Each such instance confirmed the infallibility of that first inclination that had drawn him irresistibly toward the sound of running water when he first emerged from the den.

There came a time when the countryside resounded with deep roars. The market hunters had taken to the field for quail and waterfowl. The shores of stream and marshland were ever tainted with the man scent. All round his route Rufe had various favorite spots in which to hole up for the day—underground retreats, most of them. There was one stretch, however, in which there was no available den, the country being low and marshy, with an expanse of open water in the center. On the occasions when sunup had caught him on these flats Rufe had resorted to the expedient of concealing himself in a jungle of tall grass for the day. He found himself out there one morning in late autumn.

Shortly thereafter he was roused by a succession of those heavy detonations that occasioned uneasiness among all wild things. Rufe, too, was assailed by vague apprehensions. The reports were too near for comfort. They continued for two hours, and as there were no dire results, he slept intermittently. They became infrequent, then ceased. Suddenly the wind carried to his nose the tidings that man, the arch enemy, was near. He opened his eyes. The crackling of dried grass reached his ears. He rose and peered cautiously. A man was headed straight toward him. Rufe held his ground until the intruder was within sixty yards. Then he sought to slip away.

With his first move the man halted abruptly and threw his gun to his shoulder. A heavy explosion crashed in Rufe's ears and at the same instant he leaped and snarled as a charge of duck shot raked him. He was off at full speed, and at every flash of red in an opening in the grass Evans poured another load of shot after him. The range was long and but few of the pellets found their mark; sufficient, though, to cause the red raccoon to hole up and nurse his injuries for several days. He had learned that man can inflict hurt at a distance.

Later that same day Evans informed Larrabee that he had pumped four rounds of duck shot into a red fox, but had been unable to bring it down.

"That was no fox," Larrabee chuckled. "That was that red coon I was telling you about."

"Likely," Evans conceded. "Hadn't thought of that. Couldn't see him very plain in that tall grass. That was your rufous coon all right. Well, before long now I'll pinch his toes in a trap and strip that red pelt offen him."

He grinned and waited for the explosion that this prophecy was certain to elicit.

When the fall hunting season was ended the two market hunters would start out to harvest the pelts of fur bearers as soon as they turned prime. Evans resorted to trapping, while Larrabee, save for a few traps along the Ninescah for rats and mink, hunted fur with dogs. By day he coursed coyotes on the plains with wolfhounds. By night he frequented the streams and timbered patches with trail hounds. Many a skunk and opossum den these dogs located for him. But above all other things he loved to hear his dogs strung out and bawling along on the hot trail of a wily raccoon. Also he raised and trained both wolf and trail hounds and sold them to the settlers.

"And I wouldn't put it past you either," he said in answer to Evans' prophecy. "A man ought to be hung at sundown that would set out steel traps for a coon."

"Oh, a pelt's a pelt, however you come by it," Evans argued.

"Yes. And I'd think you'd have a plenty to trap for, what with mink, rat, skunk and all such, without pestering with coons," Larrabee grumbled. "How ever do you expect me to go on training varmint dogs if you catch out all the coons in the country with your damn-fool traps?"

"I don't aim to trap coons," Evans asserted, continuing the argument of years' standing. "Not since I know that you're dead set against it. But I'm such a top-notch trapper that I can't hardly help it. A coon will go clean out of his way to plant his foot in a trap that I've set for a mink or muskrat. So it's likely that through no fault of mine I'll lift the pelt of your red raccoon betwixt now and Christmas Day."

That experience implanted in Rufe a most wholesome dread of man, not the same understanding fear which he accorded his four-footed enemies, including dogs, but the dread of the unknown. The leaves had fallen from the trees and the brown grass was heavily frosted of mornings. Rufe, making his rounds, came again to his favorite resort, the big patch of timber on the Ninescah. First he prowled through the hollow down log, took to the water and dropped downstream to the mouth of the swale, then emerged to mount a hackberry tree, where he fed for a time upon the black frosted fruit. He descended and repaired to the log again, swam upstream for a hundred yards, left the water and climbed the bench in search for such frosted melons as might be left in Larrabee's patch. After an interval he once again crossed down through the log and swam to the far side of the river to hunt in the tall grass for mice. He followed up the bank for a quarter of a mile, then crossed back and returned along the near shore to the timber. Locating a tree that supported a wild grapevine, he mounted it and began harvesting grapes. All told, he had wandered round the vicinity for several hours before Larrabee, out rather late on the first night hunt of the season with his dogs, returned to his cabin. The hounds struck a hot trail.

Rufe bristled at the first deep baying note. But he was high in a tree. From somewhere back in his ancestry—no doubt a heritage from that day when his forbears had sought safety in the trees to escape their enemies the wolves, without having to reckon with man—Rufe had knowledge that he was safe from dogs while in a tree. Suddenly, high above the bawling of the dogs, there came a clear ringing call—Larrabee crying encouragement to the hounds. Rufe knew that dogs were allied to man. There was a man with these dogs. A point of light caught his eye, far away, but on the move. He would not be safe from man in a tree. His recently acquired knowledge of shotguns came to his aid now. Instead of waiting in this tree for the dogs, he descended in headlong flight, darted through the hollow log and swam off down the river. The clamoring pack bawled round the base of the down log. One hound ran its length and stood in silhouette against the swirling current of the stream. An old tried veteran pushed through the younger, less experienced dogs and thrust his muzzle down the cavity. For the space of half a minute he sniffed eagerly. The trail scent reeked in his nostrils, but the body scent that would indicate the presence of his quarry in the hollow was lacking. He withdrew and began to cast about just as Larrabee arrived on the scene.

"Your coon ain't in that log, pups," he declared. "Not with old Cannon quitting it to cast round for a trail."

Relentlessly the younger dogs left the spot and began to circle through the timber. Suddenly Cannon gave tongue again. He had followed downstream to the mouth of the swale, to find a trail that emerged at that point from the water. The other dogs rallied swiftly to his summons and they ran the trail to the foot of a tree, pausing momentarily to place their paws high on its trunk and bark eagerly. But Cannon was off again, following the trail that the raccoon had left upon descending. The dogs swept past Larrabee and ended up again at the hollow down log.

Larrabee, returning to the spot at a run, grunted breathlessly. "That coon run right past me, doubling back, and ducked through

(Continued on Page 59)

The little MARMON 8

In and out of tight places in a flash

THAT'S WHY NO OTHER CAR CAN EQUAL IT ON THE OPEN ROAD

IF you aren't to be left out of the conversation these days, it's really almost necessary that you know how this little Marmon drives and rides.

For here is a car the whole country is talking about—a car that right from the start grips your imagination with its confident and almost arrogant manner in doing unusual things.

For instance—in this close-to-the-city road traffic that's always slowing up the end of a good trip, the little Marmon 8 will whip out of line, around the slow ones and back in again—safely—and with room to spare.

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As to parking, this little Marmon 8 is certainly unselfish about space. When you have to find a hole in congested places—it can flatten up against a curb, parallel and flush, with two easy twists of the wheel; and then come out as easily.

It seems to do these things as other cars try to, but can't quite manage. That's one reason it's such a totally different thing in the way of automobiles. And of course, it's built totally different, to make it perform this way.

Marmon has put almost an excess of vital power into a small staunch chassis, well able to take care of it, and then painstakingly devised a system of steering and controls that introduces a really new epoch in easy handling.

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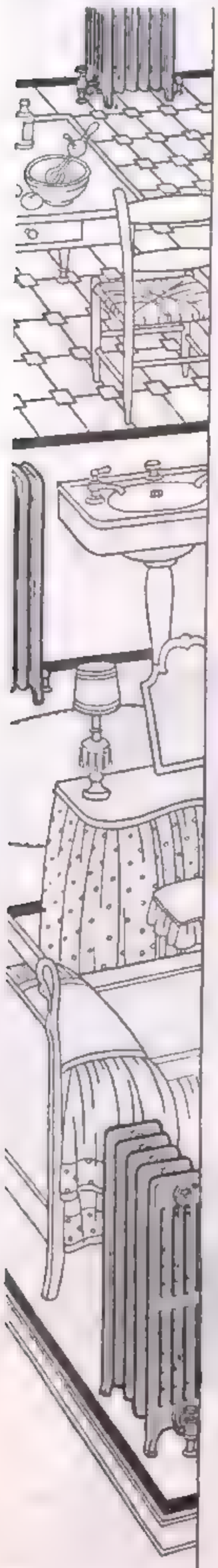

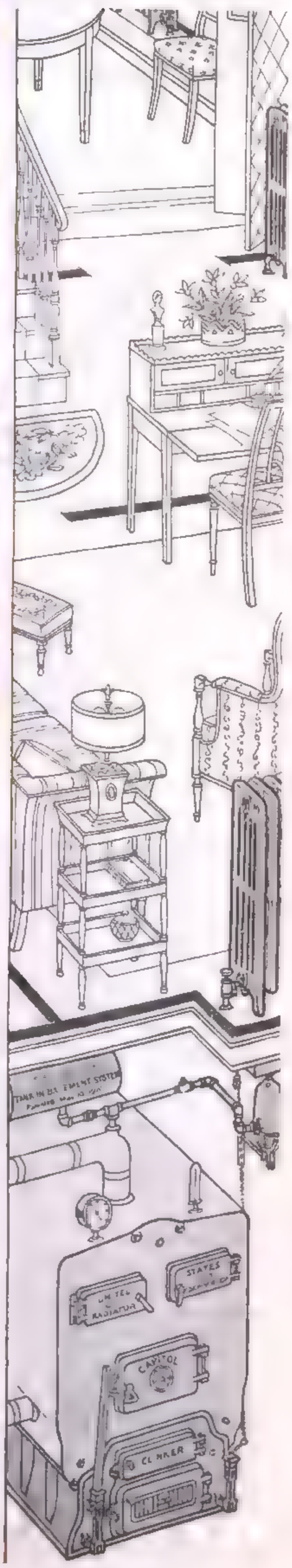

Advice for June Brides

This human desire to have a home of your own, a little piece of land, grass, flowers, and shrubbery. . . . Some day, with scant ceremony an unconcerned workman will turn the first spadeful of earth as you stand excitedly by . . . another anniversary to remember, the day your own home was begun.

Building it is a great adventure. There are so many things to decide, so many products from which you must choose. So this is to help you in selecting your heating system.

No matter what fuel you will use, hard coal or soft, coke, wood, gas, or oil, *Capitol guaranteed heating* definitely insures economical and plentiful heat on even the coldest days of winter. For the exact number of radiators that every Capitol boiler will satisfactorily heat is guaranteed* in writing.

That guards you against getting a boiler too small and saves you the expense of a boiler too large. No matter the weather, thrifty uniform heat will be yours.

Without reluctance, your husband will descend to the cellar, knowing that a shining yellow-blue glow will greet him cheerfully through the fire-box door. A little easy shaking, some shovelfuls of fuel, perhaps a touch of the draft regulators; and up he'll come, happy to think of the easy operation of your well-behaved heating plant.

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(Continued from Page 56)

that log again," he hazarded. "But he's took to the water this time for fair. Likely he'll land on the other shore this trip."

Cannon, trail-wise old hound and familiar with the wiles of raccoons, evidently had decided similarly himself. He took to the water and crossed the stream. After a brief interval his deep voice sounded from the tall grass, and the younger hounds crossed to him and the pack swept upcountry on the trail.

"I'll just stay on this bank till I see if he crosses back again," Larrabee decided. "It's middling cold to get wet to the neck unless they put him up a tree."

Presently the baying ceased.

"He's gone back into the water again," Larrabee surmised.

After an interval Cannon gave tongue again on the near side of the stream. The baying pack swept down toward Larrabee, passed him in full cry and once more wound up at the log.

"Well, I'll be teetotally damned!" their owner proclaimed.

The dogs scattered wide. Presently, from far up on the bench toward the melon patch, one of the young dogs opened.

"Now they'll put him up, or run him into a hole somewheres," Larrabee predicted. "They've got him started out across the open." Instead, to his disgust, the chase swept toward him again and ended at the same point.

"Come on, dogs. Let's go home. You'll be fogging all night in forty acres of timber and get nowheres at all," he said fretfully. "If that ain't the worst messed-up trail I ever encountered! Either every coon in this country has made a trip through that hollow down log tonight or else one coon has put in a heap of time at it."

Rufe held to the water for a mile before branching off up an inflowing creek. He knew quite well that the clamor behind him meant that the dogs could not unravel his trail. When next he came to the big patch of timber he first broke his trail by looping twice through the down log and taking to the water, returning once from downstream, the next time from upriver. Then he followed his usual routine in search of food. And again, returning from a hunt, the hounds picked up his trail. At once he repaired to the river by way of the log and dropped off downstream. Again the dogs circled, only to run various trails, all ending at this exasperating log.

Larrabee knew well the ways of raccoons. Some ten days had elapsed since the last similar performance. Meanwhile he had bagged several opossums and two young raccoons in this same patch of timber.

"This here's the same coon that tricked you-all ten days back," he declared. "He's gone through the same motions tonight, after coverin' his rounds and pulling back through these parts. I've knowed many a smart old coon that had some favorite spot where he throwed dogs off the trail, but never one that used my own dooryard, so to speak, to practice it in. Anyway, he'll be back on and off, every week or ten days, and he'll make a slip sometime soon and we'll strip off his pelt. Come on, dogs, let's go home. That coon's miles away."

Rufe did come back, but he made no slip. Expecting dogs to take up his trail hereabouts, he never failed to repeat his looping tactics by way of the hollow down log, and to leave the spot by way of the river, whether or not dogs were giving tongue on his trail.

After the third such fiasco Larrabee took occasion to examine the log by daylight. Long red hairs adhered to slivers at the opening of the orifice. "It's that red fellow," Larrabee stated. "Yes, sir, it's old Rufe that's been fooling my pups."

It would have been a very simple matter to place a trap at either end of the log and bag the red raccoon when he next made his rounds. But Larrabee, who loved above all things to listen to the music of his dogs as they gave tongue on the trail, was for that same reason violently opposed to trapping raccoons.

Rufe was learning to be a very wise animal. He had learned of men and guns, and he knew the ways of dogs and how to avoid them. He had yet to learn of a still greater menace—that of the steel trap. And the trapping season was on. Fur was prime.

Evans strung out his traps. Rufe, following along a spring branch, chanced upon a muskrat that gnashed its teeth as he approached. The creature was fast in some sort of contrivance. While Rufe watched curiously it slid into deep water and was drowned. That same night he heard a clanking sound and saw a big prairie skunk fast in a trap. The following night he crossed through the marshy expanse where Evans had shot at him. As he swam from one rat house to the next he saw a dozen muskrats in traps, some of them still clinging to the sides of the houses, most of them hanging drowned in deep water. As he cruised down a stream he encountered a mink that he had seen many times on his travels. The lithe brown creature was fighting savagely at the steel thing that was clamped on its foot. The season of terror for the furred creatures was on in full swing. These sights struck fear into the heart of the red raccoon. He avoided all spots from which the man scent came even faintly. But the trapper, knowing this, waded in the water and so left no trail.

Rufe found his own mother clamped fast in a trap on a spring run well back from the river. A week later, far up the Ninescah, he saw one of his brothers in a similar plight. For a long period, his caution growing, he became more and more trap wise, and escaped the fate of the others. He avoided cleverly arranged bait sets, and the mouths of all dens were carefully investigated before he made bold to enter. He found the fresh excavations that were all that remained of the den that had harbored the skunk family near his old home. Larrabee's hounds had trailed one of the occupants to the spot. Eleven carcasses were scattered about. The pelts hung in Larrabee's cabin.

One night Rufe swam down the Ninescah, and a cavity beneath a high grass-grown bank yawned invitingly. It had been hollowed out by muskrats and he had visited it often in the past. Its floor was covered by three inches of water. As he entered this cozy nook there was an ominous snap and steel jaws clamped on his foot. He raged and fought, but to no avail. Morning found him still fighting and still in the trap. But fortune once again favored him. The trap was small, designed only for muskrats, and the spring was weak. By sheer chance he planted his free forepaw on this spring as he pulled up with the trapped member. The spring was pressed down, the jaws fell open and the three imprisoned toes were freed.

Shortly thereafter the prairies were blanketed by a heavy snowfall, followed by a period of intense cold. The streams and marshes froze over. Rufe, fat and comfortable in a warm den, felt disinclined to travel. Instead, he slept. On warm nights he sometimes came forth for a brief prowl, only to return to drop again into refreshing slumber. For a space of two months he went into semihibernation. During the late winter he emerged to travel for a while with a she-raccoon, but soon after mating they drifted apart and he sought another den. When he came out, ravenously hungry, in the early spring, it was to find that the trap lines had been pulled. Few of those ominous reports sounded from the marshes. For another six months he had little to fear, free to pursue his amiable way in search of food and recreation.

When the trapping season ended and the red pelt did not show up in Evans' catch of fur, Larrabee was well pleased. He had come to take a personal interest in the red raccoon.

"I'll have considerable sport with Old Rufe, come next winter," he predicted.

"Them pot hounds of yours will never put him up a tree," Evans scoffed. "He'll die of old age, still wearing that red hide of his, unless I pinch his toes in a trap."

For three more years the red raccoon followed the cycles of the seasons, successfully avoiding traps and declining to be treed by hounds. He had become a very large, wise and wary old coon. And on at least a score of occasions Larrabee's hounds had bawled lustily through the big patch of timber on his looping trails, always to be baffled in the end. Some of the young dogs had become tried veterans now. Old Cannon had been sold, along with others, each sale a wrench at Larrabee's affections. Always he hesitated to part with these old friends, but the price that he secured for well-trained trail hounds was large and his reputation wide. A new crop of pups was always coming on, and all of them in turn tried to work out the trail of the wily old Rufe on his periodical visits to the big grove on the Ninescah. This looping and circling through the hollow down log and his subsequent departure by water had become as much a matter of habit with Rufe as was the following of his regular rounds.

When the trapping season opened on his fifth year Rufe exercised every precaution. He was very trap shy, also trap wise, but no wild creature can outwit man in the long run.

Evans, toward the last of the season, noted the track of a very large raccoon round various parts of his trap line. This animal had eluded his sets.

"He'll yield a big pelt, that fellow, if he sizes up to his feet," he said. "I'll pick him right soon now."

On three occasions, spaced some ten days apart, he had observed the big tracks along the course of a spring run. Evans ascended it, stepping carefully in the water to avoid leaving a trace of scent. He selected a shallow riffle in the tiny stream, and in its very center placed a trap. Upon its pan he secured a piece of bright new tin cut from a tomato can. Several such sets he made along its course.

Some nights later the red raccoon passed that way on his regular rounds. He had never encountered a trap on this particular spring branch. Nevertheless, he exercised his usual caution. Nothing seemed to have been disturbed since his last visit. Suddenly his eye caught a flash from a riffle where the tiny stream broadened to a width of four feet. The thing seemed to sparkle and move in the current. Drawn irresistibly by that old desire to seize anything that flashed in the water, Rufe stalked it carefully, then pounced. His outstretched paw clutched the object—and steel jaws clamped on his foot with a sickening crunch.

All night long he raged and fought the steel thing that imprisoned him. He struggled to tear his foot from it, ground his teeth against the trap and bit his own trapped foot. But this trap held. Toward noon Evans arrived. Rufe squared away and snarled.

"Well, if it ain't Larrabee's old friend, the foxy old Rufe!" he said. "So it's you that's been wearing those big feet round my trap line. When I strip off that red pelt of yours I'll likely find a dozen or more duck shot that I fired into you five years back. You've growed into one big he coon since then."

The elation that always comes to a trapper at a catch made in a clever trap set subsided and he gazed speculatively. "A real pretty pelt you're wearing—it is, for a fact. But sho! A fur buyer'll grade you a pale Number 2 and mark your price down to a dollar. I'm thinking it would upset old man Larrabee considerable if you failed to show up again to lead those houn' dogs of his on a wild-goose chase through that big patch of timber. Gives him something to talk about, how you outsmart his best dogs. You've come to be a regular institution, sort of, with Larrabee. He'd be sartin to miss you. And sho! The old man has done many a good turn for me. Reckon I can squander a measly dollar-bill coonskin on him."

A burlap sack descended on Rufe, and while he fought this thing savagely, a strong hand gripped his hind feet and he was stretched while a stick was thrust down

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against the trap. Lacking sufficient play to writhe round and bite the hand that held him, in his blind rage he attacked the stick with his teeth. The spring flattened under this pressure and Rufe's foot swung clear. Even as he turned to strike the hand he described an arc through the air and landed with a thump on the far side of the spring branch. He bounced to his feet to face his enemy, glaring at the man redly.

"Shoo!" Evans said mildly. "Pack your red hide off down the country."

Rufe backed away. Suddenly he realized that his foot was no longer imprisoned and he made a hasty exit down the course of the spring run. While he was still holed up and nursing his injured foot a blizzard swept the country. He elected to remain underground until spring.

When the cold nights came again in another year Larrabee loosed his dogs for the first night hunt of the season. Scarcely had he left the cabin when the hounds opened up in the big patch of timber in the Ninescah bottoms. The old man listened as the music of the dogs described a circle, then ceased. Presently the eager baying broke out again, and he chuckled hugely.

"Timed to a hair," he said. "That's him. The pups are cutting their eye teeth on old Rufe's track. I was some'at afraid he wouldn't show up again this year. But that's him."

He knew without question of doubt that his pups were once more giving tongue on the trail of the red raccoon.

HONEST JOHN

(Continued from Page 19)

"And another thing," said Wally harshly, "if you want the makin's, ask me for it. Don't go and swipe my tobacco."

"I ain't touched your ol' tobacco. I got tobacco of my own. Why should I swipe your ol' tobacco?"

"Well, it's gone somewhere. Only this morning I had this sack full, and now look."

Fatt tucked his hands inside his sleeves and smiled. "The room boy," he murmured.

But Hardtack had his own worries—he was ruefully counting his change. Three and four times he counted it.

"Say, that bird at the desk short-changed me a dollar sixty!" he yowled.

"That," said Mr. Kwak suavely, "is the squeeze. You no know the squeeze? Everybody take—yass."

And he slipped off his American shoes, put his feet up under him and sat cross-legged, rocking comfortably. Then he went on to explain that the squeeze was a recognized part of Chinese daily life. "You buy something—well, somebody in between, they take a little. Your servants, they take too. You pay ten ton coal, maybe. Fine! You git six—yass. All take piece who can—the dealer, the coolie who catchee same, your servants—all take. You want sell something? Then this man and that man, he put some in his pocket, otherwise you no can do—yass. Velly good. Nobody mind, because everybody do."

It was long after dark when they reached Peking, but Fatt hurried them into a cab and set off to find the Chinese colonel. He had sent a wire to him, he said, and they would meet in a high-class restaurant and have a high-class dinner.

The colonel proved to be an affable man who spoke English like an American. Yes, he had lived in the United States years and years, having gone to college there. They gossiped of New York and Chicago, and discussed what Hardtack and Wally might expect in the army. What sort of uniform? Much like his own. They would find the men ignorant and awkward, for they were nearly all recruits, but anxious to learn and very obedient. Chang Tso-lin was a great organizer, steadily securing his grip on more and more territory. Before long the Manchurian war lord would dominate the whole of China, and then—well, the future was up to Hardtack and Wally themselves. Chang knew how to reward success.

The colonel had brought along the other commission, and there and then they paid Kwak Ban Fatt for both. At a cost of nine hundred and twenty-five dollars one was now a general and the other a colonel in the armies of the Tupan of Something, recently appointed by the Mukden dictator as military governor of a province. But they would have to report to his headquarters. Fine, said Hardtack. Great, said Wally. They would set out first thing in the morning.

Meanwhile they were tucking into the Chinese food. The meal started backward, of course. Beginning with dried watermelon seeds and various kinds of nuts, they ate their way through thirty-two courses up to the soup. Chopsticks and a small silver spear were the weapons.

Less than halfway through, Hardtack leaned back with a feeble sigh. He had made the mistake of supposing each course to be the last and helping himself accordingly. "Gosh, I ain't showed my usual judgment tonight," he lamented in a hollow voice, turning haggard eyes on his friend.

"Loose your belt, boy. Here comes another. Let out your belt."

"Shucks, I done that an hour ago. I've just throwed it away."

"Maybe if you was to lay down awhile ——"

"Naw, sir; I don't aim to give in. Here goes. Which of these here wines do you like the best?"

"This white kind," answered Wally, gulping half a cup of it. He shuddered horribly, wiped the tears of ecstasy from his eyes and murmured, "Gosh, that's good! There's a scratch in every drop."

From raw fish and eels to eggs eighteen years old, black and gelatinous, they progressed through course after course without a skip. Wally hesitated the fraction of a second at the eggs, but on Hardtack's assuring him, "These aiggs've got a kick ordinary aiggs don't have," he shut his eyes. Then chicken, and rice with mushrooms and shrimps, and Pekin duck, and chicken dumplings served in a flaming chafing bowl with the room darkened, and ——

"I don't know but what I'd best lay down, after all," said Hardtack with a wan look.

"We're close to shore now. Can you hold your head up five minutes longer, ol'-timer?"

"I'll try," he said bravely.

When at last they emerged into the pale moonlight, both felt they could face the winter on any sort of rations. The colonel and Kwak climbed into an automobile and bade adieu to their American friends. The parting was long drawn out and cordial on both sides.

"They're fine fellers," Hardtack declared. "Yes, sir, the two of 'em are. You take a Chinaman and he's hard to beat. If he says a thing, he'll do it."

"Where'll we go now, general?" Wally wanted to know.

"We'll go to bed—that's where we'll go. If you think you're goin' to throw away any more of my savings on Russian countesses, you're on your back, buddy, you're on your back. What's more, snap to attention when I'm talking to you. Say, what was the name of that dump the sergeant told us to go to?"

"I remember one place he told us we could go to."

"Yeh, but he was sore then and I don't blame him. But what was the name of the hotel now?"

They finally recalled it and selected a couple of rickshas out of a flock that had swooped down on them. Then, fighting a way through the beggars who clawed at their elbows, they leaned back in solid comfort.

"I never saw the like," exclaimed Hardtack above the babel of the vulture mob. "They tell me you can't turn round in China without a dozen beggars tagging after you."

"That ain't all, either," Wally replied. "I see in the papers where the beggars aim to go on strike in Peking."

"Whatever for?"

"These here Russian refugees. The beggars say it's unfair competition, and if somebody don't stop it, they'll strike."

"Jiminee, wouldn't that be dreadful?"

"The city was in a panic for 'most two days," Wally continued, "but finally somebody coaxed the union to call it off."

"Thank Gawd for that," said Hardtack fervently.

The coolies were padding along with the tireless gait of their kind. The rhythmic bobbing of their heads had almost put Wally to sleep, when one of them glanced over his shoulder and asked, "You want see somet'ing velly nice maybe?"

"Sure," said Wally. "Where is she?"

Without a word, the rickshas boys swung around a corner and threaded half a dozen dark alleys. They brushed the blank walls of compounds, caught glimpses of barred windows high up, then suddenly debouched into a street blazing with lights and illuminated signs; and the rickshas pulled to the curb in front of an arched doorway which looked like the entrance to a theater or some place of amusement.

"Take look-see," whispered one of the coolies, pointing upward.

Suspended from the arch was a mesh bag, and in the mesh bag a recently severed human head.

"So that's velly nice, huh?" said Hardtack to the coolie, who was eying him to note the effect. He lit a cigarette and casually inquired, "What's he advertising?"

"Chang Tso-lin's discipline," Wally answered. "I read about that in the paper coming up on the train. A coupla guys tried to crash the gate to see the show—this is one of 'em. The other is above the South Gate of the city."

Hardtack glanced about at the crowd of people silently staring at the gruesome thing. "Well, I've had enough. Let's go. Say, ain't this bird Chang the one we're signed up to work for?"

"He's the guy. What's the matter?"

"Nothin'."

"You act like your collar was too tight."

"Well," replied Hardtack, "there's one consolation—we'll be officers. . . . Chop chop, boy. Shake a leg."

A night of troubled dreams and they rose early. Somewhere beyond Hankow were the headquarters of the tupan who commanded the army in which they held commissions, Kwak had told them; and the sooner they reported, the better.

It took them nearly four hours to reach Hankow by automobile. The roads were bad; in the sandy river beds the driver always waited until the motor died before trying to change gears; and twice they had to pile out to fix tires.

And when he reached the railroad station at Hankow he refused to go on another foot, although there was no sign of any army headquarters.

"Oh, well, leave him go," Hardtack rumbled. "We can grab a train here. It's bound to go somewhere."

But now a difficulty arose. The driver made a demand for extra payment, and when they banteringly told him where he could hunt for it, went off and returned with about a dozen of his countrymen.

"What's this other seven dollars for?" Hardtack parleyed.

(Continued on Page 63)

This week-end!

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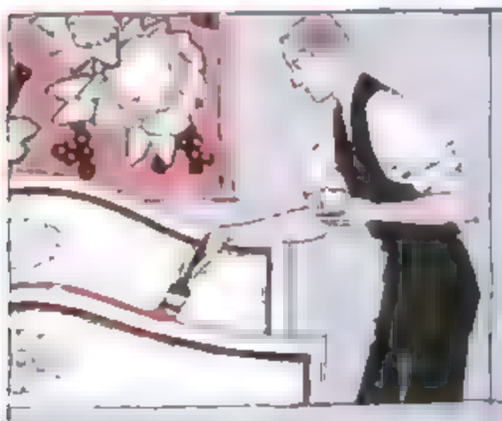

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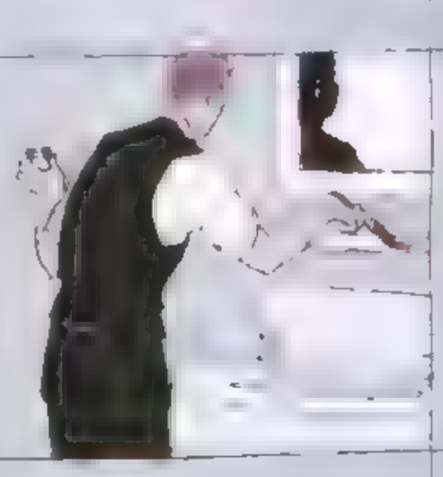

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In saying this, I am not voicing a personal hobby. Today, the wearing of athletic supporters is well-nigh obligatory in college athletics.

This is as it should be. Not all the tendons, nerves and ligaments in a man's body are protected by an armor of muscle and sinew. Some are left unguarded. In physical exertion of any kind, these sensitive cords should be protected mechanically by an athletic supporter.

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Such men may very wisely wear a health supporter . . . both for comfort and safety.

Wallace Wade

Head Football Coach
University of Alabama

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THE HEALTH SUPPORTER

(Continued from Page 60)

The driver silently presented his tariff of rates. Three dollars an hour; 10 per cent additional for the Bad Roads; 50 per cent additional for the Abominable Weathers. They laughed. Well, they'd sure like to see him collect. Then it dawned on the pair that the driver and his adherents were fully prepared to collect. Two of them darted off and brought up reënforcements from a gang of coolies who were unloading grain from a car.

"Oh, all right, here it is," said Hardtack good-naturedly, digging up a bill. It required fully ten minutes and a canvass of everybody's pockets to bring up the necessary change, but at last the transaction was closed. "Come on," Hardtack urged. "Let's beat it. We can go up the line a piece and wait for a rattler to come."

They left the driver haggling with his friends and started for the mountains. "Well," said Hardtack, not without satisfaction, "we're shet of the last of that phony money anyhow. What's left is all O. K."

They trudged along the track, carrying their suitcases. A freight passed them, but it was going the wrong way.

"Suppose we miss this here army altogether and get lost up in them hills?" asked Wally.

"It won't be the first time we've been lost. And we got the money to buy food and a bed."

Wally's only reply was: "Yeh, but they could bump a guy off away out here and nobody'd ever miss him."

Soon they heard the shriek of a locomotive's whistle behind them; a train of seven or eight cars came toiling and panting up the grade. Three were passenger coaches; the others were coal cars, but full of soldiers. The train pulled onto a siding and—"Where's the commanding officer of this outfit?" yelled Hardtack.

The soldiers stared at the two Americans. Most of them looked apathetic; some were surly and hostile; a few grinned, but these were young boys of twelve or thirteen years, decked out in uniform. Yes, they were soldiers, too, either in the army for adventure or recruited by force. After a wait of several minutes and a lot of discussion among themselves, one of the soldiers waved his arm toward the rear passenger coach, whereupon Hardtack and Wally picked up their suitcases and made for it. This car was filled with officers, all engaged in eating. They gaped at the new arrivals.

"Well," a voice queried, "where did you fellows come from?"

A squat, corpulent Chinaman sat on a stool on the back platform, surrounded by several officers with swords and medals and everything. He wore no insignia of any kind and his blouse was open for comfort, but anybody could see who was the boss. The two marched straight up to him, dropped their suitcases, clicked their heels together and gave him the best they had in the way of a salute.

"Sir," said Hardtack.

"Sir," said Wally.

"Report for duty, sir," added Hardtack.

The general looked interested. "You're soldiers, I see. What're you doing here?"

"They told us we'd find your headquarters somewhere near here, general." Hardtack was clipping his words like a shavetail trying to impress a brigadier; and without further parley he fished the commissions from his pocketbook and solemnly handed them to the commander. That dignitary made a motion of the hand to an aide to take them.

"What's he talking about?" he asked.

The aide glanced over the documents, his brows puckered. He pursed his lips, then he said something in Chinese to his chief.

"What is this—a joke?" barked the general, turning a gimlet glance on Hardtack.

"No, sir; they're our commissions. Mr. Kwak said — "

"Who is Kwak? And what commissions are you talking about? These papers say you're a couple of missionaries and ——"

"But the seals, general!" protested Hardtack, his wits floundering. "And Marshal Chang's signature—right there his own mark. We paid near a thousand dollars for them commissions, sir. Look—one is for a general."

A moment of bewilderment and then the full beauty of the hoax burst on those Chinks. Nothing appeals to the Chinese mind like a joke on a foreigner. They roared and rocked with laughter; they cackled and shouted; they patted their aching tummies and wiped the tears from their eyes. It took two aides to hold the general upright in his chair, and for days afterward he could never look at either Hardtack or Wally without exploding into guffaws.

"Chin up, there!" snapped Hardtack out of the corner of his mouth. "We've been burnt, but let's show 'em some stuff."

And throughout the entire outburst they stood at attention like ramrods. It finally impressed the general and he tried to stop laughing, but the tears continued to roll down his cheeks; and after a couple of feeble efforts to say something he gave up and just sat and flapped his hands.

Finally an aide mastered his voice. "The general," he announced, "he want to know if you work machine gun maybe, yes?" And then he, too, drooled off into gurglings and happy tears.

Well, a down train loaded with grain came along and passed them, and the troop-train engineer whistled for the start. The general beckoned Hardtack and Wally aboard, and about the time the outfit reached the Great Wall they had come to an understanding. No machine guns for them; transport was their specialty, so the commander said he would give them a trial. Let them take provisional charge of the wagon transport and he would see what they did with it. Meanwhile, his officers would outfit them with uniforms suitable to their rank of captains.

"If," remarked Hardtack, as they sighted the Great Wall, begun two hundred years before Christ by the Emperor Tsin, which meanders over mountain tops and across hills for fifteen hundred miles—"if we wasn't too far from Peking to walk back I'd hop off and shake this bunch right now."

"Not a chance," Wally answered. "They're watching us like hawks."

Surveillance began the moment the general assigned them to duty. They went into the next car forward, and immediately several soldiers wandered in and found seats not far from them. And throughout their entire stay with the army never less than two kept tabs on each of the Americans. "You'd think I was a cash boy," grumbled Hardtack.

After more switching and several long waits, the train emerged from the mountains into a vast valley that reminded them of parts of Arizona. Across this they traveled all night, and shortly after daybreak stopped. The outfit detrained and marched into a walled town. Here the force had its headquarters. They estimated that the general had close to three thousand men under his command.

The place was a human sty, where pigs wandered at will through the muck of narrow streets and in and out of the hovels. Ruins of former grandeur were not lacking, however, and several once-pretentious houses stood in their own compounds, but these were occupied by the commander and his staff, and Hardtack and Wally obtained only glimpses through the gates. Their own outfit was billeted with some infantry in an ancient temple, whence all the priests had fled except one filthy septuagenarian who risked his hide to linger for whatsoever protection he could give the shrines. That was nil. The soldiers did not molest the old man, but simply ignored him or brushed him aside. They slept where they pleased within the sacred precincts; they tore down wood carvings and sections of the walls for fuel. Portions of the shrine were deliberately wrecked in a search for possible treasure, and ——

"Say, maybe these birds ain't hard-boiled!" said Wally. "I bet we haven't got a man in the outfit who wouldn't bump you off for a nickel."

"Sure! Most of 'em are outlaws. Seems like when a Chink joins up he does it for the loot."

"When it comes to that ——" said Wally, with a wry grin.

"Yeh, but the difference is we don't get any. Remember how we figured on growin' rich out of this? Why, there ain't enough left in this country to feed a buzzard! Why, a piece of string is important here! It's plucked as clean as a bone."

The whole country in fact looked as bare and desolate as the dusty adobe hovels in the town. Not long before, another force had passed that way, making a thorough sweep. Yet the peasants were again at work in the fields, plowing and raking in between the myriads of little mounds where reposed the bones of their ancestors.

"Say, don't the fields in China look like a bee farm at a distance?" said Wally. "I wonder how much tillable land they waste by this system anyhow."

"About a third, at the least."

"But some of 'em give grandpa a mighty close shave," Wally observed, as a plow took another slice off the side of a mound.

Here were these peasants, plucked clean and left to starve, going back to work to raise another crop and another generation, destined, in all probability, to endure the same miseries.

"Gosh, what won't men do to keep alive, even though they ain't got a thing to live for?" Hardtack muttered.

"These people're in fine shape compared to millions of 'em down South. A guy told me there're a hundred and sixty million people in China who're never sure of more'n the next meal. If they get one square a day they're playing in luck—just a toe hold on life. And there's forty million or so who live on their kinfolks too."

"Go on!" retorted Hardtack. "How come?"

"Well, it seems like it's part of their religion, or something. Anyhow, they've been taught to help out their kin when they get anything. A bird named now Confucius, or something—yes, Confucius—he learned 'em that."

"He musta been an orphan."

"Do you mind that boy in Tientsin—the first one we met up with? He told me he knew an American who hired a Chinese girl for a servant, and when the poor kid drew her first month's wages there were eighteen of her kinfolks waiting on the steps to get a slice."

Hardtack chewed thoughtfully awhile. "We're always hearing," he remarked, "about how grand it is to give, but nobody ever lets out a cheep about the ones who get it. How about them, huh? What does it do to them? In nine cases out of ten it makes panhandlers outa them. Yes, sir. Forty million—holy mackerel! No wonder this country never gets more'n a toe hold."

Wally pointed to a clear space under the city wall. "Lookit those babies trying to drill, will you?"

Two squads of recruits in yellowish gray were doing the goose step. Out beyond them a line of skirmishers was advancing, the men running forward by twos and threes and then throwing themselves flat. What to do with the rifles seemed to puzzle them.

"I reckon we made a good bet when we took up with the wagons, even if we don't get paid," remarked Hardtack. "Yes, sir, gimme my hard-tails any day."

"And speakin' of hard-tails, ain't it about time we got on the job?"

"Maybe so," said Hardtack reluctantly.

They were in charge of the transport, consisting of about a hundred carts drawn by donkeys and shaggy little Chinese horses. A rickety, dirty, slovenly outfit, but the amount of stuff they could haul was astounding. It was Hardtack's job to inject some sort of order and system into this mob, and he had his hands full. Then

(Continued on Page 65)

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(Continued from Page 63)

the food—neither could even look at rice and dried fish after three days, and they had to be careful about showing money when they bought any fruit in the town. Everywhere they moved, soldiers tagged them, and when ordered away would pretend they did not understand.

One by one the things they had brought with them vanished. Finally Wally lost his suitcase and tobacco, and transport morale was utterly shattered. He roared and stormed, but it did no good. The general laughed when told about it. Then he grew stern and expressed a hope that the Americans would show more alertness with the army property intrusted to them.

"Even when you boil this water, I got my suspicions of it," Hardtack growled, sniffing at his canteen. "And this uniform! Do you reckon smokin' it was enough?"

"Let's beat it."

"Sure—but how?"

"Anything's better'n this. I'd 'most as lief be shot as stick here much longer."

"Yeh, but go easy. Maybe a chance'll turn up."

Pay day arrived first, and with pay day came commotion. There was no money for the troops. Also, there was no paymaster. Sometime between a sunset and a dawn he had drifted, and rumor had it that he was heading for a port city to take refuge in the foreign concession there. The soldiers had not been paid in months, and when the news leaked out, the only ingredient required to start a mutiny was leadership.

The general tried to nip the crisis. The paymaster had slipped through his fingers, but there remained two assistants whose palms he pretended to suspect and he ordered their public execution. A parade of the culprits through the town, followed by the lopping of heads. The spectacle provided an agreeable holiday for the army and populace, but did not satisfy the soldiers. Their temper grew uglier every day. Then suddenly they received a considerable portion of back pay and simultaneously orders were issued to break camp.

"I hear," Hardtack whispered, as they were superintending the loading of the carts—"I hear the ol' boy's sold out and gone over to the other side."

"Which other side?"

"What's the difference? There're a thousand of 'em. He's joined the Stewpan of Something or other. Anyhow, he's headin' outa here, and if we don't break away now we never will."

"All right," Wally assented.

The populace watched the preparations for departure silently, their relief overshadowed by misgivings. They kept out of the way as much as possible; many remained in their houses, with doors barred.

At last the army was ready to move. Then the general called the headman and five of the most prominent citizens before him and demanded money and provisions for his troops. In vain they protested there was nothing left; in vain they entreated for mercy. He ordered them to be taken out and tortured. Their homes were searched, their households flogged. It was the signal for a general sacking of the town.

The soldiers broke down doors, seized everything they thought worth carrying away, and what they did not want they hurled into the streets. They tied up and beat those who refused to disgorge; they wantonly killed a number. Soon flames burst out at several points to add to the horror, and a pall of smoke obscured the pillage. Through the dust and confusion and billowing clouds darted uniformed figures, each man intent on securing whatsoever pitiable hoard of savings or supply of grain he could unearth. They screamed and fought over this petty loot; and above the turmoil rose the shrieks of women and wails of children and old men struck down.

"Here!" Hardtack panted, tugging at the reins of a stubborn pony. "Get aboard one of these and let's go. Now's our chance. Nobody's looking!"

The long line of carts was drawn up just inside the city wall near the main gate. They waited there to load the loot on top of the stuff they were already carrying, but half the outfit had joined the sack and the rest were too engrossed to notice the Americans. The two trotted through the gate with its human heads and started at a gallop southward.

Now a Chinese pony is less than a half portion, but every pound of him is concentrated power. They loped mile after mile along the broken rutted road, and the dust choked them and they grew weary and sore, but the ponies appeared hardly to draw a long breath. Darkness fell, but they kept on. Then Hardtack's pony stumbled and he went over its head. Luckily he clung to the reins, but the going was too rough in the dark, and perceiving a solitary light some distance off the highway, they made toward it. A village, tight shut and in darkness except for the figure of one man searching for something with a lamp made of the lid of a tin can.

There was a rush of dogs, snarling and yelping. They scared them off; but long after they had passed the place, the half-wild mangy curs kept up their jackal-like howling. The two stopped under a tree out in a field, tied the ponies securely and snuggled up for warmth under the shreds of a saddle blanket; but it was bitterly cold and they shivered miserably until dawn. Then they saddled and ambled back to the village, where the offer of half a dollar brought out grain for the horses and some rice and tea for themselves.

During the next six weeks they wandered through China, doing their best to steer southward, but constantly driven in other directions to avoid troops and large towns. The main roads were alive with travel—a constant stream of coolies with their burdens, long lines of pack burros, camel trains and ox-drawn carts. To avoid these they made frequent detours, but more than once narrowly missed running into bands of soldiers.

The ponies were now worn out and saddle sore, and both men could have hired out for scarecrows. Hunger and dirt had done their work. Numbed with fatigue, their hair and beards matted with dust, they rode in wordless desperation. Frequently now they espied small burial parties, hurrying to get rid of their dead, for cholera was raging through the province on the heels of famine and the peasants were selling their girls and young children to dealers who would put them up in the slave-markets of the big towns.

One night they put up at a small village whose remoteness and size seemed to promise immunity. But about midnight they were wakened by a clatter of hoofs, and a band of marauders galloped into the place. No resistance was offered by the inhabitants, and Hardtack and Wally were too far gone to think of it. They ducked at the first shots fired to scare the people and streaked across the fields to a blur of ancestral graves, where they hid until the bandits had done their work and departed. When they crept back about daybreak the ponies were gone, and the villagers stood around crying and moaning and lamenting their losses.

"So!" said Hardtack. "What'll we do now?"

Wally sat down and removed one of his shoes. After a squint at the sole—"We've still got a li'l' money left. We'll just have to leg it, I reckon."

They were afraid to hire coolies to carry them lest the natives should take advantage of their helpless condition to rob. So they set out afoot. A week later they lost the scant store of money remaining. One morning Wally woke in a village where they had taken shelter for the night and let out a yell. His shoes were gone. So was the master of the house, with every member of his family. They hunted and threatened, making liberal display of automatics, but when they departed from the place Wally was walking in his socks. And now they were down to the loose change in their pockets—sufficient for a few days at the most.

At last they sighted a small town and came to a river; and there at a ramshackle jetty lay a big boat that looked like a cross between an ancient galleon and a Noah's ark. It had a paddle wheel at the stern, and the sides and poop were painted in weird designs. A paddle wheel, but no smokestack! There was a sort of sail, but why the paddle wheel? What propelled it?

They were soon to discover. The boat was headed downstream, and even as they watched, they saw preparations being made to cast off. Without an instant's hesitation both broke into a run, and just as the Noah's ark began to move away from the jetty they sprang aboard.

Shouts of consternation, and several Chinamen rushed to the bow, where stood an ancient rusty cannon that would have jarred Confucius had it ever been fired. Hardtack and Wally opened their arms wide in token of peaceful intention. They even tried to grin. Finally two came forward very slowly. Neither could speak English, but Wally endeavored to explain by signs that they wished to take passage and had no money.

The turned-out empty pockets of the barbarians spoke a language the boatmen understood. They drew off and consulted together. Then one of them motioned to the pair to follow him and led the way to the lower deck. There he pointed to a species of treadmill up which a number of Chinamen were walking. At each step they took, the step came down to give place to another. Here was the mystery. Here was the engine room. These men were driving the paddle wheel. They grinned broadly at the Americans and several made signs signifying readiness to surrender their places.

And in such fashion did the two soldiers of fortune arrive at Canton, that teeming, sinister hive of filth and wonders. Through the massed ranks of sampans and river boats on which live the floating population of the city, the scores of thousands who carry on a water jitney service and seldom set foot ashore, who are born aboard their boats, marry there and die there, who at night dart along the planks laid across the sterns of the tethered craft as though they were sidewalks, whose children play along the rails and over the sweeps, a block of wood tied to the back so they may float if they fall overboard—through the dense swarms of these river rats their boat moved slowly toward its pier. Hardtack and Wally were still trudging on the treadmill; twelve men in all drove the big paddle wheel. The two had become accustomed to it and even derived some fun out of chaffing with their fellow workers.

"Gosh!" exclaimed Hardtack. "I bet I walk like I was going uphill all the rest of my life. You see if I don't!"

Suddenly they sighted a long, low gray craft anchored in the stream. Surely—it couldn't be—yes, it was—a destroyer.

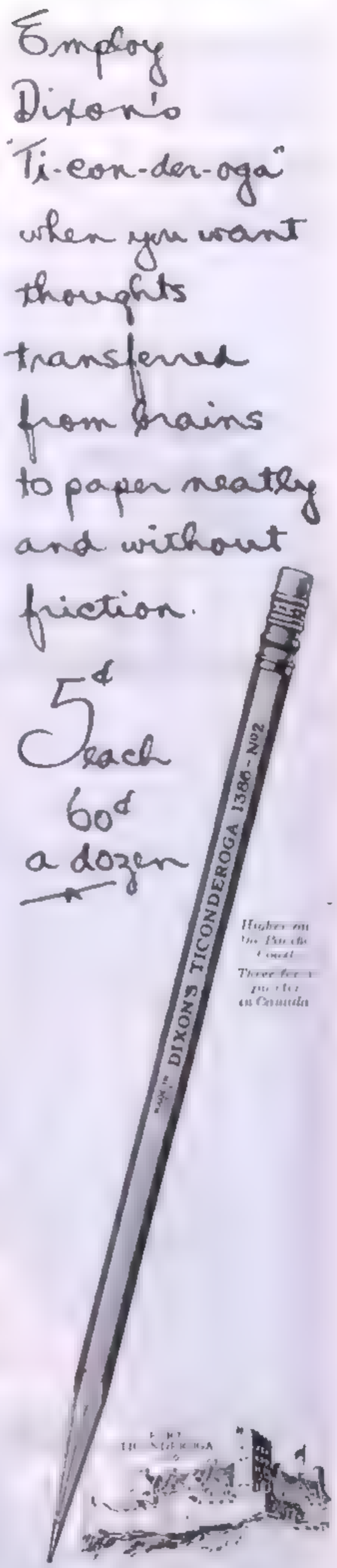
"Lookit there, Hardtack—the Stars and Stripes!" Wally began to blubber from sheer weakness.

Two hours later they had contrived to reach the Sha-mien, the tiny island concession separated from Canton by a narrow strip of water. And now all they had to do was to bum their way home. With the hard-luck story they had to tell, the prospect struck them as easy. Their appearance alone would prompt any white man to help.

A passage to Hong-Kong and a few dollars to see them on their way. After that, it was up to them. Fair enough! They thanked the consul and went out to slick up and get some real food.

Waiting for them at the far end of the bridge between the Sha-mien and the city loitered three or four watchful Chinks who had shared their chow with the travelers coming down the river. This was disappointing, but cumshaw was due; so they paid over a couple of precious dollars, and the same afternoon went aboard a British steamer for Hong-Kong.

Barred doors separated first from second class passengers; the bridge and officers'



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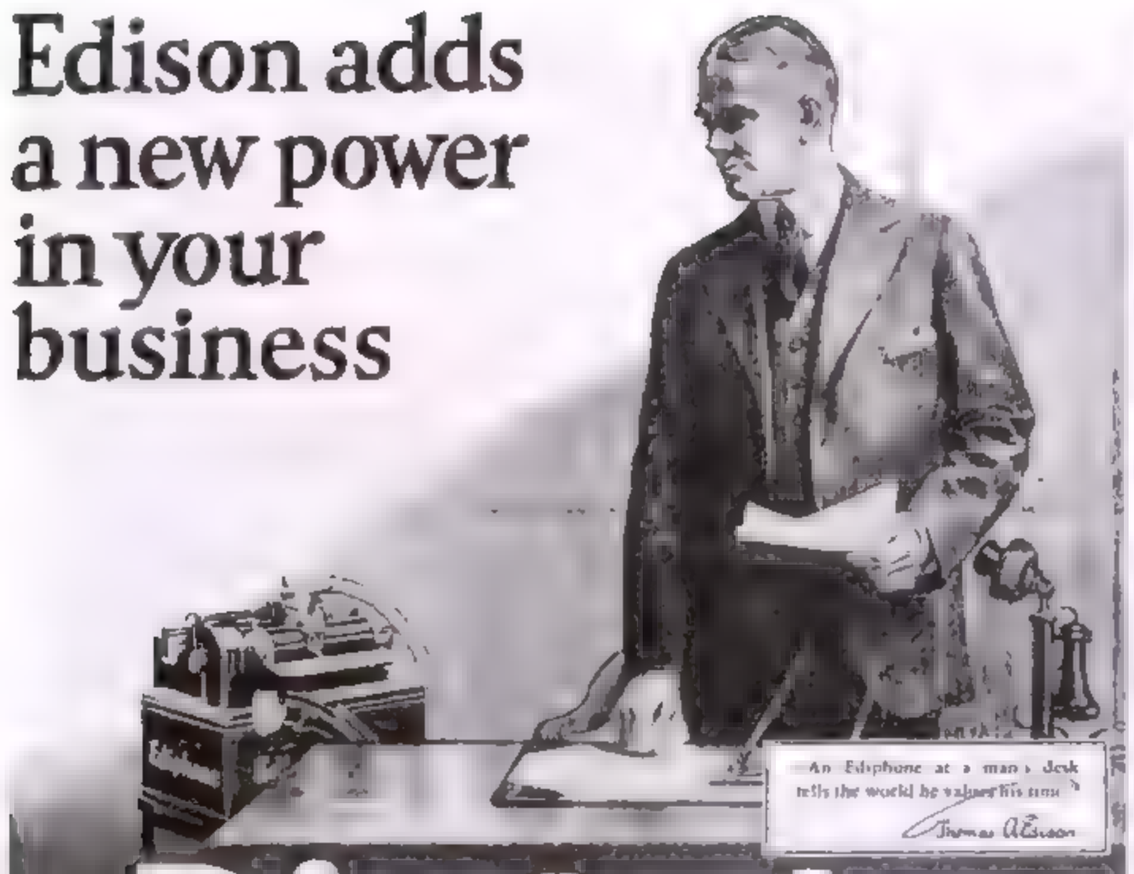

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quarters were even better protected. Indian soldiers with rifles patroled the decks and every Chinaman who came aboard had to pass inspection.

"You can't beat 'em, though," observed the purser to Wally. "When I was on the run from Shanghai to Tientsin, we used to search the crew regular; but I've seen 'em smuggle in six thousand pounds of contraband on one trip, all the same."

"Is it true they sell live snakes in the butcher shops in Canton?"

"Sure! They cut 'em up for you any way you like. Snakes're a delicacy. But they'll eat anything, when it comes to that."

"Which," inquired Hardtack, "is the choice cut of a snake?"

Nothing happened during the voyage to Hong-Kong, and from there they were passed on to Tientsin; but hard-luck stories are old stuff to consuls the world over, and theirs did not get over so big as it had done in Canton, where their condition told the tale. Nevertheless they managed to secure a passage and enough to keep them in smokes en route.

"Well, we're sittin' pretty now, boy," exclaimed Hardtack as they loafed on deck and watched the glorious panorama of coast and islands. "Yes, sir, our troubles're over. When we get to Tientsin ——"

"Yeh, when we get to Tientsin! What'll we do then, you big lummox? What'll we do then? Hard up and busted and ten thousand miles from home!"

"Another hitch sounds sort of good to me right now," Hardtack replied. "That's a fine bunch of boys we got at Tientsin."

Wally eyed him sharply. "D'you know," he said, "I was thinkin' that very same thing myself. Only," he added, "it ain't like we'll be generals."

This conversation took place in late afternoon. The weather was cloudless, the sea smooth and sparkling, the world smiled. And the pair idled about, dozing off from time to time, filled with ineffable content. When they woke, they started to shoot craps for mind bets and Hardtack won eleven million dollars, Mex. Then a hearty meal, and Wally said, "What do you say to some sleep?" Hardtack opined he would say hello, and they went to their bunks.

How long they slept neither could tell, but it seemed only a minute when a series of shots brought them upright. A patter of feet along the deck, yells, oaths and shouted queries in English; then sudden quiet. As they stared at each other, wondering what was up, the hubbub broke out again and they heard men running along the corridor. Next instant their door flew open, the light was switched on and a bunch of Chinese burst in. The leader was dressed in European clothes. He covered them with an automatic while those behind pushed forward and proceeded to hobble their hands and feet.

"Darn!" said Hardtack, too accustomed to misfortune for surprise. "Double darn! Don't say anything, Wally. I'd liefer think this is just a nightmare."

The banter prompted the chief to step closer for a look at him.

"Oho, so it's you, hey?" he said in excellent English. "Then I guess we don't get anything. I heard about you guys in Canton. I was right behind you when you came aboard at Hong-Kong too."

He jabbered some orders and they tied Hardtack and Wally fast to the iron beds. A search of their pockets discovering nothing beyond a few dollars in change, the gang grew angry and started to drag off the Americans' clothes.

"Here! Wait a minute! Wait a minute!" Hardtack protested. "Where's your modesty, anyhow?"

"They won't hurt you if you don't hold out on them," answered the leader. "But if you've got anything, I'd advise you to give up."

They assured him they did not have the price of a fag. Nevertheless the pirates stripped both down to their shorts and tested the soles of their shoes and made them open their mouths. They even felt in their hair and nostrils. Then they began to get rough, but the chief interposed. He barked a command and they obeyed with

(Continued on Page 68)

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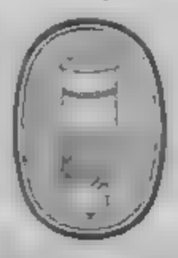

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(Continued from Page 66)

perfect discipline. Leaving Hardtack and Wally helpless in their berths, they surged out and up to the deck. However, they took the clothes along with them.

The chief lingered a moment. Pride glowed in his bearing. "Well, what d'you think of our work, anyhow?" he inquired.

"Mighty snappy. How did you get aboard?"

"Passengers. There're seventeen of us and we've been working this up for a month. Do you know how much it's cost us to put spotters on this ship and fix everything up?"

"Huh-uh."

"A coupla grand. That's a lot of money."

"I'll say it is. What happened up there?"

The pirate grinned. "Nothing much. Everything was so peaceful, we surprised 'em. We had to shoot the chief engineer, though."

"What do you aim to do with us?"

"That's your lookout. As soon as we get what we came after, we'll beat it. Say, why don't you guys join us? We could use a couple of live ones like you, and there's big money in it. You'd soon learn the game."

"No," said Hardtack politely. "Thanks all the same."

"It's a good place," the pirate admitted. "Well, so long." He slammed the door behind him.

The sound of his steps had barely died away when another row burst out above. Not long afterward clouds of smoke penetrated through the corridors, almost suffocating them. More shots; then a fusillade and a rush of feet along the decks. They heard, too, a party of men hunting somewhere, banging doors and hammering at partitions. Next came a distant shout and what sounded like a general gathering of the pirates.

They learned later that a band of them had at last discovered the Chinese comprador hidden in the coal. Him they dragged out, clamoring for his cash box and the bullion the ship carried. It so happened that the expected shipment of bullion was not aboard, but the comprador had three thousand dollars of his own securely cached. He wailed and wept and protested to high heaven, but it was no use. They began to beat him; then applied torture; but the comprador would die before he told them where his money was. He cowered and shrieked under blows and cuts; he withstood the lighted ends of cigarettes against his bare feet, but he would not tell. And so, losing patience, they rushed him to the side and threw him overboard. A couple of passengers had just gone the same route.

Meanwhile a shift in the wind carried the fire the pirates had started in order to smoke out three barricaded officers, in the wrong direction, threatening the whole ship, and the band found themselves in danger. Yet they went about the job unhurried.

They stuck to the ship despite the spreading flames, standing over the man at the wheel to make sure he was steering as ordered. No attempt was made to put out the fire. Some of the pirates calmly gathered in the dining room and had a mortal gorge; others continued the search of the ship. They contrived to open the safe with a blow torch, but found little for their trouble.

Lying helpless in the dark, the two prisoners could hear the gang moving about. An occasional shot was fired. The smoke grew denser.

"I wonder where they're headin'," said Wally. "We're moving right along. Good speed too."

"Bias Bay, I reckon. It's like they've cut the wireless. Say, unless something happens soon, we're liable to smother to death in here. Try and see if you can't wiggle loose."

A very short struggle convinced them it was impossible. And the hours passed. Finally they heard another babel of conference, then shouted orders, followed by the whine of ropes. The pirates were lowering boats to abandon ship.

Just before daybreak the door opened again and a ship's officer entered and switched on the lights. "Well," he said, "you're alive, I see. You're lucky."

"Sometimes I wonder," answered Hardtack wearily.

A destroyer came tearing out of the cold gray dawn in answer to frantic calls sent out by the repaired wireless, and drew alongside. The fire had burned itself out, the injured were being cared for and nothing remained to be done except round up the pirates. As a starter, they arrested a number of second-class passengers whose faces were against them.

"Gee, if they go by looks, they might as well grab the whole lot," Wally whispered.

"Sure! What'd any pirates be stickin' round here for when they could've got away in them boats four hours ago?"

Having done all it could, the destroyer sped away to scour the seas for the fleeing boats, and the ship resumed its course. Hardtack and Wally were later transferred to another ship, finally reaching Tientsin several days late. When they went ashore from where they had started so full of hope, the latter was clad in a pair of borrowed trousers and a sweater, and Hardtack sported shorts and an overcoat.

"Come on, Little Lord Fauntleroy," cooed Wally. "Let's grab rickshas and hit for the barracks. We'll soon be hunky-dory."

"I'll say we will. The first thing I aim to do is go see the colonel. Yes, sir! Say, you remember him up front when he was chief of staff? Many a time I've seen him limpin' round with that busted ankle. I sure hope he remembers us."

"I hope he don't."

"Anyhow, he's sure to give us a handout for ol' time's sake."

They were moving smoothly along one of the concession streets when Hardtack abruptly stopped his ricksha. Two Chinamen were strolling along the sidewalk, engaged in care-free conversation. One of them was large and fat and wore a rich black silk jacket over a gray robe. Content fairly radiated from him; he carried a bird on a stick and his countenance was wreathed in smiles.

"Looka there!" whispered Hardtack, bringing his ricksha sharply around until his back was to the two pedestrians. "Don't let him see you—quick!"

"By gosh, it is! It's him, sure enough!"

"Let's get out and trail him and find out where he lives. You follow along behind, boy, see?—way behind."

All oblivious of the stalkers, Mr. Kwak Ban Fatt and his cousin continued on their way, happy in the sunshine and the prospect of a large meal ahead. And behind Hardtack and Wally meandered a couple of ricksha boys, wondering what those foreign devils might be up to now, but not caring much.

Copy of letter addressed to the commanding general of the American forces in Tientsin:

His Excelleney: It is generally believe among the intellectuals in China that every races to live under the laws of the United States, there will be peace and comfort when do. In this view I am boldly solely entered to this place from the disturb China at this February with a strongly believed that the U.S. shall give me comfort by her policemens and tough guys.

Very intentionally last evening two evilly disposed persons secret made a snick up on my house and stealthily opened the key which locked on the sport tug.

When that devil he was unlocking, I refused her in loud voice. He not only stoped his stealthing by my voice but also say bad words and strick me severely. Of course I am going to ask that rascal the matter, but the other also anxious to strick me on that time very much and she do. Both do. That rascal both strick me and tear up my house so to find what hid den, but no get.

Except this additional clause, I have already told it to my cousin, Ho-Hung Lin, and also Li Za Non. So we beg His Excellency to g.ve me a good justice and pay me hurts and chop off heads of evilly disposed rascal.

I remain, sir,

Your obedient servant,

KWAK BAN FATT.

UPHOLSTERY THAT EXPRESSES THE ATMOSPHERE OF HOME

THE widespread use of CA-VEL fabrics for closed car upholstery is something more than a vogue. Temporary fashions issue decrees that people often obey without sustaining reasons. CA-VEL, however, has earned its predominating preference because of definite superiorities unrelated to fashion's whims. The majority of fine car makers upholster their sedans, coaches and coupes with these exquisite velvets of enduring beauty, because they fulfill more completely than any other textile the most exacting requirements of appearance and wear.

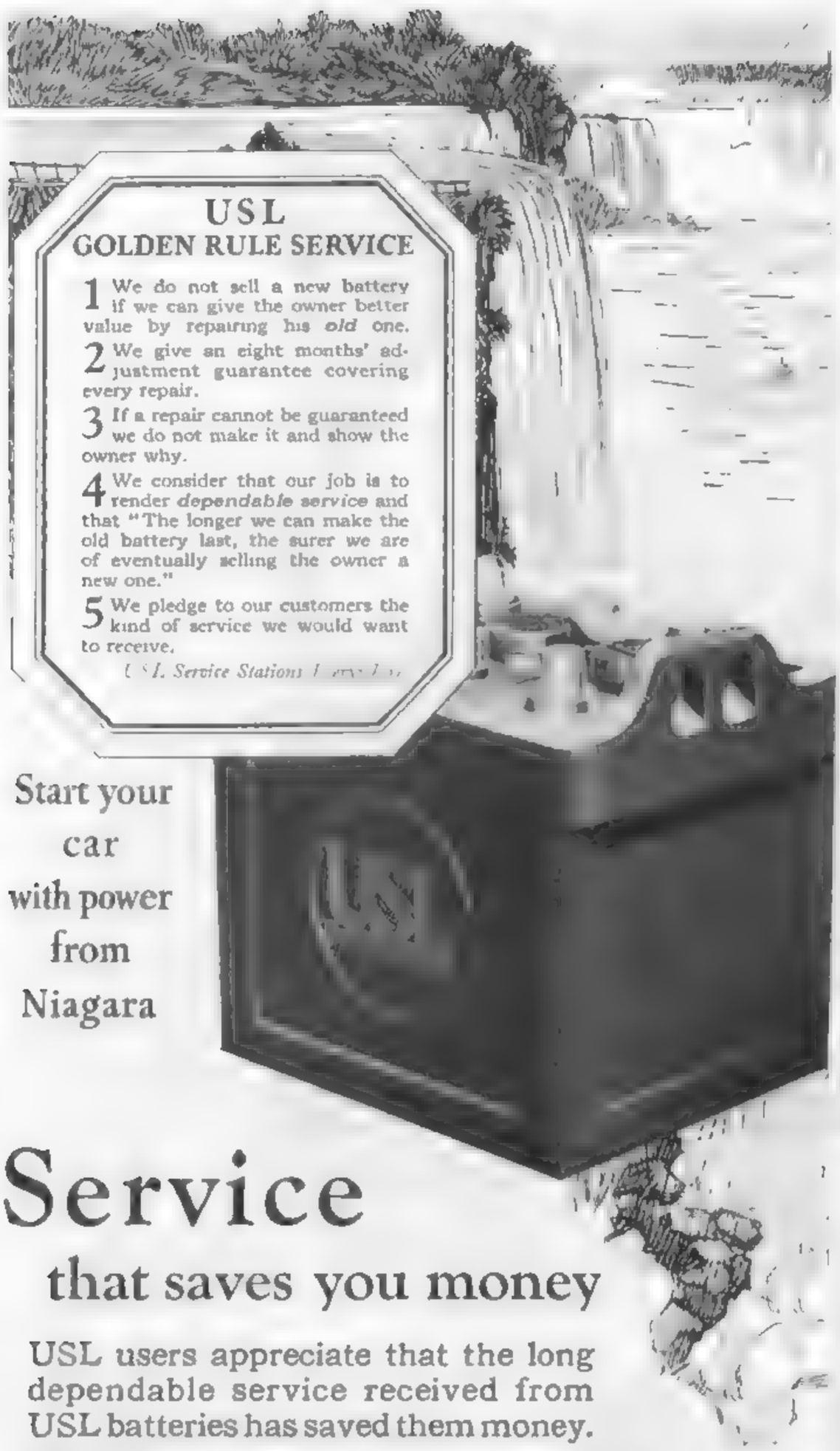
Women are enthusiastic over the merits of CA-VEL for car upholstery, just as they warmly favor it for chair coverings, curtains and drapes. They like to have the cars they use for social engagements and shopping reflect the good taste of their homes.

CA-VEL upholstery, with its rich colors and glowing texture, suggests the beauty of one's living room. It absorbs wear amazingly. The yielding surface never becomes ruffled.

To assure yourself of fine appearance, long wear and extra re-sale value, CA-VEL is a good name to remember when you buy your next closed car. Collins & Aikman Company, Established 1845, New York City.

CA-VEL

VELVETS OF ENDURING BEAUTY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GOLDEN RULE SERVICE
1 We do not sell a new battery if we can give the owner better value by repairing his old one.
2 We give an eight months' adjustment guarantee covering every repair.
3 If a repair cannot be guaranteed we do not make it and show the owner why.
4 We consider that our job is to render dependable service and that "The longer we can make the old battery last, the surer we are of eventually selling the owner a new one."
5 We pledge to our customers the kind of service we would want to receive.
U S L Service Stations Everywhere
Start your car with power from Niagara
Service
that saves you money
USL users appreciate that the long dependable service received from USL batteries has saved them money.
But there is another form of battery service that will save you money no matter what make of battery you own. It is USL Golden Rule Service, available at USL service stations everywhere.
When you need a new battery get a USL and you are assured of long, continuous service at lowest cost.
USL prices have been greatly reduced. You can now buy a USL battery as low as $11.75.
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NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.
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Also builders of USL "Niagara" Dry Batteries
Farm Light Batteries
Electric Arc Welders
USL AUTO and RADIO Batteries
13,000 USL SERVICE STATIONS AND DEALERS ARE AT YOUR SERVICE

THE ZEPPELINS

(Continued from Page 41)

principles of airship operations. Fritz visited me in Friedrichshafen after the war and gave the details of his flight. I am repeating his story here because it illustrates the manner in which a skilled commander and crew can manage to save themselves in case their ship is lost, even in a most violent winter snowstorm.

"I knew, when we finally turned homeward, shortly after noon," said Fritz, "that we would be up against some trouble. A southerly breeze had sprung up and was now steadily increasing. The horizon in the south held dark and ugly-looking cloud banks. On top of this our No. 2 engine had been bucking several times and could not be trusted to hold out. Soon, while crossing the Skager Rack, we met a stiff head wind, which began to kick up the sea below us. When the first rain squalls came on with violent gust I realized that in the event of further trouble we could not hope to land and float on the sea until assistance should arrive. For a moment I thought of crossing over eastward to the Baltic through the Cattegat and Belts with the wind abeam, but the distance to German soil would be at least thrice as far that way. We might have better weather there, but we could not know how much better.

"I decided to run straight south, following the Danish coast, so as to land when it should become unavoidable. Shortly after two o'clock our sick engine died on us. I had long ago given up the idea of making our station at Hamburg, but still had hopes of reaching Northern Schleswig, where I could possibly have some assistance at the Tondern airship station, then under construction.

"After three o'clock the wind began blowing with gale force and violent snow squalls set in. At times, looking down on the foaming and hissing sea, we seemed to be making no headway at all. I realized that we would never survive that night in the air, and since we would have to land somewhere in strange country anyway, I decided to land right then, before the dark winter night should make it more difficult. I selected the Danish island of Fano, which is flat and smooth, without any tall trees or other obstacles. Approaching it, I had all the ship's papers bundled together, including the secret code signal book with its lead covers, and dropped them in deep water."

Human Ballast

"When we brought the ship up into the wind toward a great flat and smooth expanse of land on the island, we had to use our two engines almost full out to make any speed at all. What followed was a nice and precise landing maneuver, just as in the days when we were practicing at Hamburg. You remember that one stiff storm in which we experimented, mooring our ship on the three heavy anchor chains laid out on the field? We could hold the ship in the air in any place we wanted. Well, this was just about the same situation.

"I went close down to the ground, perhaps thirty feet over the surface, making not more than a mile or two headway. I had previously instructed four men from each car to clamber down on the handling lines which I had paid out everywhere from the cars.

"On a signal from my hand out of the control-car window as they approached the ground, they let go and jumped down. I valved hydrogen sometime before and during this period to prevent the ship from rising too suddenly when relieved of their weight, but they all jumped at once and none was hurt.

"With this ground crew of eight, the second landing, or the real landing, as I must call it, was fairly easy. I dropped both anchor ropes from the nose of the ship and they took them apart, hauling in the slack as they could get it. At this moment another vicious-looking snow squall was approaching, so I ordered all men to the forward car, opening all hydrogen valves at the same time. I had other men stand ready and jump immediately when a gust of wind brought the ship close to the ground. After that the effect of the valving made itself felt, the ship became heavy and we permitted her to come down finally. She hit the ground heavily with both cars, while the rest of the crew jumped. A gust struck her and dashed her against the surface. I had remained inside the control car with only the elevator man, and we both left the ship, which was now an empty shell, still living, with her engines throbbing, but doomed to destruction. It was evident that we would not be able to hold her very long, and if we did she would remain in Denmark anyway. Her frame had broken in the middle.

"Still I hesitated a moment. She was my first ship. I could hardly steel myself to let her go. The snow squall was now upon us. It made the decision for me. It struck with a furious blast, and blinding masses of snow made the earth as dark as night. The ship was pressed hard down on the ground, but soon began to drag our few men with irresistible force. The bombs, instruments and other apparatus were taken out and the wreck temporarily moored. Then we set her afire."

Carried Off in a Derelict

"The Danish peasants whom we met after an hour spent walking about their island were frightened at first, thinking that Germany had declared war on Denmark. But when we explained they gave us food and shelter. Two days later the Danes sent a military escort to accompany us to an internment camp."

The experience of the L-4 was almost identical, only her occupants were less fortunate, or skillful, while landing their ship in the gale. Two of the men were injured and four others, who apparently missed the signal to jump to the ground, were carried off with the abandoned Zeppelin. No trace of them was ever found.

The L-8, while returning from the English coast early in March of that year, was navigated by mistake only 1000 feet high over the enemy lines in Belgium near Nieuport and of course was badly damaged by artillery fire. Four of her huge gas cells were blown out, but she was nearly successful in the attempt to reach her station at Düren, in the Rhineland. Bad weather, severe storms and heavy rains, however, forced her down near Tirlemont in Belgium. The crew saved themselves and moored the ship, but she was damaged and was so mauled about by the wind within a few hours after stranding that she had to be dismantled.

The L-7, which had raided England in company with two other Zeppelins, was shot down by a British cruiser the following year, near Hornsriff, off Denmark. She was patrolling in an altitude of 4000 feet when she encountered haze. Before her crew knew it they were over a group of enemy vessels. Turning in their course, they were further surprised by more of the enemy, who reached her with shrapnel and set several gas cells leaking. As she escaped, her commander wirelessed that he would have to alight at sea. Destroyers and submarines speeded to the rescue, but failed to locate the L-7. The enemy had reached her first. A British submarine had attacked the Zeppelin while it was floating helplessly on the water. Gunfire set her ablaze. The captain, first officer and nine of the crew were killed and the rest of the crew were fished from the débris and captured by the enemy.

On my return from the eastern Front late in 1915, I learned that the L-10 had caught fire in the air near her station at Nordholz. The crew had been valving out gas while in a thunderstorm cloud—something they

(Continued on Page 72)

A Yardstick

Such as the automobile buyer never had before

Proves the Value of the Reo Flying Cloud

Many "yardsticks" for measuring motor car value have been displayed in advertisements and elsewhere.

Most of them gave all the advantage to the car whose makers prepared the advertisement.

That's natural—and easily possible.

But it has not been possible, until now, to measure all cars against an AUTHORITATIVE "yardstick" prepared by independent engineers who have nothing to sell.

Invaluable to Buyers

150 automotive engineers, members of the Metropolitan Section of the Society of Automotive Engineers (the well known S. A. E.), have sponsored a "yardstick" on which automobile buyers can rely.

They held a contest in January for designs of an "Ideal" automobile for the American family. 150 competed. Their specifications were synthetized into a single car which embodied the ideal specifications of the majority of these engineers.

Major Features of the "Ideal" Car

Six cylinders . . . 121-inch wheelbase . . . 3¼-inch bore, 5-inch stroke . . . seven-bearing crankshaft . . . aluminum pistons . . . spiral bevel gear final drive . . . single dry plate clutch . . . silchrome valves . . . shock absorbers . . . balloon tires . . . artillery wheels

These are the same as the specifications of the new Reo Flying Cloud. In fact, if you will check the long list of specifications of the "Ideal" car, at the right, with those of the Reo Flying Cloud, you'll find them virtually identical throughout.

No other automobile in the world even approaches the Flying Cloud in its identity with the "Ideal" car.

If you will ride in a Flying Cloud, if you will drive it over good roads and bad, over level stretches and high hills, you'll learn why 150 leading automotive engineers could find no better specifications for their ideal car than those of the Reo Flying Cloud.

Be sure to try one out.

THE REO FLYING CLOUD

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Lansing *Michigan*

Comparison of Specifications for M. S. S. A. E. Ideal Car and The Reo Flying Cloud Sedan

Points of Comparison	Ideal Car of M. S. S. A. E.	The Reo Flying Cloud
Wheelbase	121 inches	121 inches
Number of Cylinders	6	6
Type of Motor	L Head	L Head
Crankshaft	7 Bearings	7 Bearings
Bore	3½ inches	3½ inches
Stroke	5 inches	5 inches
Piston displacement	249 cu. in.	249 cu. in.
S. A. E. rating	25.2 h.p.	25.2 h.p.
Actual Horsepower	60	65
Motor Speed at Maximum H. P.	2800 rev.	2800 rev.
Gear Ratio	4.6	4.58
Pistons	Aluminum	Aluminum
Final drive	Spiral Bevel Gear	Spiral Bevel Gear
Lubrication	Pressure and Splash	All Pressure
Location of Valves	At side	At side
Intake Valve Material	Silchrome	Silchrome
Exhaust Valve Material	Silchrome	Silchrome
Pressed Steel Frame	Yes	Yes
Propulsion Through Springs	Yes	Yes
Torque Through Springs	Yes	Yes
Half-elliptic Springs	Yes	Yes
Rubber Spring Shackles	Yes	No
Balloon Tires	Yes	Yes
Artillery Type Wheels	Yes	Yes
Brakes —		
1. Foot Internal, 4-wheels	Direct, Mechanical	See note for newest development in industry
2. Hand-External Drive Shaft	Yes	Yes
Cam and Lever Steering Gear	Yes	Yes
Single Dry Plate Clutch	Yes	Yes
Gear Set Unit with Engine	Yes	Yes
Three Forward Speeds	Yes	Yes
Location of Piston Pin Bearing in Piston	Yes	Yes
Piston Rings	Four	Three
Integral Crankcase	Yes	Yes
Upper Half Cast Iron	Yes	Yes
Lower Half Pressed Steel	Yes	Yes
Engine Supports	Three	Four
Chain Timing Gear Drive	Yes	Yes
Counterbalances Used	Yes	Vibration damper
Oil Pump	Yes	Yes
Oil Cleaner	Yes	Yes
Oil Rectifier	Yes	No
Water Pump	Yes	Yes
Thermostat	Yes	Yes
Water Capacity 4 Gallons	Yes	Yes
Carburetor	1⅛ inches	1⅛ inches
Vacuum Fuel Feed	Yes	Yes
Air Cleaner—Inertia	Yes	Yes
Cigar Lighter	Yes	No
Battery, Generator and Starter	Yes	Yes
Sedan Body	Yes	Yes
Four Doors	Yes	Yes
Covering Materials, Broadcloth Upholstery, Top and Body Finish		Same (Also furnish mohair)
One-Piece Windshield	Yes	Yes
Snubbers or Shock Absorbers	Yes	Yes (See Note)
Car Heater	Yes	No
Bumpers	Yes	Yes Front and rear
Windshield Wiper	Yes	Yes, automatic
Cowl Ventilator	Yes	Yes
Dash Gas Gauge	Yes	Yes

N. B. 1 Since four-wheel, internal, expanding, hydraulic, two-shoe brakes made their first public appearance on the new Reo Flying Cloud, they have been acclaimed by automotive engineers and technical experts as the last word in automobile brakes.

N. B. 2 As standard equipment, the Reo Flying Cloud carries four hydraulic shock absorbers of a type heretofore found only on the most expensive automobiles.

7 years have added 50,000 people to Jacksonville's population

The test of a city's real growth is not merely in attracting people to visit it, but in inducing them to remain permanently. Jacksonville's population has increased by 50,000 people during the past seven years.

The wealth and business of the developing Southeast finds a natural center at Jacksonville. A great railroad terminal served by nine trunk lines, a port of call for 42 ocean-going steamship services, Jacksonville's advantages as a distributing center are attracting the attention of business men everywhere. At the beginning of the year 463 manufacturers had located factories and branch offices here. Bank clearings for the past year amounted to more than a billion and a half dollars. New buildings valued at $21,393,000 were erected. Jacksonville's commerce reached a total valuation of more than a half-billion dollars—a figure that places it among the most important ports of eastern North America.

Many modern and attractive hotels, with a great number of smaller hostelries and apartments, provide accommodations for thousands of people who visit Jacksonville every year.

157 miles of streets in Jacksonville have been paved.

Five navigable rivers give Jacksonville economical means of access for more than 100 miles inland. Its harbor, five miles wide, is one of the finest on the Atlantic Coast.

The public school system of Jacksonville is one of the most efficient and completely equipped in America, with 35 modern buildings valued at $6,000,000. During the past five years, more than $6,000,000 has been spent for the erection of churches. Sixty-six spacious parks, located at short intervals throughout the city, make Jacksonville one of the most beautiful municipal areas in the country. And innumerable lakes and streams network Jacksonville's suburbs and its surrounding countryside, providing an ever-changing round of outdoor sports and diversions.

But if Jacksonville has made tremendous strides during the past few years, its greater era of growth is just beginning. The district that surrounds it is developing more rapidly today than any other part of the country. Rich in minerals, timber, and other resources, containing millions of acres of fertile, unexploited land—its products are making Jacksonville a clearing house from which millions of dollars' worth of manufactured and agricultural commodities are broadcast every year.

As Jacksonville's business grows, opportunities grow with it. Investigate for yourself these opportunities! Plan *now* to spend your vacation here. Jacksonville's climate is pleasant in summer as well as in winter. Write us for more specific information and for booklet with hotel rates. Address Believers in Jacksonville, P. O. Box 318, Jacksonville, Florida.

Believers in

Jacksonville

"AN ASSOCIATION OF REPRESENTATIVE BUSINESS MEN INCORPORATED FOR THE SINGLE PURPOSE OF COMMUNITY ADVERTISING. AFFILIATED WITH JACKSONVILLE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE."

(Continued from Page 70)

should not have done. The electricity had fired the hydrogen. That August the L-12 had been so badly damaged while attacking London that she had fallen into the sea. Towed to Ostend by one of our destroyers, she was burned during salvage operations.

The L-5, operating over the Baltic, was rendered useless during a brush with artillery near the Russian fortified posts around Riga, but her crew managed to land without injury near Memel in East Prussia. The L-6 and L-9, lying alongside each other in their hangar at Hamburg, had been destroyed by fire started by faulty inflation methods. A similar accident finished the L-18 at Tondern, when a gas-tube connection permitted the escape of hydrogen. You see we were learning by experience.

That year, 1915, had been as much of a period of discovery for the navy as it was for the army—I am speaking solely of airship operations. While the army Zeppelins had been confined largely to overland operations, and the general staff had learned what they could not do, the naval airships had been on duty almost exclusively over the water. And though some of their problems had been distinctively their own, I believe that in the end they amounted to the same thing; the Germans were learning that there is a science of airship navigation, to be cultivated extensively if accidents and expensive losses are to be avoided.

Both the army and navy Zeppelins had been subjected to all kinds of weather. That first winter, with its storms and bitter cold, had cast up innumerable obstacles, and they were no more than surmounted when warmer weather, different climatic conditions, bred other problems.

While our army ships had been raiding objectives on the Continent it had been the navy Zeppelins which first carried the aerial warfare across the North Sea to England. As I have said, the first raid in January, 1915, which resulted in some damage at Yarmouth, had been made by the L-3 and L-4. The L-6, which had started with them, was compelled to return because of engine trouble.

The other two cruised together until they reached the British coast near Norwich. They encountered unexpectedly severe weather. One rain squall followed another during the evening and later that night changed to heavy snow. The navigators could not check their position closely in the thick layers of mist and fog. The L-3 managed to find Yarmouth, where she dropped half her bombs over the harbor districts. When she returned for a second attack a bank of fog shut off everything. She was forced to give it up.

Fear Materialized

The L-4 was even less fortunate. The commander had decided to try his luck more to the north, but while maneuvering toward the River Humber he encountered snow and rain, lost his bearings and had to turn back, though not before dropping several bombs on some batteries which had been making it uncomfortable for him. The thick weather prevented the L-3 from observing the full effect of the bombs, but the British official reports stated that "several houses" had been destroyed.

At any rate these first raids had thoroughly alarmed the British public. The long-expected invasion by air had materialized. The possibility of further and serious trouble from the same source was now more than conjecture. It had become a terrifying fact. The first evidence of this public reaction lay in the hasty exodus from the east coast.

Whoever could afford to shut down his business did so immediately. Others sent their families far inland. The government in London was besieged with appeals from indignant citizens who accused the officials with neglect, lack of foresight and energy. They did not know that the authorities were at the moment helpless, that as a matter of fact, they never would be able to prevent all raids.

The best they could do for many months was to make the attacks as difficult and ineffective as possible for the invaders by darkening the cities, obscuring all landmarks and setting up false lights to mislead the airship navigators. No time was lost. They hurriedly installed a great system of intelligence reporting, including signals, anti-aircraft batteries, searchlights, airplane patrols and emergency squadrons ready to dash up into the air at a moment's warning. It was a gigantic task. The machinery required was vast and expensive. Yet it remained throughout the war always on the defensive against both the enemy and the local critics.

Swelled-Up Competitors

Looking at that first raid from the German point of view, I have always maintained that this premature isolated raid was a most foolish mistake. It served no reasonable purpose, and since it could not be followed up for more than three months it simply betrayed our hand. The enemy had time to prepare a sort of defense, thus making it more difficult for later attacks. Nevertheless, the German people were most enthusiastic. Their amazement, however, was not as great as that of the English, and later, when it was decided to continue the raids, the public took them as a matter of course. The popularity of the Zeppelins attracted the good-natured attention of the airplane raiders, who nicknamed them "our swelled-up competitors."

"Why don't you raid London more often?"

We grew accustomed to the question. Our one answer was: "Weather!"

It might be fog, storms or some other extreme and unfavorable condition. More often it was nothing but a stiff wind riding through a moonlit night that kept the ships away from England. In those early days a moderate gale meant that too much fuel would be required to make the flight westward, maneuver over the objective and drop a reasonable load of bombs, and at the same time have enough fuel left to cruise home. Under such circumstances the ships of 1915 could not carry sufficient explosives to make the raid worth while.

Yet London was attacked by Zeppelins many more times than was generally realized. There were hundreds of strange experiences, others more magnificent than strange, but all replete with thrilling adventure. Here was a new field of operations, concerning which the most experienced among us knew little compared to what the survivors were to learn in later years; and every flight was a new experience.

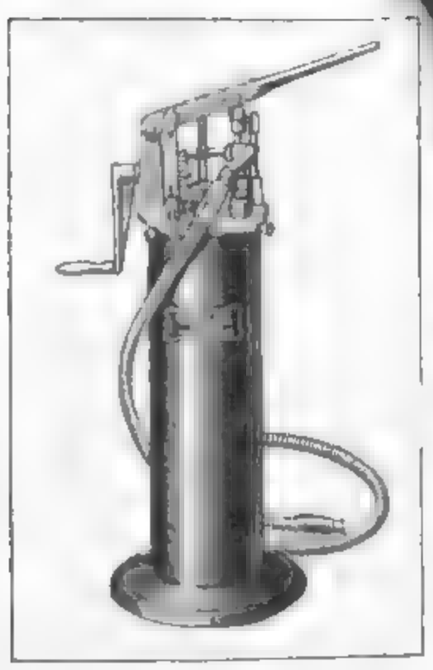
Yet the Zeppelins maintained an efficient patrol of the North Sea during every hour of 1915, and for that matter throughout the conflict. They made it practically impossible for the British navy to move without the details being reported to German headquarters immediately.

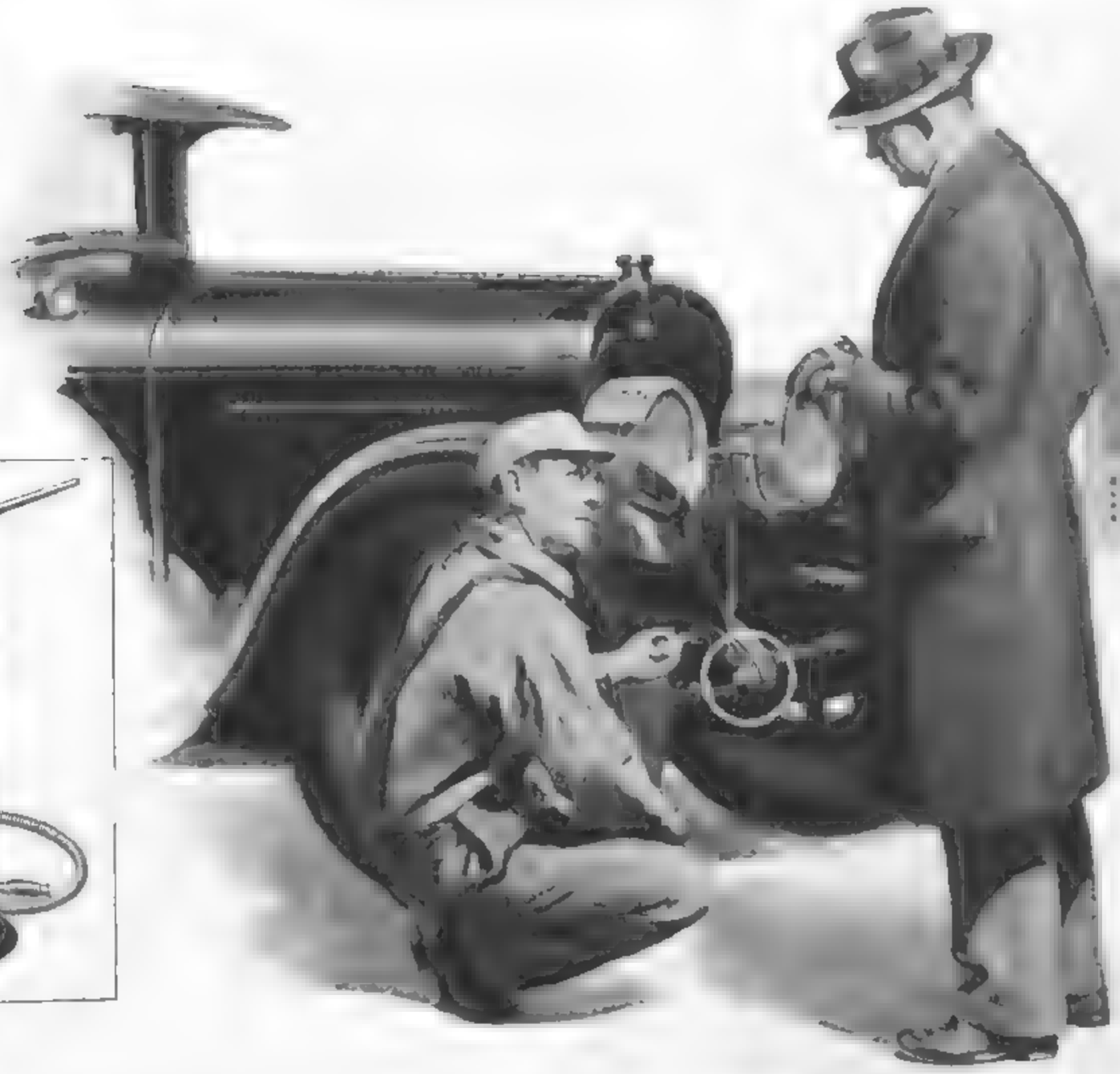
At the same time they acted as scouts and aided our navy in its many raids on the English coast, meanwhile protecting the German shore from attack and invasion. The British rarely put to sea toward Germany, and one of their reasons for holding back was the efficiency of the Zeppelin patrol.

With an average of twelve to fifteen Zeppelins in commission it was possible for two or more to be cruising on patrol flights almost continuously, in all kinds of weather and in any area where they might encounter the enemy. Very often a number of Zeppelins would be sent out in different directions.

One of their most important tasks was to help prevent the British from laying mine barrages in the German waters of the North Sea. But they seldom met the enemy vessels, for the very good reason that the British attempted that work only on dark nights or in dense fogs, or when it was so violently stormy that the Zeppelins were not likely to be out. No less important was the location of the barrages after they were laid.

(Continued on Page 74)





Eliminate the cause of
80%
of your repair bills

Why the service man who suggests "Alemite-ing" is a mighty good friend of yours

HE is not just trying to "sell" you something—he is trying to save you money, because he knows that Alemite Lubrication will do away with 80% of the repairs on the moving parts of your car. He knows that Alemite will save from 1c to 1¾c a mile on the operating cost of your car.

Every year motorists in the United States pay out the staggering sum of two billion dollars for repairs, almost double the cost of gasoline consumed! And proper lubrication would prevent 80% of this.

Why not save your share of this repair bill?

No motorist would think of driving even a half mile on a flat tire. There's not a man who would start out with an empty radiator or an engine without oil.

Yet thousands of motorists drive for hundreds of miles with every one of their hard-working, dust-exposed chassis bearings rapidly wearing out for lack of lubrication!

Don't neglect these bearings. You don't have to be an expert mechanic these days to lubricate them. For most cars now come already equipped with Alemite or Alemite-Zerk High Pressure Lubrication. This means that there is a hollow, dust-proof fitting on every chassis bearing to which you can quickly attach your handy compressor. With this you instantly force fresh lubricant entirely through each bearing and at the same time force out all the old gritty grease. It's done in ten or fifteen minutes.

Use Alemite every 500 miles

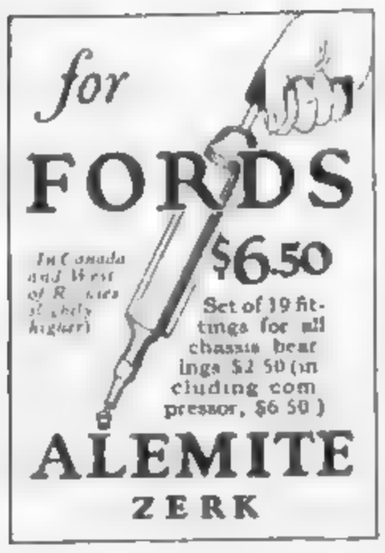
If Alemite or Alemite-Zerk is on your car—it is on more than 10,000,000 cars today—use it, every 500 miles. Or let the Alemite service man do the work for you.

You'll save money and time and annoyance, add years to the life of your car and greatly increase its trade-in value.

Alemite Lubrication Service is mighty convenient too. There are over 40,000 Alemite Stations. You see the signs everywhere. Drive in. It's as quick and easy as buying gas or oil.

Warning!

Just one word of caution—beware of cheap greases. The best lubricating system in the world can do you no good unless you use a good grade of lubricant. So, to protect your interests and ours, we have stocked dealers everywhere with genuine Alemite Chassis Lubricant. Unless you already know a brand that you can absolutely rely upon, insist that your service man use genuine Alemite Chassis Lubricant.



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High Pressure Lubrication

Unbreakable Seams

The seams at the waistline are unbreakable, because made with the Topkis Flatlock Stitch, using nine threads instead of one.

One Dollar

no need to pay more

ARE you the man who pays ten to twelve dollars for a half dozen union suits?

If so, your nearby dealer in Topkis underwear wants you for a customer.—

He has Topkis by the half-dozen box, for only $6.

The saving will give you money for ties and socks.

Or, buy one suit of Dollar Topkis. Wear it and compare it . . . Quality of fabric, character of pattern, tailoring, finish, fit, ease, comfort.

A true athletic union suit —cut big in the chest, armholes, back, legs.

Big value every way! Strictly a quality garment at the dollar price. You will never go back to high-priced athletic underwear.

Be sure to ask dealer for Topkis. Look for our label.

Fine durable fabrics: Fancy madras, plain madras, white or color stripe, silk stripes, mercerized crêpes, pajama checks, etc. Men's Union Suits, $1.00; Shirts and Drawers, 75c ea. Boys' Union 75c. Children's Waist Union Suits, 50c and 75c. In Canada, Men's Union Suits, $1.50.

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General Sales Offices: 93 Worth Street, at Broadway, New York

TOPKIS Athletic Underwear

AT THE TOP OF UNDERWEAR FAME STANDS THE TOPKIS NAME

(Continued from Page 72)

We were rather successful at this. Not only could the Zeppelin observers spot a mine but they often made out the inscriptions on it. In the case of a single mine, it was sunk by machine-gun fire. Where they formed great barriers, usually placed in two rows like the layout of a game of checkers, each about 125 feet apart, small buoys were dropped at the corners of the area. These buoys held colored flags and served as markers after the radio had notified the mine-sweeping flotillas.

On more than one occasion an airship commander, finding that he could best communicate with the mine sweepers in this way, landed his Zeppelin on the water alongside the surface craft, took aboard an officer from the flotilla and then flew at 150 feet altitude back and forth over the mine field.

After the officer had obtained a complete idea of the location he was put back on his surface ship and the obstacles were cleared away with dispatch and efficiency.

Sea landings are easy enough if the water is fairly smooth. As the great hull comes to a stop on the surface the cooling air stream created by the motion of the ship is lost and the lack of this ventilation causes the gas to warm up and expand. That would send the ship into the air, were it not for a simple trick. A sea anchor is cast out and ballast tanks in the cars, which are as seaworthy as boats, are filled with water, the added weight compensating for the increased lifting power. When he wants to take off again the commander simply discharges enough of this water ballast to make the ship rise into the air again.

While on the surface the Zeppelin can maneuver with the aid of its propellers and rudders almost as well as a surface vessel, not only in calm weather but even better if there is a steady wind to give pressure on the steering apparatus with relatively slow motion across the surface. The limitations are not due to the strength of the wind so much as to the condition of the sea; therefore an airship can land safely on the surface in almost any wind in sheltered waters or under a lee shore. Training the naval crews at Hamburg before the war we made many landings on the River Elbe and sometimes on the very small and narrow Alster Basin in the heart of the city.

Sweeping the Seas

The importance of the rôle played by the Zeppelins in the bitter and grim mine warfare between the British and Germans can hardly be exaggerated. The British were trying their mightiest to halt the U-boat campaign and other activities of the German fleet. They pestered us constantly, and with a dense belt of mines almost blocked every exit from the German corner of the North Sea.

Their efforts gained force, until in 1918 they were laying in that area about 10,000 mines a month. Because this was accomplished with special submarines or at night with mine-laying ships, it could not be stopped.

It was up to the Germans to remove each day the mines that had been planted the night before. Our mine sweepers could not have done that work with any degree of efficiency had it not been for the Zeppelins which patrolled the sea, warded off repeated attacks from the British forces and made it possible for the sweepers to operate unmolested. Because the Zeppelins cruised far ahead of the sweepers, enemy attempts at interference were always frustrated, and Britain failed to bottle up her rival in the North Sea.

For that reason the Zeppelin patrol from first to last took precedence over all other airship activities. The navy invariably received the latest craft as they were completed. The Zeppelin Company was producing an average of one airship every six weeks, a unique and stupendous piece of war work when you reflect that nothing of the sort had ever been done before. In fact, Zeppelins lay ready to be commissioned before their crews were properly trained to handle them.

It is not without good reasons that the navies and merchant marines of the world are maintaining training ships for their personnel, and requiring years of service and experience before trusting anyone with a responsible position. Even then errors of judgment and mistakes are sometimes unavoidable. The proper handling of ships of the air does not permit an exception to that general rule. Even higher standards are required.

More than a year of intense flying is necessary to work even a good crew into such shape that the commander may have confidence in its prompt and intelligent action if confronted with an emergency. As for himself and several of his assistants, such as the first officer, the navigator and the chief engineer, they should have at least one, preferably two years, of all kinds of operations before they are really qualified to cope with any abnormal situation.

The Rule for Success

Obviously that was impossible in Germany. The war would not wait for training. And I am sure it will not be taken as any personal reflection on those brave men when I say that the majority of the accidents which destroyed Zeppelins resulted from sheer inexperience. A commander learned something new on every flight, something vital to continued success.

We never knew enough about approaching weather conditions, so frequently we were up against the unexpected. Each ship involved new problems because it was of different design and performance. Therefore it required special handling. When a clear moon or severe storms kept the Zeppelins on the ground, we set in motion the principal rule for successful airship operations: Keep the ship fit for work.

Every effort was made to maintain the craft in a condition as good as new and have it always in shape to be depended upon and able to withstand the maximum stress for which it was constructed. To help the crew, a ground force was maintained at the station, usually the same number of men, say twenty or twenty-five. This force was permanently assigned to the ship and followed it whenever it was transferred to another post. Each station had its permanent force of about 100 men; but it was up to the commander of the ship to keep his ship fit. His was the responsibility. No captain of a surface vessel ever had more authority and, I venture to say, more responsibility.

The envelope or outer cover of the great hull was subjected to constant inspection. We had to be sure there were no loose parts, no broken seams or eyelets. We had to keep it clean. This work fell to the riggers. Their job was that of an "ape man." The rigger had to be agile and light in weight. He could not be subject to spells of dizziness, for he had to crawl up and down on fire ladders, on moving platforms and planks on top of the hull.

He had to crawl inside, like a bee in a honeycomb, through the narrow jacket space between the outer cover and the gas cells—each cell in itself being as big as a five-story building. On the later ships it was from six to eight stories in height. He wore specially smooth overalls, with no buttons on his clothing; this to avoid catching and tearing holes. Like all others when they went inside the hull, he wore felt or straw shoes to prevent damage to the gas cells or framework. He had to be as skillful with a needle as a tailor and an expert with glue, paint, and the weatherproof mixture known as "dope."

When the crews were not in the air or attending their ship, they were making gardens or playing football. Boredom was unknown, probably because after the excitement of twenty hours or so dodging enemy ships and shells, the simple pleasures of human existence acquire a more happy significance. At any rate, my men were quite content to spend their holidays

(Continued on Page 76)

TO GET THE TRAINS THROUGH . . . SAFELY, SWIFTLY, AND ON TIME

After each run, a Pennsylvania locomotive is "put over the inspection pits" and gone over as though it were a racing car awaiting its crucial test

Here they groom the Iron Horse

DOWN in the pit, with flaring torch held up toward the barrel of the huge locomotive which crouches over him, the inspector shrugs his shoulder at the gale which rages through the summer night.

"Got to keep her tuned like a harp."

Clinging to the towering front of the engine, another intent figure works on, oblivious to the storm, cleaning the headlight which must shine clearly through the flying rain.

"Got to keep her right on her toes."

Other figures along the platform at either side go about their work in the same spirit:

"She's got to run like a top."

They phrase it a dozen different ways; but its meaning is the motto of the Pennsylvania inspection pits.

As each locomotive steams in from the road, these men clamber through it, over it, under the great bulk which crouches astride the pit.

Grease cups are filled under high pressure; bearings are inspected and oiled; a flaring torch held at every joint and coupling tests for leaks; each working part is tried with hammer and spanner and wrench until this half-million pound mass of machinery is tuned to the concert pitch demanded by the great Limited trains.

Driving blizzard, black of night, blinding thunderstorm—they are things to be shrugged at, disliked, hated. But in spite of them all, the locomotives have got to roll—efficient, safe, on time to the dot.

Leaders of the largest fleet of trains in America

BROADWAY LIMITED
New York and Chicago—20 hours

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St. Louis and New York—24 hours

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Chicago and Washington—19 hours

CONGRESSIONAL LIMITED
Washington and New York—4½ hours

BUCKEYE LIMITED
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CINCINNATI LIMITED
Cincinnati and New York—18 hours

Carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

EXTRA QUALITY
KNOX
NEW YORK

ROWS OF flexible straw braid woven into the brim of the Knox "Comfit"* do for this straw hat what tires do for town cars, what cushions do for davenports, what a million dollars does for a bank account. They make things comfortable.

*Registered Trade Mark

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The Paramount Bldg. (44th *and* B'way)
51 Grant Avenue, San Francisco

AND AT ACCREDITED AGENCIES EVERYWHERE

(Continued from Page 74)

in the tiny gardens they had created near their quarters.

Of course there were excursions. Transfer to a new station meant that everybody, including myself, would soon be strolling about the highways exploring historical spots and living for a moment the life of a tourist.

But both the army and navy Zeppelins were most active. A flight might begin at any time of day, at midnight or at dawn. The North Sea patrol was for the navy Zeppelins the same field of intense activity as it was for the Allied surface craft. The airship commander had manifold duties. One was to act as a scout, seek out, locate and report the movements of all enemy commercial vessels.

Since the war I have heard many arguments concerning the ability of a Zeppelin to hold up surface craft. Many naval experts even today claim that it cannot be done.

But it was done on many occasions in the North Sea. I recall one adventure—though the identity of the Zeppelin has passed from my memory—where two ships, one British, the other Swedish, were cruising near the Danish coast. A lightship lay a mile off. A Zeppelin appeared at mile-a-minute speed. The air was calm. Before the sailors had any idea of what was happening, the Zeppelin had dropped down to within 100 feet of the surface. Both ships were stopped by a command from the airship.

To the captain of the Swedish boat: "Stay where you are until further orders!"

To the British freighter: "All hands leave this ship and row to the Danish lightship!"

Why did the British obey? Why did they not send solid shot through the Zeppelin? Because they knew that they could not shoot her down without being blown to pieces in return. At the first shot from her decks, she would have been rendered helpless by hundreds of pounds of explosives. And the chance of bringing the Zeppelin down with one shot or a half dozen was remote, as the British had learned. Contrary to the general idea, there was no case when an airship caught fire from ordinary shrapnel.

Two minutes after all hands had left the British freighter two bombs dropped from the Zeppelin, which by this time lay several hundred feet overhead, penetrated her decks, ripped open her seams and sent her to the bottom, keel up. Then a Zeppelin officer leaned out of a cabin window and told the Swede to continue his voyage.

A Prize of War

One day in April, 1917, the L-23 sighted the Norwegian bark Royal. Believing that the vessel carried contraband, the Zeppelin commander brought his ship about and dropped a bomb in front of her. The Norwegians knew his meaning. Soon all hands had cleared the ship and were standing by in small boats.

After a careful examination to make sure there was no trap, the L-23 slowly descended until she rested on the water close to the boats. Her captain asked the skipper of the Royal for his papers. Sure enough, she was loaded with a proscribed cargo—lumber designed for use in the English coal mines. Thereupon the mate and a few men from the Zeppelin went aboard the Royal and sailed her into Cuxhaven as a prize of war.

Later the L-40 stopped a steamer after landing on the water, her commander relying solely on his machine guns. There were one or two other cases prior to the introduction by the enemy of small-caliber incendiary projectiles.

Until then no merchant vessel, however armed, had the slightest chance of fighting a Zeppelin without inviting its own swift destruction. But when one small bullet, fired from a rifle in the hands of a sailor, might set fire to the hydrogen in the airship, Captain Strasser wisely concluded that the most valuable merchantman as a possible prize could not warrant risking a patrol Zeppelin. The practice of seizing ships was abandoned.

I wrote Strasser a letter suggesting the use of the observation car and cloudy weather for a continuation of that activity, but it was not until 1918, when I had an opportunity to talk with him, that he admitted it would be feasible. The Zeppelins engaged in running fights with enemy warships and on occasion were instrumental in preventing whole squadrons of British airplanes from being launched in a mass attack against important centers in Germany.

Three Zeppelins were out at dawn one day. At about seven o'clock the L-19 reported by wireless:

> Several clouds of smoke sighted north of Terschelling, Holland.

This was followed a few minutes later by definite recognition. Three British seaplane mother ships, identified by their wooden superstructures, were entering the German bay at full speed. They were escorted by several light cruisers, which in turn were flanked by destroyers to ward off submarine attacks. This armada was proceeding in the belief that it had not been seen. Obviously the plan was to get as closely to the German shore as possible before launching the seaplanes.

An Attack Forestalled

Just as the aircraft were being lowered into the smooth water for their take-off the Zeppelins appeared, not in formation but in front and on both sides. But they were not to have everything their own way. A great battle cruiser appeared, and as they turned to avoid it the Zeppelins were forced to buck a strong head wind. This slowed down their speed, and the big ship commenced sending whole salvos of shrapnel at them. The flashes showed that the cruiser was firing her biggest shells from all turrets. Slowly the Zeppelins separated, though really it was a matter of only a few minutes. One of them remained just ahead of the cruiser, leading her on toward the Dutch coast, trying to get there ahead of two light cruisers which could be seen trying to cut them off.

Up, up, higher, went the Zeppelin, while her sister craft could be seen scurrying into the haze above the mother ships of the enemy. She got within six miles of the coast of Holland before the British ships ceased firing. Then they turned back to rejoin their convoy. The Zeppelin followed slowly. The others meanwhile had been dropping bombs about the mother ships and their light escorts. This occurred only a few moments after the seaplanes had been dropped into the water; and you may imagine the excitement there on the surface. Interrupted at the very moment of launching a great aerial attack against Germany, the British found themselves forced to run away from this modern defense, which also had come by way of the air.

The chase lasted all that day. The convoy was not assembled again, as the Zeppelins, flying high and well out of range, kept on their heels until nightfall. Hours later the three airships came home, some of their gas cells punctured by shrapnel and leaking, but otherwise undamaged. The attack was planned, no doubt, in reprisal for the airship raids. And it had been halted by the airships themselves. L-19, by her timely discovery of the convoy, had prevented the British raids. But that airship was soon to be the principal in a tragedy.

Nine Zeppelins, including the L-19, raided the Liverpool district of England on the thirty-first of January, 1916. Like the rest of us with new ships at that time, Commander Loewe in charge of the L-19 experienced engine trouble. The motors represented a new type, and months elapsed before they could be brought to a state approaching reliability. Loewe was the only one who did not bring back his ship.

(Continued on Page 78)

Light up....for courtesy

For your own safety and the safety of others, carry spare lamps—in the handy Edison MAZDA Auto Lamp Kit.

COURTESY promotes courtesy. Don't fume at the other fellow's headlights when yours may be glaring too. Lights in focus do not glare and they give better driving light besides. Correct adjustment is easily obtained with good lamps.

Light up for courtesy with the improved Edison MAZDA* Lamps. They are the product of MAZDA Service, through which the benefits of world-wide research and experiment in the Laboratories of General Electric are given exclusively to lamp manufacturers entitled to use the name MAZDA.

Ask an Edison MAZDA Auto Lamp Dealer to show you the handy Edison MAZDA Auto Lamp Kit and to fit it out for you with the proper lamps for every light position in your car. For his identification he displays the emblem shown at the left.

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COMPLETELY covering the upholstery of your car Fandango seat covers protect light dresses and do away with dust-raising whisk brooms which wear out upholstery fabrics. No need now to scrub at spots with costly cleaners to keep the *inside* value of your car as great as its *outside* value. Frolicking children, greasy hands, muddy feet, road dirt, have no terrors for a car protected with these seat covers.

They Fit Perfectly

As smooth fitting as the original upholstery, Fandango Covers protect your car's interior, your garments and increase your car's trade-in value. They fit perfectly, because master patterns are cut for every model car listed as soon as exhibited at the shows.

The beautiful Fandango striped fabrics in restful greys and exquisite blues, with perfectly harmonizing Spanish art leatherette reinforcements at all wearing edges, improve the appearance of many *new* cars. The sets consist of covers for seats, backs, side panels, arm rests, and door covers with large pockets. The back part of the front seat cover reaches the floor, thus offering protection against the feet of the rear seat occupants in the car.

Money Back Guarantee

Fandango Seat Covers must satisfy in fit, workmanship, material, and appearance—or you can return them. Over 100,000 car owners adopted Fandango Covers in 1926. We are the world's largest seat cover manufacturers. Many $50 to $75 made-to-order seat covers do not fit, look nor wear as well as Fandangos.

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Only on Fandango Covers the new patented Fandango Snap-on Pin is found. It leaves no marks, lies flat, and needs no sewing. With this exclusive feature Fandango Covers can be easily removed, cleaned, then snapped on again.

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200 Sixth Avenue, Dept. K, NEW YORK CITY

Made for COACHES, SEDANS, COUPES, BROUGHAMS

4 or 5 passenger cars $14.50 complete
7 passenger cars $18.50 complete
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FORDS—Coupes, Roadsters, $5.95
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Now—4 New Vital Improvements

1. Fandango Seat Covers snap on or off in 10 minutes—by the watch.
2. Attached with absolutely no tacking or sewing
3. Leave upholstery and interior unmarred when removed.
4. Have the new patented fasteners whose features insure perfect satisfaction.

CAR DEALERS AND DEPARTMENT STORES: *Write at once for information about these widely advertised auto seat covers.*

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DURANT MOTOCOVER CO., INC., 200—6th Ave., Dept. K, N.Y.C.
Please send me one complete set of Fandango Auto Seat Covers. I will examine them and pay expressman upon delivery if satisfactory.
Note: Check full information. Print name and address plainly.

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Master
☐ Standard
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☐ 4 Cylinders
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4 Passenger
☐ 5 Passenger
☐ 7 Passenger
☐ Coupe
☐ Coach
☐ Brougham
☐ Sedan
☐ Blue leatherette trim
☐ Grey leatherette

MODEL

Continued from Page 76

Late on the night of February first, Captain Strasser, the chief, received reports from destroyers that they had been out all day on the search and could find nothing. The last thing definitely known was that the L-19, late the previous afternoon, had sent a radio that she was having engine trouble.

Her position was calculated as being somewhere close to the coast of Holland. The weather was bad. It was freezing cold. A thick fog hung low over a large area of the North Sea. Three airships were kept in readiness to rush to the rescue if the L-19 should be sighted and found helpless.

Next morning news reached headquarters from Holland that a Zeppelin had been seen through the fog, flying in a very low altitude, and she had been fired at by the Dutch garrisons because she was infringing on their neutrality. A few days later Reuter's sent out a news item stating that a British fishing trawler—the King Stephen—had happened upon an airship drifting in the North Sea but was unable, apparently, to rescue the crew. That was all until some months later, when a number of bottles were found in fishing nets off the Norwegian coast. One contained a message written by Loewe and addressed to Captain Strasser. It read:

With fifteen men on the upper platform of the L-19, drifting in the North Sea. Had trouble with three engines and head winds, consequently delay until ran into fog and drifted over Holland. We were fired at considerably. Ship was hit and became heavy, with the engines failing definitely. The second of February, about noon, will probably be our last hour.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Lehmann and Mr. Mingos. The next will appear in an early issue.

Bringing Back the Elk

A BULL ELK bounded out of the spruce along the south side of Soda Creek and, from the road, I watched five antlered comrades spring to their feet and stir the snow behind their leader as their buff-colored rumps disappeared over the low ridge. We were less than two miles from town, and I voiced my surprise at seeing animals of the wild practically at the edge of a populous little city.

"Gettin' pretty thick up here," said my companion, the game warden. "But the thicker the better. We can start killing off a few of the bulls for market in a month or so, and buy hay for the rest with the money."

It was a remark with a background. For twelve years ago there was not a single elk in the whole community. Incidentally, the story behind it all is one that should please conservationists, for it is an example in animal multiplication that may be slightly amazing to those who believe that the wild life of America is disappearing, no matter what means may be employed to preserve it.

The community responsible for these particular elk is Idaho Springs, Colorado, a small mining town in the Rocky Mountains, about forty miles west of Denver. Like all mining camps, its citizens are always getting together to put on an entertainment, to help a family in trouble or to stir up some excitement which will break the monotony of mining-camp existence. So, in the fall of 1914, when some of the residents heard that elk from the Yellowstone National Park were starving in the vicinity of Gardiner, Montana, and that any municipality willing to pay the freight on these animals might have some to stock available forest preserves or unused ranges, they held a meeting to discuss the situation.

Many of the townspeople were game lovers. They all wished to see the mountains inhabited, as they had been years before, with wild life. So they took a subscription to cover the expense incident to the bringing in of the elk. An arrangement was made with another town to split a carload. And Jack Nankervis, one of the early settlers and a well-known sportsman, was appointed to take charge of the animals when they arrived.

Unfortunately, during the trip one of the elk was injured and later died. Two more escaped the minute the car door was opened, but as they struck out for the hills the horsemen didn't attempt to catch them. However, twenty-two were herded together and started up Chicago Creek, then across the hills toward the spot where the hay had been cached.

That winter the elk remained in the vicinity of this hay supply, and scouts from town, travelers through that section, and the near-by ranchers kept the community advised as to the herd's movements. In the summer they browsed on willows, brush of various sorts and the long grass of the mountainsides. The following winter the animals had become so adapted to their new home that they needed no further help. The second winter they found sufficient grass on the southern slopes where the sun melted the snow, or by pawing down through the white covering, so that they ignored the hay which the community again put out.

Now and then, when the snow on the upper ranges grew too deep for easy forage, an animal would work down near the ranches and damage a haystack. In addition, lettuce growers high up in the hills found that unless they kept a dog about or hung lighted lanterns in their fields at night the elk were liable to pay their crops a visit. Elk will walk right through a barbed-wire fence without any apparent injury to themselves, and some of the herd at times did considerable destruction in the lettuce patches.

But wherever a complaint was made the state game wardens adjusted the damage. The majority of the inhabitants, the warden says, were anxious to assist in this experiment and acted very reasonably in their demands. In consequence of such protection the herd increased steadily, till now Jack Nankervis, who superintended placing them in the territory, estimates that there are more than 350 elk in Clear Creek County alone.

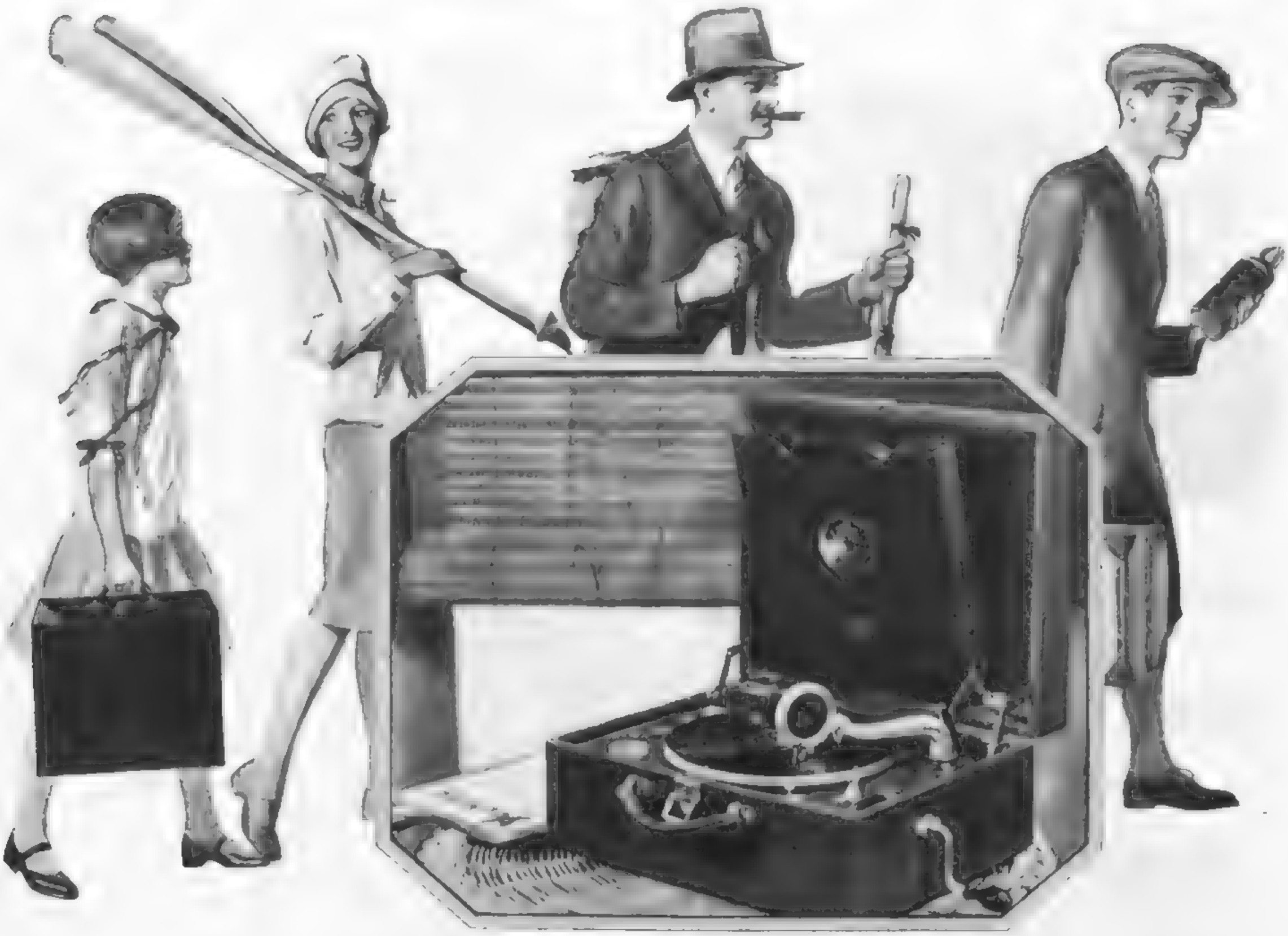
This winter, for the first time, the game wardens, with the assistance of several hired hunters, are commencing to shoot the old bulls. Their meat is sold in Denver, where it brings a good price, and the proceeds from the sales go into the state fish and game department and can be used to reimburse ranchers for injury done by the elks to their crops, and to purchase hay with which to supply the rest of the herd.

But even with this thinning-out process the elk are now so numerous and are increasing at such a rate that the citizens are agitating for a short open season on the males—a season so regulated that it will keep the herd within certain limits and prevent the animals from overcrowding the range and becoming pests.

Through the efforts of this one community twenty-four elk have increased in a few years to almost twenty times that number, and the otherwise waste forage of the mountain slopes about Idaho Springs is furnishing a food supply for one of America's most picturesque game animals. Their increase may seem amazing, but it is less than a one-fourth yearly increase, which is quite normal.

This particular experiment shows what, under like conditions, can be accomplished elsewhere. It demonstrates conclusively that the rapid decrease in wild game can, with a little sacrifice of effort and expense, be stopped; and many barren districts can be filled with game to the advantage of all concerned.

—QUINTAN WOOD.



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Takes Victor entertainment everywhere

HERE's a brand-new, longer-playing Portable Victrola that captures eye and ear instantly. Unlike any portable you ever saw or heard. More compact. Better looking. Better playing. Tones are not thin and wheezy, but full, round, lifelike. A tone-quality and range never before achieved in a portable.

Not a plaything, but a traveling companion of the highest grade. Not a toy for a season, but a musical instrument for the years. Sturdily built. Beautifully finished. Ready to be put in car, canoe or cruiser . . . to "go where you go" . . . to brighten the hours with music of your own choosing.

Judge this wonderful little instrument on its merits. Compare it with any portable on the market at any price. You will want to own it immediately.

The New Portable Victrola

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO. CAMDEN, N. J., U. S. A.

PORTABLE VICTROLA
Number Two-sixty
List price, $40

1. Ingenious, concealed amplifying-chamber—the newest product of the Victor Research Laboratories
2. Built-in safety record-container; holds twelve 10-inch records. When lid is raised, container automatically opens and is suspended between lid and turntable. Records easily accessible
3. Equipped with improved Victrola No. 4 sound-box
4. Turntable operated by spring motor runs eight minutes without rewinding and may be wound while playing
5. Speed-regulator. Strong lid-clasp with lock and key
6. Plays all Victor Records, 10 or 12 inch size
7. Gold-finished fittings inside and out
8. Genuine leather handle, flexible for comfortable carrying
9. Spring-clips inside instrument to hold removable winding key
10. Closed container for steel needles; clips to hold metal box of tungstone needles. Non-spilling type container for used needles
11. Encased in durable, leather-finished fabric. Choice of dark blue with leather-figured texture, or brown with shark-skin texture
12. Size, 7 inches high, 16½ inches wide, 13½ inches deep. Weight, 22 pounds.

Duro Gloss Your Top Twice a Year

and it will last forever!

THE secret of eternal youth—for automobile tops—is now available for every car owner in America. It is *Duro Gloss*, The Top Finish.

Duro Gloss actually will keep any top in its original condition—from the time the car goes into service, until you are through with it. No top that is given an application of *Duro Gloss* twice a year will ever rot or become dull and shabby.

And *Duro Gloss* is equally effective in weather-proofing and restoring the beauty of old tops. It halts the process of gradual ruin which starts when the top begins to lose its original lustre.

Easily applied with a brush, *Duro Gloss* dries overnight, without streaks or brush-marks, to a beautiful, new-top lustre—weather-proofing and preserving the top. *Duro Gloss* is not just a dressing but a *finish*—the same finish in fact that is used in the manufacture of the famous *Duro Gloss* Top Material.

Nearly every garage, accessory store, paint or trim shop has *Duro Gloss*, in convenient cans, and you can easily apply it yourself. Or, if you prefer, any trim shop, paint shop, or service station will *Duro Gloss* your top for you. If you have the least difficulty in obtaining *Duro Gloss*, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

Other **Duro Gloss** *Products*

Duro Gloss Guaranteed Top Material—If your top is so far gone that *Duro Gloss*, The Top Finish, cannot restore it—then you need a new top. Specify *Duro Gloss* Top Material, *guaranteed* to give complete satisfaction. Your trimmer can get it readily from his jobber. If the material *should* fail to give satisfaction, we will replace the top at our expense.

Duro Gloss Top Patching—for automobile tops

Duro Gloss Rubber Raincoat Fabric—dependable quality in smart attractive colors. Look for the *Duro Gloss* label in your next raincoat.

J.C. Haartz Co., New Haven, Conn.

Canadian Representatives:
Colonial Traders, Ltd., Chatham, Ont.

Duro Gloss
The Top Finish

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS *DURO GLOSS TOP MATERIAL*

MOPES

(Continued from Page 31)

George and I strolled on the plateau on top of the ridge. It was a bright blue day, and we were well ballasted with hot rice and pancakes. We listened to the noises up there in the blue sky—you know the creaking and groaning and rustling that goes on up there all the time, and nothing to see for it. I always had a kind feeling for those big ones away up that keep turning over and over as they fly; they sound like home—like a flat wheel on the old Third Avenue L. Am I right, soldier?

Walking around the corner of a woodlot we came on an exhibition of French 75's. They had a dozen of them, or a dozen and a half, lined up pretty. It made a nice sight to see the guns, and the sky-blue uniforms grouped here and there, and all the beards wagging as they discussed what they better do next, if anything. They generally compromised with lighting their pipes and taking a promenade in the woods. I asked one of these Frenchmen where was Exermont, and he took us by the arms and led us into their kitchen and gave us coffee and cognac. I can't go that French coffee, but he shot the cognac in before I could stop him; so we drank it and gave him two bags of tobacco.

They asked us to eat with them, and George wanted to, but I looked around and I couldn't see anything but stew, and it was made of this *singe* that isn't any better than our canned willie. So I said, "No, I guess we'll be moving along." They were nice fellows, who had been in the war a long time and weren't letting it crowd them any more. I don't know whether they were supposed to be firing those guns or not, and I don't think they cared.

George was touched, and he said to me as we walked on, "Peter, it is great for a man in a cruel war like this to see a scene of peace and good will such as the French Army. I bet if we didn't come in here, stirring up old scores and making them bad friends with the boches, there wouldn't be any war. What I hear, the boches are just the same, and if you will leave them alone they will leave you alone."

Just then a Jerry shell lit with a whistle and a bang about a hundred yards away. I'm not afraid of shells—they hardly ever hurt anybody—but I just can't seem to take to them. I got a little nervous with figuring if it would be all right to walk on, and would that Jerry turn his gun before firing again—and he generally does—and I said, "See here, George, there's no necessity for calling names, is there? A gentleman is a gentleman wherever he may be. If you have to mention the Jerries, speak of them as such hereafter."

Up till then we had heard most "bang whistle"—which is all right—but now we were hearing more and more "whistle bang." We came to a valley and went down, and came on a row of American mortars lined up on the near side of a woods, and throwing over the top of the trees—chubby little guns about three feet long and big around as a barrel, and throwing shells that were also about three feet long—deceiving little rascals. The boys in mud color were pumping these shells up in the air as if they could go home when they had them all fired. I asked one of them where was this here Exermont.

"Exermont," he said, looking at me out of whiskers. "You going to Exermont?" he said, slapping the barrel of his gun. "That's where we're delivering to now."

"Oh, no," I explained smilingly. "We got Exermont."

"You know, buddy," he said, helping two of his pals to reload their toy cannon. He jerked a thumb at the woods. "Exermont? Keep going."

The air in the woods was quite poor—smoky and gassy—and the Jerries made things worse by throwing down a big shell. Those American mortars must have been pestering them, and that is what they were probably reaching for, but by a piece of sheer good luck—the kind that is heartbreaking to any commander when it falls to the enemy—they threw that big shell almost right on top of George and I. It came down with a whistle like a buzz saw in a knot, and lit in a wet spot and let go, and there was George and I bending away from mud and water and fire and smoke and odds and ends as high as a ten-story building. I took advantage of my position to fall right over and snatch out my gas mask—there is generally gas in those things. Through the eyepieces I could see George kneeling down and putting on his mask, too, and taking his full five seconds according to how he was taught, but I didn't take any five seconds to get that mask on one whiff of that green or yellow cross and you're done—say, I bet I got that mask on and shaded two seconds.

That was quick work, but the matter was I couldn't breathe right when I had it on. Well, the fact is, I couldn't breathe at all, though I sucked as hard as I could. I saw right away where the pipe must be choked up, and I was choking up, too, so I thought I'd better cheat a little, and I took the thing out of my mouth and gulped in some open air. Then I saw there wasn't any gas, and I told George to take that thing off his face. You would die laughing to see him sitting behind a bush, sucking air through a can. The only thing wrong with me was I had shoved the nose clip in my mouth instead of the mouthpiece, and I bet there is many a good soldier has done the same.

Well, George wanted to go back and get more instructions, but I said no, we had gone so far, we might as well go the rest of the way. So we went through this woods and came up behind some machine gunners who were getting ready to move out. They were in the undergrowth along the edge of the woods. They looked at George and I and couldn't seem to figure us, so they pointed out where there was quite an assortment of officers.

The ground was open and level here, and these officers were crowded behind a wall. There was only this wall. It had been a big stone house, but it was all gone but this wall, and that would be gone, too, just as soon as a Jerry shell pushed it over. These shells were coming down every here and there, with a crash like a man putting down big casino, and the air was hazy with H. E. George and I waited until that flurry was over and then we went out to this wall, and I said to a kind-faced officer, "Pardon me, general, but which is the best way to Exermont?"

He was no general; you know that, soldier. A general don't ask any wall between him and the enemy; thin air is protection enough for him—about ten kilometers of it.

"Exermont is no place to go just now, soldier," he said. "The Germans took it back from the 235th the night before last."

He asked me to look past the wall, and I saw a brook in a valley, and a few rubbishy stone shanties, and these shanties kept jumping up and down like pop corn, and the H. E. kept falling in and letting go. "The Jerries," said I to myself, "can have that place and welcome." But still I was sore. After George and I had taken the trouble to come on over, risking getting crippled for life, we find Exermont in the hands of the Jerries—say, I just give this officer a look. "I don't wish to add to the distress with passing remarks," I said curtly, "but this certainly looks like bum staff work."

And I turned right around and left him. Was I right, soldier? Say, many's the time you prepared for a good night's sleep, and buttoned up your overcoat and pulled down your cap and rolled in a blanket, and just as you were corking off they would blow the whistles on you and holler, "Roll your packs!" And you would be hiking for Nowhere-on-the-creek until daylight.

(Continued on Page 82)

A different beauty

The distinctive hexagonal shape of these shingles gives an interesting beauty to your roof. Two color effects are possible. One side of each shingle is a cool, restful gray, the other a blend of autumn colors. Either side may be laid to the weather.

Re-roof *for the* Last Time

Right over the old roof go these fire-proof, everlasting Asbestos Shingles

PUT a beautiful new fire-proof roof on your home without any of the dirt, fuss and clutter of tearing off the old one. Re-roof for the last time with everlasting Johns-Manville Rigid Asbestos Shingles.

The economical way

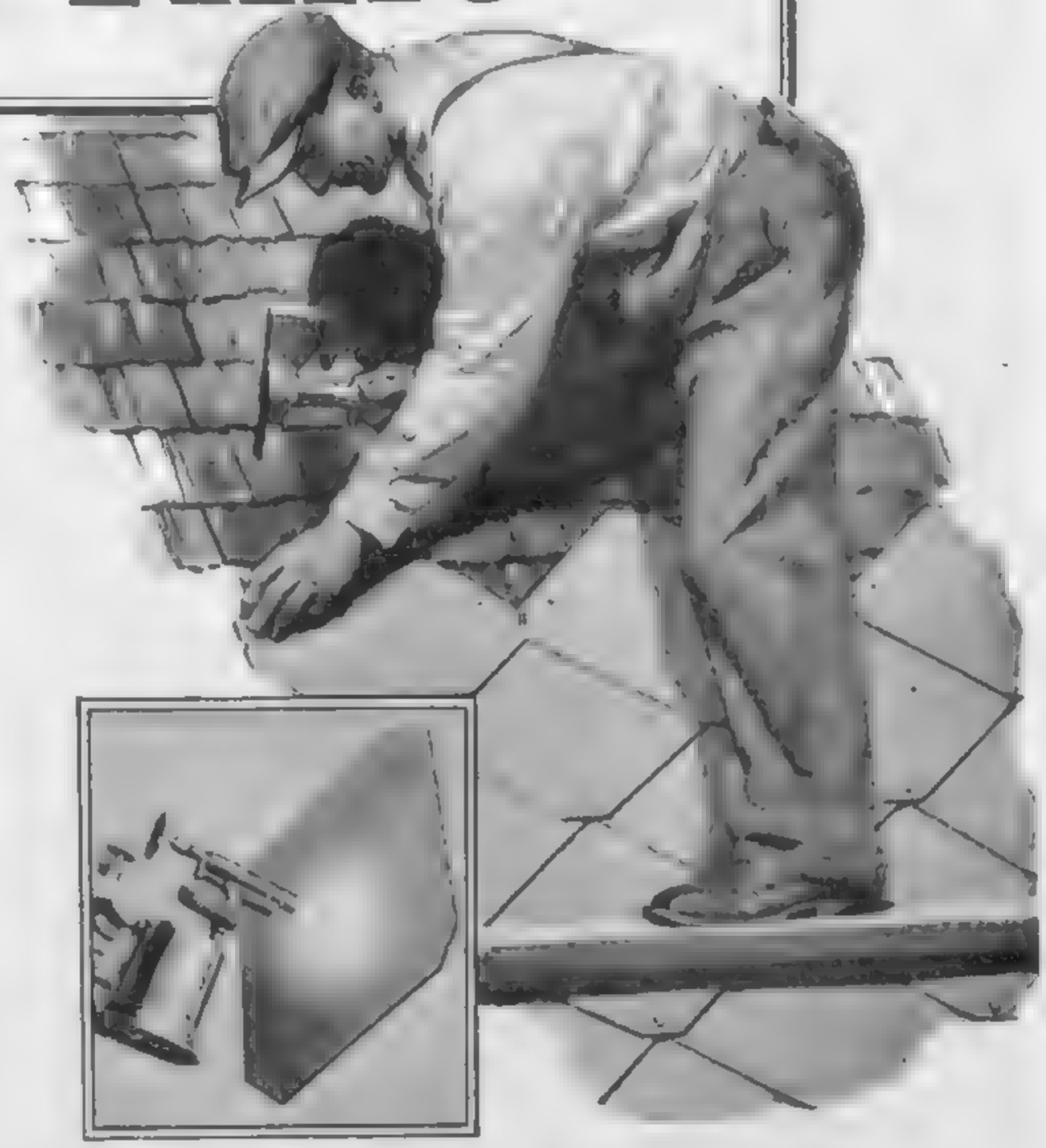
For it's an easy, quick, clean job to nail these rigid slabs of permanence right on over the old roof, which then becomes added protection against summer heat and winter cold.

Think what you save—No old roof to cart away—No litter on the lawn—No risk of flooding the attic by a sudden storm.

Fire-proof Shingles

And remember what you get. A beautiful roof—a roof that scorns the need of repairs—a roof that's proof against fire—and don't forget, too, a roof that will actually save you money.

Investigate. See these remarkable shingles, how beautiful and everlasting they are, how they withstand the blow-torch flame. Any Johns-Manville dealer will give you an interesting demonstration.



Try an' burn it!

Even the white-hot flame of the blow-torch will not harm these everlasting shingles. They are fire-PROOF, not merely *fire-resistant* or *fire-safe*. These shingles will never wear out. They are literally everlasting. Yet, remember, these shingles cost little more than you would have to pay for flimsy, ordinary shingles.

JOHNS-MANVILLE

RIGID ASBESTOS SHINGLES

Asbestos

JOHNS-MANVILLE CORPORATION 292 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY BRANCHES IN ALL LARGE CITIES FOR CANADA CANADIAN JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., LTD TORONTO

(Continued from Page 80)

Bum staff work, I call that. And in this case it is even worse, because it turns out that the 235th is taken out of the line, and they have rushed the 1st back in again. So there is no place for George and I to go but home.

Well, George and I went back in the woods, and being that I had let fall the topper's compass, we came out a different way, and when we hit a road we followed it into Cheery. You know Cheery, soldier? It was never more than a filling station and hot-dog stand when in its prime, and the Jerries had pushed it over since. They pushed it over when we took it; when they had it, it was quite a hangout for Jerry generals, and there are some dugouts around there that are worth seeing. George and I had been through them when the outfit was working there. Well, George and I are passing the Jerry stable they used to call the Mary, when a crisp voice of command pipes up and says to us, "Halt!"

I see a captain over there looking like a toy soldier just painted and put in the sun. His shoes were shined to the heels, and the Sam Browne was shined, and his bars were polished like platinum. Even his pants were pressed and his putties shone—I give you my word. But he did not have a nice face—he had a shave, so I could see his map—he was purplish on the cheeks, and he had red-brown eyes and thick red eyebrows.

"Same to you, cap," I said nicely enough, though I was still feeling sore. "What do you know?"

"Come here!" he barked, full of military. Well, soldier, you know we do not have military up at the Front, and I am not taking guff from this bird or anybody else, but I do not want words, so I simply says, "Go chase yourself," and I started along. When what does he do but pull a gun on me!

Well, of course, that's different, so I went over to him and I said, "Were you addressing yourself to me, captain?"

"Where did you men get those coats?"

George and I were wearing leather coats that a good guy on a clothing dump slipped us one night out the back door. I figured this bird wanted such a coat for himself, which was what any real officer at the Front would mean if he said, "Gee, Peter, where did you get the coat?" So I said to this crab, "You ain't got to scare a man to death, cap, to ask a question. Well, I do not know if I can work it for you, cap, but the guy that's got the giving of these coats is very fond of his white mule. Well, I want to be a good fellow, so if you can scare up a quart of white mule and make it snappy, I'll let you have this coat and take a chance on getting another."

Pretty white, hey, soldier? But this bird is looking from bad to worse, and he hollers, "Attention!"

So George and I stood at attention, with heels together, toes out and all this and that. It seemed funny to be playing soldiers again, just like as if there was no war, but this bird had the say. So all I said was, "Well, I don't know where you get off to give me orders, being that you are not my officer, but I don't want to get nasty."

"What are you doing in this town?" he snapped.

"Well, I do not want to get personal," I said, "but you got a crust to ask me that. A blind man with a patch on one eye could see I live around here and you just come up out of the S. O. S. Furthermore, I am only passing through on the way to my outfit. If you don't believe me, ask my pal here. . . . Tell him, George."

About this time I begin to have a hazy memory of hearing once that selling issue goods is a crime and drinking white mule is another—but that would be nothing between friends. So I'm disappointed but not surprised when this bird says, "You are the most undisciplined man I have seen yet, but we will learn you different. You're under arrest." He blows a whistle, and says, "How long have you been in the Army?"

"Eight weeks," I said. And that was true. But still and all, eight weeks is long enough to hear stories about what they do to soldiers that are bad, and I didn't want to be arrested out of my outfit. So I thought what I had best do with this bird, and I said to George, "Well, George, if we are going with this gentleman we will have to leave behind us that box of Lugers."

"What Lugers?" says the captain before George could beat him to the question. "Lugers? What Lugers? Where?"

"In a dugout back in there," I explained, "we have discovered the headquarters and supply of the Jerry outfit that used to inhabit these parts. I do not know if I ought to speak to less than a head general about this, because it is one of the greatest military secrets of the war, and it would cause more excitement in the First Army than to capture Metz. There is a whole dry-goods box full of Lugers, death's-head hussars' leather helmets hanging up in rows like hats in a fire house, swords for all occasions, Iron Crosses by the gross, spyglasses ——"

"Where is this?" he exclaimed. "Tell me at once. That's an order!" Then he did not want to seem eager, and he said, "Not that I care a snap for all the souvenirs in the Argonne, but it is my duty to examine for information of military value."

I said, "Well, being that you gave an order, we will show you where this place is, if you are alone, but we cannot have any disgraceful scenes of looting such as always happens with common soldiers, before their officers can get to take possession in a military manner."

We parked our packs and rifles in a doorway, and we went with the captain back into the empty lots. We went with him—say, we had to run to keep up with him. I fed him information, saying, "And I forgot to mention the saw bayonets for committing atrocities with, and the gadgets for cutting off the thumbs of little children." You know, they believe that stuff back in the S. O. S.—not but what a buddy of mine had got himself a saw bayonet, but the teeth were pointed forward, making it not worth a curse for disemboweling a helpless foe in a ghastly manner.

We followed the captain back into the yellow grass until we came to a good deep dugout I knew about, and I said, "Here." There was cheesecloth bags around there full of this gunpowder—there had been big guns. This powder is like long sticks of chewing gum and it is great stuff for exploring dugouts. I pulled open a bag and took a handful of the sticks and lit them, and they burned with a fine white flame, singing.

So I said "After you, captain," and I lighted his way down a ladder. When we got down there I lit more sticks and saw him climb down another ladder. That was a very deep dugout; it went down about forty feet, and then there was a square room down there, full of maps and junk that nobody would have, and all torn and tossed by the first rush of doughboys. But the captain was down far enough, so I said, "Don't move around down there in the dark, cap," and I dropped the sticks and pulled up the ladder. Then I went up the next ladder, and George and I wended on our way back to the company.

Of course, I am not leaving the captain there, nasty as he is. When we get back in Cheery, here come two guys; one was a driver and the other was a dainty little chap with officer's wrap leggings and these whipcord pants, though he is only a buck—some kind of a dog-robber—and they say, "Hey, soldier, did you see a captain?"

I said, "He's calling you right now. You will find him down in a dugout over that way. There is a Jerry helmet over the entrance, so you can't miss it." And I looked at them, and they had their masks on their hips, and I remembered I did not see a mask on the captain at all, and I said, "You do not need to be in a hurry, because you did not come here on a horse."

"What difference is that?" they said.

"Well," I explained, "there will come a gas shell any minute, and if a horse has not got a gas mask on, you got to have a new horse. How long is that captain in the Army?"

"Nearly a month now," they said. "But before that he was a big private detective, so he got good experience."

Can you imagine that bird trying to high-hat an old fogy like me, soldier? I might have known it; that's the sort that's martial.

They went away. George and I went for our packs so as to be scarce when the captain was hoisted out, but we had no sooner hit our stride again than what do we see but an automobile in the ditch by the road. We went up to it, hoping the people had not been flattened by a shell and left valuable goods exposed to pilferers, but willing to make the best of it if such was the case. Well, soldier, I guess you often passed a truck that was stopped in the road with the team piled up by a shell, and you always lifted the seat to see what the driver forgot; or maybe it would be a tank or an aeroplane in a field. Findings is keepings by the Articles of War.

This car was as good as new; I couldn't see where it had been hit. Some truck had crowded it off the road—say, one of those trucks made me jump backwards off a bridge into the Meuse once. So George and I went through this car, and what did we find—say, do you know what we found? And I don't mean the officer's coat George had to try on.

Listen to me. We found a whole boxful of Welfare, that is what we found. And here is the cream of the joke: It was stenciled on the box "Military Police." When we pried it open with our shovels and picks, there were forty packages of sweet crackers, thirty pounds of chocolate, twenty cartons of cigarettes, caramels and Porto Rican cigars—and it all belonged to the M. P.'s.

I looked at George, and I just had to smile; he looked at me, and he had to laugh. I guess we thought of the M. P.'s we had seen. I could see once more those jolly M. P.'s sitting under a tree in Champy News, outside of Nancy, lapping up beer and shooing soldiers back from the big town. Those beer hounds under the tree stuck most in my mind, because it was while laying near Nancy in August that we first

(Continued on Page 87)

The Boys in Mud Color Were Pumping These Shells Up in the Air as If They Could Go Home When They Had Them All Fired

Tie FIRE'S HANDS

Properly installed wires are among fire's enemies. Such wires carry light and power safely into homes and buildings everywhere. Wires put you in instant touch with your nearest fire station. Wires flash a call for help if fire strikes.

Look to your wires. Have all your electrical work done according to the code adopted for your protection. See that your telephone and signal systems are always ready to carry a call for help.

And one more thing—use your telephone wire to get in touch with the Hartford agent, for no matter how careful you are, you do need insurance. Fire does break loose, and when he starts he may wipe you out, unless the value of your property is covered by insurance.

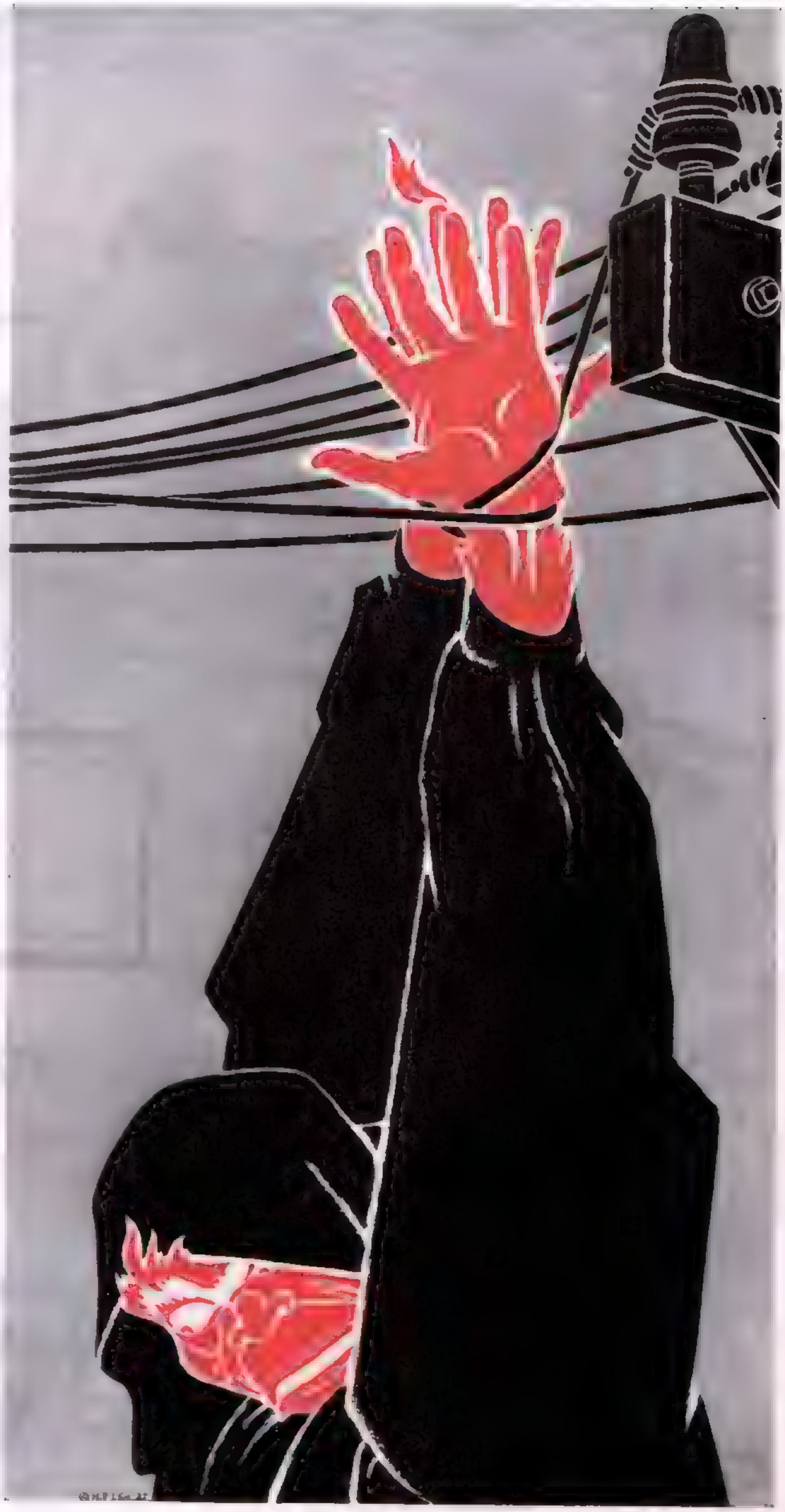
The Hartford agent sells good insurance—insurance written in The Hartford Fire Insurance Company. He is a good man for you to know.

INSURE IN THE

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO.

HARTFORD, CONN.

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company and the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company write practically every form of insurance except life.



Both in homes and in industrial plants, ARMCO ingot iron is saving needless loss wherever sheet metal is used.

RUST-

More treacherous

Rust is a fire that gives no warning. All unseen, it attacks the busy equipment of industry and the metal in your home. Guard against this waste by demanding *Armco* ingot iron for every sheet metal use.

* * *

AN UNSUSPECTED fire is burning night and day in hundreds of busy industrial plants and in thousands of homes.

This fire is *rust*. For the difference between rusting and burning is only a matter of time ... both are oxidation. But no crackling flames or tell-tale smoke gives warning of rust-fire. When metal burns, the process is too slow to see.

But this slower, more treacherous fire takes an enormous toll! It is costing American business men and home owners millions.

No insurance policy covers this loss. It appears on business ledgers as "depreciation" and "overhead" that might have been profit. And in household budgets as needless repairs to leaky roofs, burned-out furnace pipes and other metal articles of too short usefulness.

For it is so easy to avoid this waste and annoyance by insisting on *Armco* ingot iron for every sheet metal use.

Armco ingot iron is unequaled in resisting rust because it is the purest iron made. It is practically free from the impurities that hasten rust in steels and other irons.

This Triangle your protection against Rust-Fire

In INDUSTRY More and more business executives are cutting upkeep costs and freeing themselves from maintenance worries by specifying *Armco* ingot iron for every sheet metal job in the plant.

In thousands of plants, *Armco* ingot iron is giving long-life service under the most severe

FIRE*

than flames . . . .

conditions . . . in moisture-laden air, amid coal dust and gases, attacked by corrosive fumes. For the roofs and sides of factory buildings, mine and railroad cars, tanks, smokestacks and all other rust-exposed sheet metal work, *Armco* ingot iron is the enduring, low-cost material.

And in the HOME Home owners and builders, too, are saving the cost and trouble of frequent repairs. They are insisting on galvanized *Armco* ingot iron for roofs, gutters, downspouts and other weather-exposed metal parts about a house. Here, *Armco* ingot iron offers a *double* protection against rust. For it takes and holds a protective coat of zinc much purer than the galvanizing on steel.

The use of *Armco* ingot iron anywhere is a big economy when labor costs are figured. Remember, sixty cents of every dollar on a sheet metal job are spent for labor . . . no matter what material is used or how long it will last. So it doesn't pay to invest men's time in metals of shorter service. Moreover, the use of *Armco* ingot iron speeds building and repair work because it is so ductile and easy for sheet metal workers to handle.

Whether you are in charge of a huge industrial plant or are going to build or repair your home, you will save money by insisting on *Armco* ingot iron for all sheet metal work.

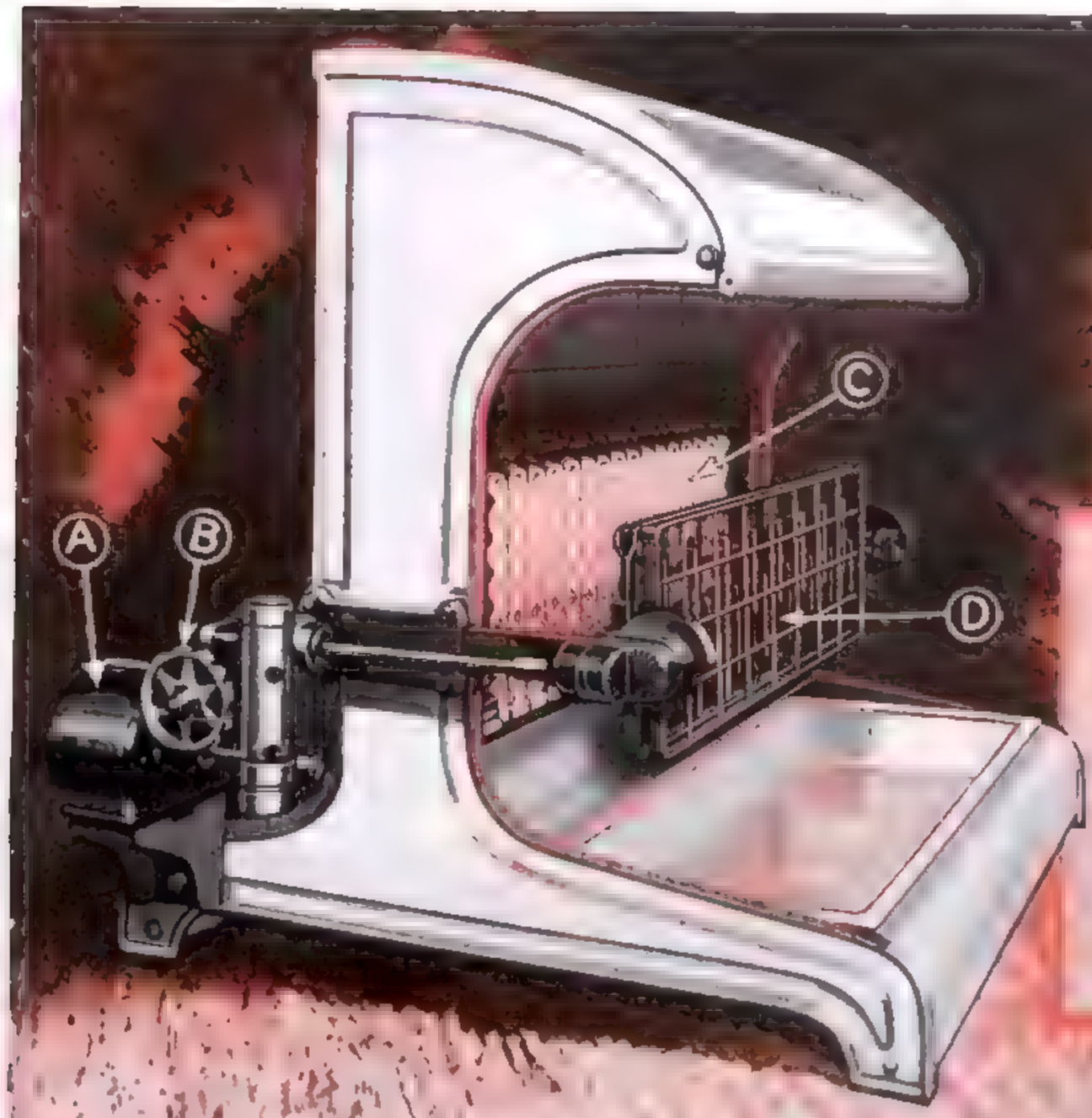
ARMCO
INGOT IRON
RESISTS RUST

Look for the sheet metal shop in your neighborhood that displays the Armco Ingot Iron Shop Sign. The Armco Shop man will tell you that the Armco Triangle on every sheet is your guarantee of a long-time, low-cost job.

INGOT-IRON SHOP — Quality Work with Quality Iron

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY
MIDDLETOWN, OHIO
Export: The Armco International Corp.
Cable Address: "Armco Middletown"

Rust . . . Fire . . . *The only difference between rusting and burning is time—both are oxidation. You can feel and see the fire produced by rapid burning. But when metal rusts, the process is too slow to see. Rust is the "ash" of this fire.*



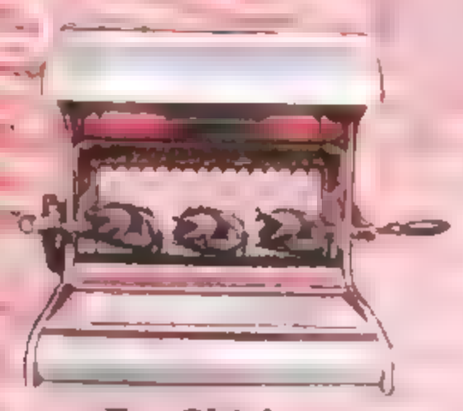
A—Electric Motor Drive.

B—Wheel regulates distance from fire.

C—Famous Humphrey Radiantfire Burner and Radiants.

D—24″ Grill—automatically turns every 30 seconds.

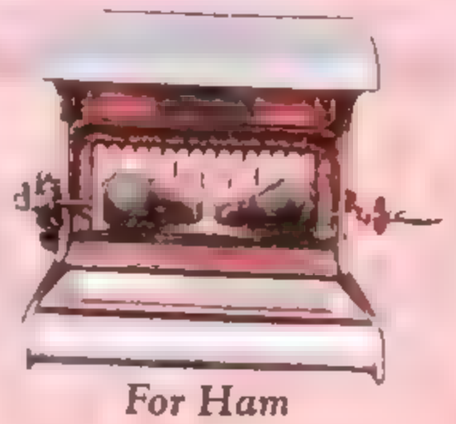
It burns manufactured or natural gas. Can also be supplied with 5 K. W. electric heating element or electric gasoline generator.



For Chicken

For "Hot Dogs"

For Steaks



For Ham

Here Is a Super Salesman

During an athletic event in Madison Square Garden, New York, a Humphrey Rotisserie broke every known record for retail sales of "red hot" Frankfurters.

Wherever it has been operated—in restaurants, quick lunch stands and amusement parks—the Rotisserie has drawn eager, hungry crowds and created a golden stream of profits.

Barbecue cooking—there's magic in the words. No one with a pair of eyes and a healthy digestion can resist the appeal of chicken, steaks, chops or wieners roasted in the Humphrey Way.

The Rotisserie itself is a thing of bright, shining beauty with a large grill which turns automatically every thirty seconds.

Add to this the charm and delicious cooking qualities of radiant heat and you have a sales appeal which no man, woman or child can resist.

If you are selling food to the public—or if you are looking for a new business of unfailing profits—write us at once for full details. In any event, *get the facts.* They mean money in your pocket.

The Humphrey Rotisserie is manufactured and guaranteed by the makers of the famous Humphrey Radiantfire. Both products are distributed through Gas Companies and Gas Appliance Dealers.

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The HUMPHREY

Rotisserie

(BARBECUE)

(Continued from Page 82)

had to study the manners and customs of M. P.'s and try to outguess them. And here was a ton of Welfare belonging to M. P.'s.

So I lifted up this box and tilted all the Welfare in George's raincoat and gave him the corners, but the coat began to tear. But that was all right; we found in Cheery some rolls of officers' bedding, and we opened one with a knife and took a blanket. That was one of the old blankets, and George couldn't tear it, though he did some tall pulling on it.

We headed across lots for Chippie. "Wait till the boys see what we got," I said. I was figuring the whole platoon in on our haul.

"Won't they be jealous, though?" said George.

"Why, you big gormandizer," I said, "do you think you are jackassing that load for yourself?" George is selfish.

This was now coming onto noon, so we edged off to hit an advanced kitchen. Those advanced kitchens feed very well, too, as you know, soldier, and they are well worth patronizing if you do not mind having your steak flavored with yellow cross and peppered with blue. Some steaks, hey, soldier? I do enjoy to see those boys up there chopping their logs and their frozen beef with the same ax. They had soft bread too. We found this advanced kitchen in a woodlot, but we had to wait a little for our steaks, because the Jerries had just given the woods a smacking with 77's, ruining the service. Some dumb-bell had put green wood on a fire. Well, that was a stand-off, because it was that very smoke that George and I saw over the trees. That is war, hey?—give and take.

So while we were waiting for our steaks, George and I took a mope, prospecting for some Jerry dugout that hadn't been entered by the tomb robbers. That area hadn't been readied up yet, and there were a couple of dead ones behind this woodlot, and one of them had on a new pair of the old-issue wrap leggings, smart-looking, and no such rags as the new issue. George took the leggings, and I told him not to, because they were jinxed, and the only thing it is always safe to take is money. Well, of course they didn't have any money on them, lying there for a week or two.

After we chowed I helped George to get his pack on his hump, and we started again for the company. There was a road by this advanced kitchen, and we followed that; I figured it went to Very, which is only a kilometer from Chippie. These places I'm telling you about are all in a circle of five or six kilometers, but when you're loaded with dry goods and hardware you can't get around. You understand about that, soldier.

There was quite some rifle fire ahead of us, and some bullets went by us, singing like bees. We came to a field where there was quite a few soldiers from different outfits, and there was where the bullets were coming from. Somebody had run a bayonet in the ground and put a Jerry helmet on the stock of the rifle, and the boys were picking rifles up from the field and firing at the helmet. It looked like Coney Island. There was a Russian gun there—they said it was a Russian gun, and made of brass—and some of them were monkeying with it, and I wonder I didn't get both eardrums broke. I was right under the muzzle and not thinking of anything, when somebody found out how to fire the thing. I fell down; I was sure I was killed; I thought a big shell had lit alongside me. They said the gun didn't have any recoil, which made it give such a terrible pop.

These boys had lost their outfits, and they were living the life of Riley. You know, soldier, the one place a man can lead the simple life, peaceful and quiet and never turning his hand to do a tap, is right in a battle area. Everybody's busy and minding his own business, and there are not any M. P.'s. A man can have a nice Jerry dugout, with a bunk and table and chair and illustrated funny papers from Berlin, and he can eat at a new kitchen every day. He will be between the balloons and the 75's. The morning he looks out and misses the balloons he better roll his pack, for the next thing he will see is Welfare ladies and M. P.'s. Then he will move up.

Well, that would be a fellow who had decided to wait it out, but most of these boys, I guess, were just like George and I, and wanted to get back to their outfits.

They spotted George McMonigle, the man mountain, and asked what he had on his hump. George thoughtlessly told them the truth, and they came around like wolves.

"Got any cigarettes?" asked an engineer, hauling out a roll of francs.

"How much a bar of chocolate?" yelled a machine gunner, snatching at George. "Here's fifty francs, fellow."

Well, we had no notion of selling anything, meaning it all for the platoon, but there was two ways about that. If these boys got to coaxing too hard there was nobody to tell them to be good; and also, you can do a lot with money if you got a lot of it. So we thought the platoon would not miss a couple of cartons of cigarettes.

Well, the way it ended after five elapsed minutes, George and I had eighteen hundred francs and four boxes of sweet crackers. So we sat down and ate the four boxes of sweet crackers in spite of offers of twenty francs a box. Then along came a water cart, and they ran to fill their canteens, and the next thing is that water cart is sprinkling the Army's chlorinated water all over the Argonne roads. The water cart is going up into the lines and the driver wants to take some of his water with him, and he lashes his mule into a gallop and he lashes out behind, but the boys hang right on, turning taps, and by the time they fill their canteens they would get a lick of the whip, and they left all the taps running. Well, that water tasted poison anyway.

So George and I hit out for the company again, and it was now coming onto dark. In fact, it was quite dark when we come into the crossroad of Chippie. We were delayed by an outfit going by us up into the lines, and when I said "What outfit?" somebody says "26th Infantry." I remember it was dark, because I couldn't see the men any more, but only the tin hats and rifle barrels against the sky, from where George and I were laying against the other side of the ditch. But we could hear them grunt with every step. The regiment had been back to fill up, and it was full of replacements—new boys that were toting tons of stuff that was already heaped up in the ditches all the way to Germany. Some guy up on the road there says, "Oh, you four kilometers!"—I guess he heard they were only moving four kilometers—and he hits me with a pair of English shoes off his pack and almost brains me. I take a shiner and a lovely gash down across my eye, and the blood ran down my whiskers. So George and I get out before they put down a box barrage on us, and we wait in the field. Those English shoes are some armor-clads, eh, soldier?

Well, that was all right, and there we are back in the company, and just in time for the bad news—moving up. Everybody got his pack rolled and is sitting on it smoking cigarettes. They took notice when we came into the platoon's billet, saying, "Hey, men, there's Rook and McMonigle!"

Well, there was just one advantage about coming back to the company when it was on the move, and that was we would eat up strong. A good mess sergeant overdraws when he can, and puts in for a full strength even if half the company has been evacuated to hospitals, as was our case, and we only had thirty-five or forty men to a platoon. The result is that the eats pile up when the company is not moving, and there is one grand big meal, with seconds and thirds, before the outfit moves. We even had too much fresh meat, and that's something don't happen every day with pioneers. So George and I, being badly starved with so long away from our own kitchen, just laid back our ears and waded in with glad cries.

We noticed people saying "Look, there they are!" meaning us, but we just let it lay, whatever it was. But when the topper comes down on us we had to act up more.

He says, "Well, you two son-of-a-guns, we thought you were took prisoners."

"And so we were, if it comes to that," I admitted.

"You were, eh?" says the topper, excited. "And how did you get away?"

"It was a captain had us," I said. "We put him down in a dugout."

"You did? Well, what about his men?"

"We sent them after him, sergeant," said George, apologizing. "We didn't mean to hurt him, honest."

That tickled the topper, and he slapped George on his back until he coughed up a T-bone steak that had stuck in his throat. "Ha-ha! You didn't mean to hurt him, hey?" he laughed. "And you sent his men after him, hey? Well, well. I got to get out paper work right now, but I want to hear the rest of this. As soon as we heard the next morning that the Jerries had rushed Exermont, we figured you would turn up here, or they would have you, one way or other. You didn't mean to hurt him, hey, George? Wait till I tell the skipper." And he goes off, quite satisfied.

Well, I see how things are, and it is certainly a nice break. They think we were in Exermont when the Jerries came. What could be sweeter? Everybody asks questions at once, and I have already got some of the story straight by the time the doctor comes around to look at my shiner. He says it must have been a splinter from a potato masher—and there is an expert opinion—but he says I will not have to go to the hospital. So there we are fixed up with two reputations for being a couple of heroes, instead of being put in the can for moping; only we will have to have a good story, and about that I said to myself, "Leave it to me!"

So the topper blew his whistle and said "Fall in," and the platoon sergeants all blew their whistles and bawled "Fall in!" and the company came out of its billets and fell in. Then the topper says, "Privates Rook and McMonigle, report to the mess sergeant." And the next thing is he is saying "Squads right," and the company is off again for the war, in the track of the regiment that hit me with the English shoes.

George and I went over and saw the mess sergeant. He is generally an awful crab, but he is quite nice to us, and he says, "You boys are to guard the kitchen. The ration truck is stuck somewheres and I got to go out and find it between here and headquarters. I will bring back two mules from the supply company, and we will pull out at daylight. Meanwhile, the cooks got to sleep."

"And we got to stay up all night?" I asked

"Listen," he said, "this is a soft detail you been given on account of doing so good. You certainly had a great experience, and I guess the skipper will put in to get you a medal. That wound of yourn, Rook, ought to bring you the *croix de guerre*. The French give that to every man of theirs that's hit, and they give it to ours if they're asked. Shut up about staying awake. A lot of guys just hiked out of here that are going to stay up all night, too, but not sitting in a nice warm kitchen nursing a pot of coffee. There's condensed milk on the shelf. Go to it. So long."

After he is gone George detects me in the act of fondling my new roll of eighteen hundred francs. He brisks up and says, "What are we going to do now?"

"What I would suggest," I suggested, "is that we try and think up some way to get you a roll too."

"How is this?" he said mournfully. "Don't I cut with you on that roll? Ah, Peter, have a heart. Look, I got nothing." And he dumps out his pockets, and he got only a silver franc and some paper money of a town we passed one day and that is no good except in that town. You know how these French towns print money and shove it on outfits passing through, and five kilos further on a Frenchman will not take it who jumps on the moving train and claims to be selling cognac, and hands you a bottle of beer and water for ten silver francs and hops off. He wants real money, good anywheres.

But there was one thing George had that was well worth the attention, and that was a couple of passes. They were signed by the provost marshal of Dizzy, the first big town next to us in the S. O. S., and they said that the bearer, mentioning no names, was entitled to be at large on the streets and in lawful resorts of said Dizzy between such and such hours on such a date, giving none.

"Where did you get those, old friend?" I said, putting an arm about him.

"I got them off an officer," he says. "I do not know who he was."

"And all they gave me was smokes," I said, "except just after mess a looey came by—I think he is in the first battalion, but I do not know his name—and he give me a drink out of a bottle. So one of them give you a couple of passes to Dizzy, eh? Let's go! We might never come back to these parts, and those passes would be on our conscience until our dying day if we do not use them. With this roll we can go down there and rent the town until reveille tomorrow morning."

So I found the mess sergeant's pencil, and I filled those passes in for privates Peter Rook and George McMonigle of Company E, 287th Pioneers, and I specified that night between right then and six in the morning. I wrote it that way—Tonight—because I did not know the day of the week or the day of the month, and I was only pretty sure it was October.

So that was all right, and George and I went out in the road and flagged a truck, and we were off. It was about twenty kilometers to Dizzy, and the truck made it while we were smoking a cigarette—he had those little white stones jumping by right lively. The first thing we knew we began to see lights—and not those sad little blue lights down close to the ground, which is considered to be great illumination near the Front—and people too. George grabbed a hold of me suddenly, and he was so excited he couldn't talk.

"L-look!" he gasps, pointing.

"What?" I says. "What?"

"A wo-woman!" he says. "Look!"

It was a woman too. We both near fell out the back of the truck with looking at her; we hadn't seen a woman in near two months. She was certainly a great sight. But soon we began to see real people, and not soldiers, and then we came to streets and sidewalks and lamp-posts, just like the United States. Well, soldier, the most beautiful city in the world is Hoboken, and I will leave it to a vote of the A. E. F., but even a French city looks mighty nice to a man right out of the lines. So after some negotiations with the driver, and not coming to any agreement on what I was talking about on account of his truck going so

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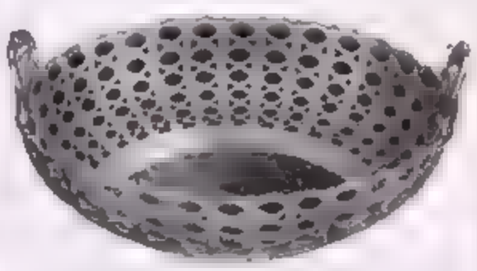

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loud, George and I leaped nimbly out the back, and the cobbles skidded from under us and we came down on our tin hats.

We seen we were in Dizzy. So we walked down the main stem, looking in the delicatessens and *Weinstubes*, and then we went in a *Weinstube*—though that is not what they call them in Dizzy—and we had the regular dinner—five francs, with a quart of *vin blanc*. So that was all right, and we split another quart between us, and topped off with *prunelle*, which is prune whisky. We bought two quarts of this *prunelle* to give the mess sergeant to square him for copping a mope, and then we went out on the main stem again to grab ourselves a couple of mademoiselles and open up the town.

Well, we see not a few M. P.'s, and we get along very nicely with them, and no questions asked, but with the mademoiselles we do not go so big. Around ten or eleven o'clock we are sitting in a *Weinstube* having the regular dinner with a quart of *vin blanc*, and I begin to look George over, and I see he is a repulsive tramp. I say to him, "George, don't get frightened now—when did you wash?"

He says, "You mean lately, Peter?"

I says, "No, I know you did not wash lately."

He says, "Peter, if we are getting personal, I can't see a kind lady picking you out of the pound and giving you a good home, just to save your life."

So we went out on the main stem again to find a barber shop and *faire beau*. The only one we could find open was in a basement of a big building, and we could have got in if we didn't look in the window first. That give the barber a chance to take alarm and run and bolt his door. We went and knocked, but now he could see us even better, and he put his finger in front of his black eyes and waved: *"Non, non!"*

So we knocked a little harder, but he went on pretending it wasn't a public shop and he only scraped acquaintances. So I began to kick the door. It is always a good plan with a Frenchman to let on you think he does not understand what you mean, and he will very soon give you what you want. Well, you know, with those shoes I could kick in the stone side of his house and not stub a toe, so very soon he throws up his hands and comes to open the door, when a sergeant of M. P.'s looks out of the main door upstairs and says, "Did you knock?"

I says, "This is a barber shop, ain't it?"

He says, "No, this is M. P. headquarters for the town. You can't get shaved there. Since you are here, what outfit are you, and where's your papers?"

"Show him the passes, George," I says.

Well, George cannot find the passes. He looks high and low. I pass it off with saying, "We got two passes off an officer for doing extra good against the Jerries, and I'm not lying. The captain is sending for medals, what I hear, and he will probably make a couple of sergeants out of us."

"A sergeant eats at the head of the line and don't have to work," said George, still hunting. "He gets more money, too; that's the fun of it."

"What did you do so good?" asked the sergeant.

So I told him. He was greatly pleased, and he said, "You're the kind of men we like to show consideration. Never mind about the pass, buddy; I can see you're right out of the lines. Go down and tell Scratch I said open the door for you, and when you are cleaned up, there is a couple of good guys here off duty and they will see you have a regular time and make a truck to get you back to Chippie for reveille." Was that all right, soldier?

When just then George finds the passes and crowds them on this M. P. sergeant. He looks at them; George makes him.

The sergeant makes a noise and says nothing, and then he says, "Come in here. Walk this way."

We went in there and walked that way, and in the back of the building we came to a square room with a desk and a row of chairs and an officer sitting at the desk. Outside the door it said "Office of Provost Marshal," and this was him.

The sergeant said, "About two men that looted a car belonging to this company on the Romagne road near Cheery, removing Welfare meant for distribution to men on traffic duty in the alert zone, and being traced to where they sold the Welfare and then got away. Will the provost marshal take a flash at these passes and see if they are the two that were took out of his coat he left in the car?"

So the bird behind the desk lifts his red eyebrows and looks at us with his rusty red eyes. Well, I never see anybody more taken with anybody. He is the same gent that we left in the dugout looking for booko souvenirs. He smiled all over, saying, "Aha! Welcome to our city."

"Well, I got 'em off an officer, didn't I?" muttered George.

The French truck stopped. "La Neuville-au-Pont," announced the French sergeant. It was my jumping-off place.

The M. P. took a reflective sip of the confiscated liquor that had been meant in its time to hearten a German machine gunner in his black and lonely pit.

He said, "The captain said he fell in that hole while looking for help to get the car out of the ditch. If I were you, which God forbid, and if you are not lying, which I guess you are, you will let the captain tell the story his way. You are got a good chance to go home with casuals if you act pretty; and you don't begin to know yet what they can do to you in this Army. Say, they can keep you here in France for six months!"

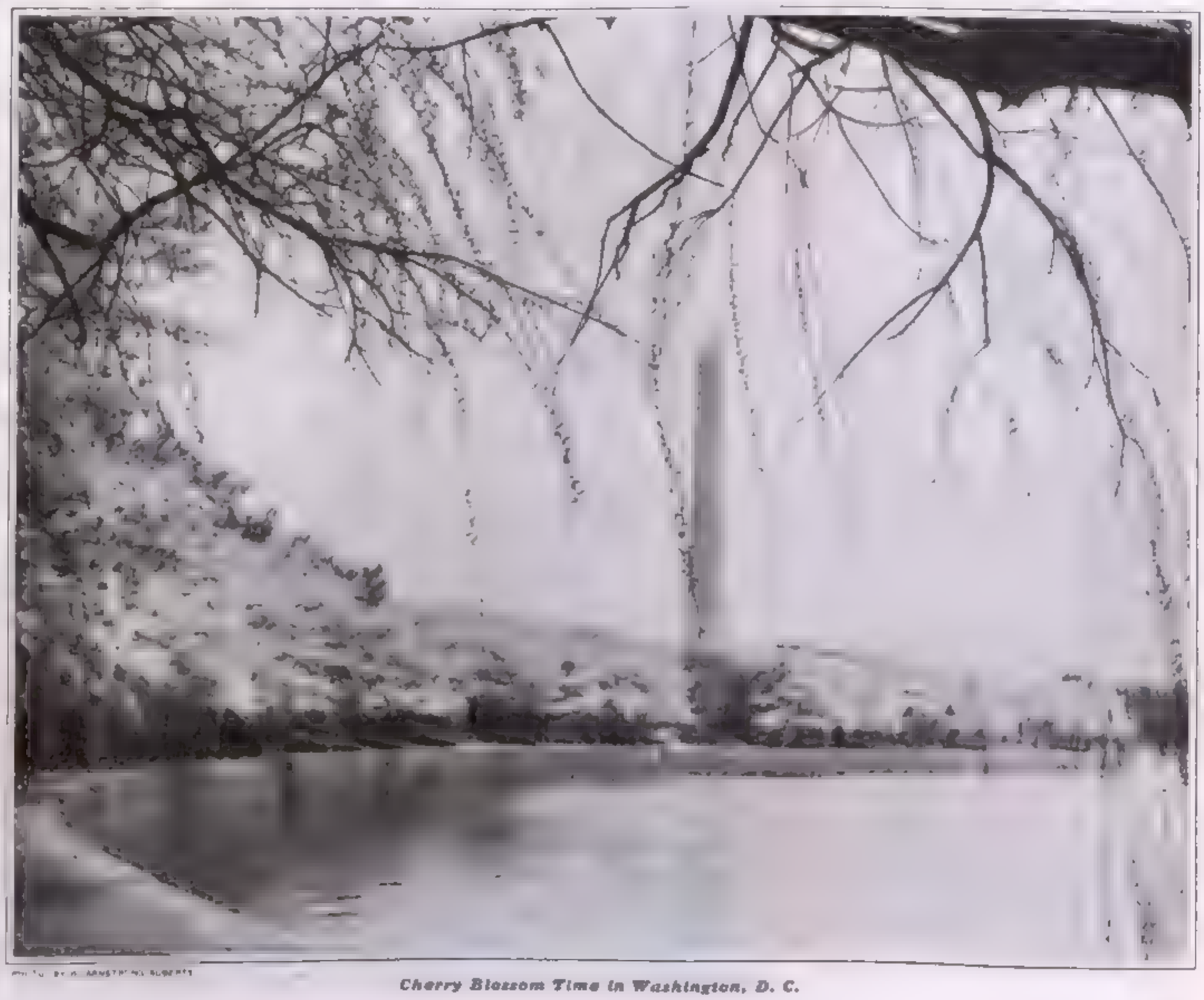
"Ah-h," said the man called George, opening his mouth at this hideous threat.

We all thought we'd be home long before Christmas.

I was on the road with my impedimenta, and was wrestling with my pack straps.

"So long, soldier!" called Peter as the truck started with a convulsive jerk along the road.

"So long," I replied to the scamp. And then, after a moment of hesitation, "Good luck! See you in Hoboken!"



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A PERMANENT IMPROVEMENT

Continued from Page 11

"What paper did he run?" asked the sheriff, but did not wait for a reply. "Whether or not a country paper gits along," he said, "depends on how it stands in. Public advertisin' and what not. And things kin be throwed your way."

Don smiled cheerfully. "I suppose," he said, "I am talking to what is known locally as the courthouse gang."

"Well," said the sheriff, "me 'n' Ellsworth pulls a couple of stout oars in this county. Hain't had much experience in politics, have you—at your age?"

"Some," said Don.

"Where was this?"

"Boston," said Don. "I knew lots of politicians there. I knew Boss O'Rourke well."

"He got caught graftin' and went to jail," said the sheriff with displeasure.

"Yes," said Don; "I sent him there."

Ellsworth spoke for the first time. "Is your name Oakes?"

"At your service," said Don.

"What of it?" demanded the sheriff.

"Nothing," said Ellsworth, "except that this seems to be the reporter who stepped out all by himself and collected the evidence that convicted O'Rourke. And got a conviction, sheriff, when every important politician in the state was pulling wires to get the thing thrown out of court."

Sheriff Fox eyed Don fixedly for a moment. "One of them reformers, eh?"

"No," said Don; "it was just in the day's work."

"Anyhow," said Ellsworth, with an engaging smile, "Sugar Hollow is fortunate to have you come here. We're to be congratulated."

"Let's git goin'," said the sheriff.

"Wasn't there something you wanted to talk over with me?" Don asked innocently.

"Not today," said the sheriff gruffly. "We'll be droppin' in this week, though. . . . G'-by."

They made their way around the railing, but before they reached the door Don called after them, "By the way, what cars was Wiggins afraid of?"

"Nothin' that needs to trouble you," said the sheriff.

III

DURING the next few days Don received a number of callers, most of whom presented bills after opening affable conversations. But the most interesting of the men who entered the cluttered office was a fat little old gentleman with remarkable white whiskers and the expression of a bland and benign sheep. He announced himself as Abner Rivers and allowed the fact to leak out that he was chairman of the finance committee of the savings bank.

"Kind of bought this paper on impulse, didn't you?" he asked.

"It was a tidal wave," Don said in his serious, confidential way.

In any conversation, no matter how trivial, his manner was such that one felt he was pouring out his innermost soul. He made one feel that at last he had encountered a person of understanding to whom he could unbosom himself.

"Eh?" asked the startled financier.

"You are familiar with the fact," said Don, leaning a bit forward and lowering his voice, "that 'there is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.'"

"I dunno's I be," said Mr. Rivers.

"It says so in the book," said Don. "It was such a tide that washed me into this newspaper office."

"To be sure," said Mr. Rivers. Then—"Mostly folks don't object none to turnin' a penny."

"I've noticed it," said Don. "It is quite common."

"What I'm gittin' at," said Mr. Rivers, "is this: I been hankerin' to own a newspaper. Yes, sir, allus aimed to own one when the right day come around fer it. But you kind of stepped in ahead of me."

"I didn't see you in line," said Don apologetically.

"Eh? I wan't in no line. But I don't mind takin' over this here shop and givin' you suthin' in the way of profit."

"What," asked Don, "would be your idea of something in the way of profit?"

"Wa-al, let's see now." Don half expected to hear Mr. Rivers say ba-a-a-a. "You had this place two days. I cal'late a hundred dollars a day 's more'n you make most days."

"You might," said Don, "go so far as to say weeks."

"Is it a deal?" asked Mr. Rivers.

"The monetary consideration is ample," said Don, "but what about the good and valuable considerations?"

"I dunno's I follow you."

"Who is going to give me the fun I'd miss? What, in the way of recreation, can you offer me?"

"I'm dealin' in cash," said Mr. Rivers.

"And I," said Don, "am only dimly aware of the existence of cash. I didn't buy this newspaper to make money."

Mr. Rivers looked at him as at something monstrous and unnatural. "Then why in tunket did you buy it?" he demanded.

"I felt," said Don, "that Sugar Hollow needed me. But I was not altogether altruistic. I felt also that I needed Sugar Hollow."

"Two hundred dollars is two hundred dollars," said Mr. Rivers dogmatically.

"I've got two hundred dollars," said Don, as if that were a complete answer.

"I might go two-fifty," said Mr. Rivers. "Would you like me to set a cash price?"

"Mebby that would git us some'eres."

"Twenty-five thousand dollars," said Don.

"Young feller, you're crazy."

Don tapped Mr. Rivers' knee. "You confirm a suspicion of my own," he said. "Nevertheless, that is my price, first, last and only. Is it a deal?"

"It hain't," said Mr. Rivers. "Now you look here, bub ——"

"That makes three folks have called me bub," said Don, and nodded his head.

"This here town," went on Mr. Rivers, "cal'lates to run its own affairs, and it don't need no young spriggins from the city to come plungin' in where he hain't wanted. Jest so's not to make hard feelin' I made you a fair and square offer, and you didn't heed it. Now I'm a-sayin' to you that you hain't wanted here, nor no other Smart Aleck stranger."

Mr. Rivers had ceased to resemble a bland and benignant sheep; his similarity now was to an ill-tempered and malicious ram.

"You all will come to dote on me," said Don; "it's just because you don't know me yet."

"Try and run a newspaper here," said Mr. Rivers. "Jest try it, with all the influential citizens agin you!"

"You tempt me severely," said Don. "Do you solemnly promise they all will be against me?"

"You kin bet your bottom dollar on it."

"Then," said Don, "my price goes up to thirty thousand. You are smoothing the ice, painting the lily, pouring perfume on the violet—all of which is wasteful and extravagant excess."

"There won't be no other offer," said Mr. Rivers.

Don regarded the old gentleman amiably and smiled and twinkled his eyes at him. "Mr. Rivers," he asked in the tone of one profoundly desirous of ingratiating himself, "did anyone ever tell you he didn't like you?"

"No," snapped Mr. Rivers.

"I can't understand it," Don said politely. "It should have been done years ago. It is one of those self-evident facts the Declaration of Independence talks about. 'We hold these truths to be self-evident'—you know."

"Five hundred is my outside price."

"Are you," Don asked earnestly, "popular with the masses? Because if you are, somebody ought to write a monograph on it. I find assembled in your person every attribute which goes to make up perfect unpopularity. In fact you are growing more unpopular moment by moment. So much so, indeed, that I am becoming unstrung. If you don't go away, Mr. Rivers, I am afraid I shall have a tantrum."

"I'll tantrum you before I git through with you!" Mr. Rivers got ponderously to his feet and bristled his beard. "You'll git your come-uppance," he said furiously, and stamped from the office.

Don peered after him with his most guileless expression. "He never mentioned the sheriff or the prosecuting attorney," he said to himself. "But neither did I, so we're all even. . . . Now why was my predecessor so anxious to go away, and why is this paper suddenly worth enormous sums of money?" He considered these queries briefly and then allowed his inward pleasure to show outwardly on his face. "I knew there must be a town like this some place," he said. "It's got everything the prescription calls for—even the pretty girl. And he offered me two hundred dollars to leave this paradise!"

He opened the door and called softly to Jake. "What do you know," he asked, "of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste brought death into the world, and all our woe, with loss of Eden?"

"Better look it up in the encyclopedy," said Jake. "I hain't posted."

"Why," asked Don, "does the local oligarchy wish me to go away from here?"

"Didn't know the' was one in town," said Jake. "We got a chiropodist and a neck cracker—a what-d'ye-call-'em ——"

"To put it tersely," Don interrupted, "what Ethiopian are the sheriff and Mr. Ellsworth and Sheep-Face taking such pains to cover with stove wood?"

"Dunno," said Jake. "I don't listen around much. Somebody said Ellsworth was goin' to marry Doc Noble's daughter."

"The one with the invitations?"

"That's her."

"Something tells me," Don said in a half whisper, "that rumor is premature. . . . Does Horrible know anything?"

"Only sich things as he's picked up off'n me," said Jake.

"Doc Noble's allus talkin' agin the sheriff," said Horrible.

"I wish he'd talk to me."

"More'n likely he will," said Horrible helpfully. "He's the kind that ain't too proud to talk to anybody."

The wish to hear what Doctor Noble had to say with respect to Sheriff Fox was one which Don realized that afternoon. The physician—a short, broad, wrinkled sort of individual, with a notable forehead and the eyes of one who loves his fellow men—came into the office to spy out the land.

"Are you the new editor?" he asked, and his fine eyes clouded with disappointment when Don answered affirmatively. "Are you—experienced?" the doctor asked with hesitant courtesy.

"Would you believe me, sir, if I told you I have been a newspaper man for twelve years?"

"Of course," said the doctor, and coughed. "Er—why not?"

"Why not, indeed! I commenced as copy boy at fourteen," said Don.

"Are you informed of local conditions?"

"Only that there are local conditions."

"Um—the second editor back was ridden out of town on a rail in a coat of tar and feathers. A scurrilous piece was printed in his paper about the wife of a leading citizen." The doctor paused. "He did not write it. It was done by a bribed printer. But it served to arouse the town. The town is, I may say, easily aroused."

(Continued on Page 93

Naturally Lovable

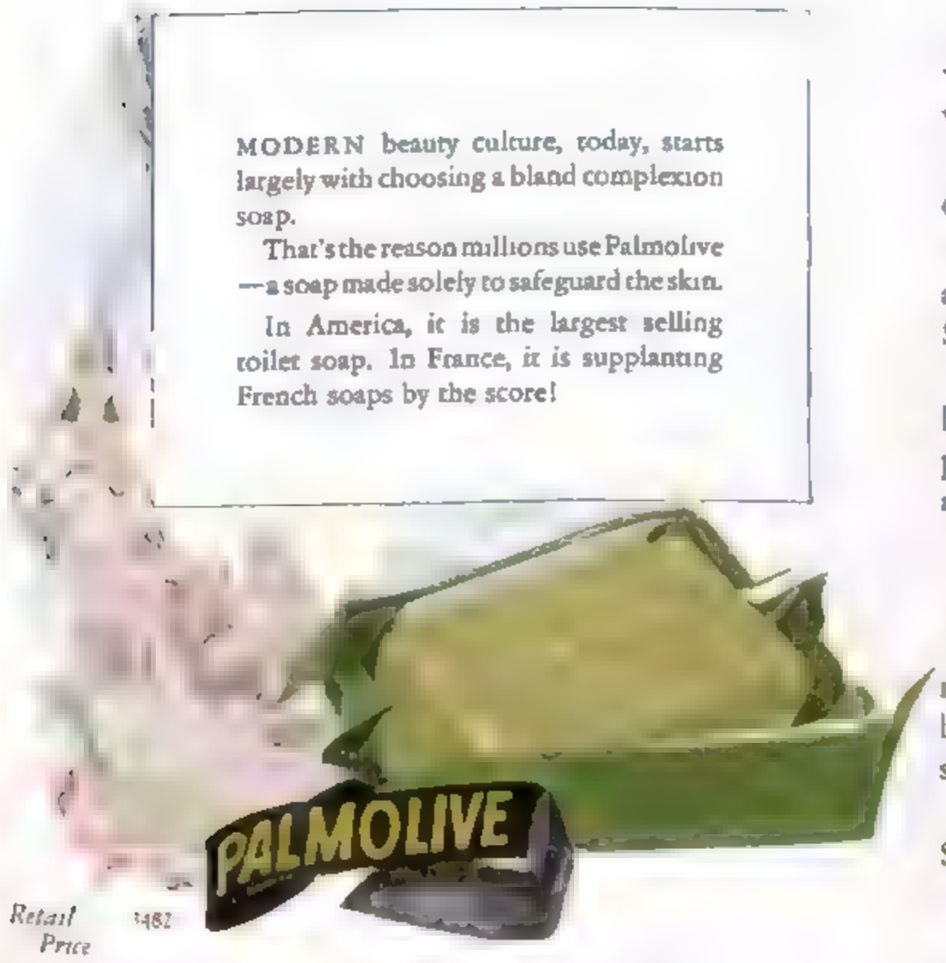
"That Schoolgirl Complexion"

—is kept and safeguarded by thousands through following this simple rule in daily skin care

MODERN beauty culture, today, starts largely with choosing a bland complexion soap.

That's the reason millions use Palmolive—a soap made solely to safeguard the skin.

In America, it is the largest selling toilet soap. In France, it is supplanting French soaps by the score!



Retail Price 10c

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

AS more women become skilled in the ways of beauty, more and more turn to natural ways in skin care.

That means a clean skin; pores kept free of accumulations to perform their functions *naturally*.

Thus modern beauty culture starts with soap and water; its only secret being the KIND of SOAP one uses—and how.

Palmolive is a beauty soap. A soap made of bland and soothing cosmetic oils, solely for one purpose; to safeguard the complexion. A soap made to be used freely, lavishly on the skin.

The rule to follow if guarding a good complexion is your goal

Used in the following way, it is credited with more beautiful skins, probably, than any other beauty method. Its results you see on every side today.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all.

Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note the amazing difference one week makes. The Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Ill.

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See mighty
MOUNT ROBSON
The highest peak in the
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one of the wonders of Canada's Finest Vacation Land.

THE Canadian Rockies are seen at their best on the route of Canadian National Railways which crosses at the easiest gradient and lowest altitude of all transcontinental lines. From your train you get a wonderful view of the loftiest peaks, including Mount Robson, monarch of them all.

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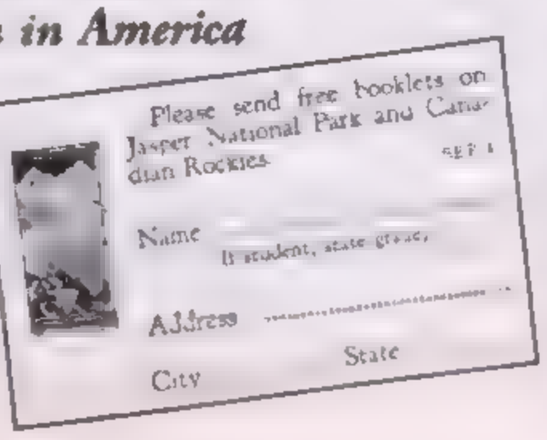
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(If student, state grade)
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City State

(Continued from Page 90)

"Tar and feathers!" said Don. "That must have been very annoying. Have you heard, doctor, that newspaper men are clannish? I guess I owe somebody for that downy overcoat. You don't suppose, do you, that Sheriff Fox had anything to do with it?"

"It can't be proved ——"

"It doesn't have to be. And do I owe anything to Mr. Rivers?"

"He used the influence of the bank to prevent our business men from supporting the paper."

"No advertising, eh? I'll put that down in the ledger. And young Mr. Ellsworth, the prosecutor?"

"I have suspended judgment," said the doctor. "He is a brilliant young man, and courteous. The worst I dare say of him is that he owes his position to the sheriff." Obviously, the doctor suffered a measure of embarrassment.

"But what," asked Don, "is at the bottom of the hole? Just rotten politics and county graft?"

"The northern border of this county touches the southern border of Canada," said the doctor.

"Ah!" said Don softly.

"Also, in the old days, when transportation was very difficult—especially in winter—and the practice of medicine was in a cruder state, it was the custom to give sedatives. Long and slow winter drives prevented the doctor from frequent visits. At times days must elapse."

"Drugs!" said Don.

"Unfortunately, yes. Numbers of remote mountain families became addicts." He shook his head wearily. "We are permitted—compelled—to ration them. But the meager rationing does not quiet their craving."

"Hence," said Don, "your interest in politics."

"As a physician, I have seen a county debauched," said the doctor. "But I have been helpless. One old man can do little. I have talked, but the organization is efficient and its ramifications wide."

"They've never heated a kettle of tar for you," said Don.

"The people," said the doctor simply, "are fond of me. And the courthouse clique hold my slender efforts in light esteem."

"Rum running and drug traffic," said Don. "That makes quite a handful. . . . And I'm to be Queen of the May, mother."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Kind-faced cows standing knee deep in silv'ry streams of water," said Don.

"I'm sure I don't follow you."

"I was just remembering that somebody told me I'd be bored with the country. Doctor, it looks as if I would be anticipating a dull moment as a debutante does her coming-out party."

"You mean?"

"I mean," said Don, "that I guess I'll have to turn loose my dog."

IV

SHERIFF FOX, Prosecutor Ellsworth and Abner Rivers were in conference in the committee room of the bank; they were discussing the first issue of the Sugar Hollow Sentinel under Don Oakes' editorship, and the majority of opinion seemed to be adverse.

"He hain't improved it none," said the sheriff. "Maybe he hain't nich great shucks after all."

"Kind of conservative, seems as though," said Abner. "He talks kind of flighty too. Don't look to me like there was any call to git nervous."

"If you take my advice," said young Mr. Ellsworth, "you'll run him out pronto. We need that paper in our own hands, and this Oakes boy won't play."

"Doc Noble was there callin' t'other day," said the sheriff.

"But nothin' come of it," replied Abner.

"Grab that paper," reiterated Ellsworth.

"Wa-al, if you're set on it, we might's well. I'll call that note that's in the bank. Cal'late that'll bust him up. If it don't, we kin call on the merchants."

"How much is your note?"

"Eight hundred dollars," said Rivers.

"Get busy," said Ellsworth.

That minor affair taken care of, the trio proceeded to more important concerns; nor would it have interested them to know that Don was aware of their meeting and had given it prayerful consideration. He did his best, considering it peripatetically, after the ancient Greek fashion, and combined pleasure with expediency. The fact of the matter was that he had not seen Iris Noble since the day she had come in for her invitations, and regarded this fact as belonging on the debit side of the ledger. It was a condition he had ambitions to rectify.

The first good fortune to come to him since his arrival in Sugar Hollow now showed its face, for he espied her coming out of the post office and accelerated his pace—not enough to advertise pursuit to such of the public as were at large, but sufficiently to overtake the young woman before she reached the foot of the hill.

"I trust," he said with some solicitude, "that the invitations were satisfactory."

"Perfectly," she said, with some dignity and no encouragement.

"We aim to please. Do you know all about etiquette and the language of flowers and which fork to use?"

"I can tell good manners from bad," she said, not without significance.

"In that case, may I ask you a hypothetical question?"

"If it is necessary."

"It is—overwhelmingly. 'If these be motives weak, break off betimes, and every man hence to his idle bed.' But they're not weak."

"Would you mind," she asked, "coming to the point?"

"The hypothesis requires us to imagine a printing plant and a new proprietor."

"Yes."

"And a young woman, not described but very describable, who comes to order invitations for a party."

"Yes," she said very coldly.

"Now the question: Does, in your opinion, such an encounter constitute a valid introduction ample for all social purposes such as chatting on the street and calling Friday evening?"

"It does not," said Iris firmly.

"The point is well taken. In that case, as a perfect stranger, may I ask you to accompany me on an errand of mercy?"

"Where?"

"To your father's office."

"Is someone hurt?"

"Seriously, if not fatally. But not by slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. Even an expert like yourself must admit that a young gentleman presented to a young lady by her own father is in possession of an unassailable introduction."

"And you expect me to go to father's office for such a purpose?"

"Expect? Um I think 'hope' would be more nearly the *mot juste*, as the Scandinavian has it."

"I don't know that I care to meet you."

"When in doubt, eat the second olive. You may have acquired the taste for them. . . . How does one find out if one cares to meet me?"

"One doesn't seem to concern oneself with it at all," said Iris.

"Ah, yes." He lifted his hat. "Well, bear in mind that whenever you feel an irresistible desire to make my acquaintance, you will find me in a receptive mood. And so, thanking you for your kind attention, I will bring these few rambling remarks to a close."

He turned abruptly and left her, nor did he notice how pink her ears were with vexation—at him or at herself—who can say? And she marched up the hill, a tiny, petite, lovely little figure, not at all disfigured by a tremendous weight of dignity.

As for Don, he recrossed the street to the side door of the bank, where lounged a hulking figure in a dirty cloth cap and a

(Continued on Page 95)

Are you one of America's well-dressed men?

Then these specially selected
CERTIFIED ALL-WOOL
Fabrics
are ready for your inspection

Mail this Coupon for Your Samples

TEAR out the coupon—now. Fill it in and mail it promptly. It will bring you suiting samples of these certified all-wool fabrics. Samples that you can test for color and quality. But, most important—samples that your clothier or tailor can match when you insist upon a suit of

American Woolen Company's
UNFINISHED WORSTED
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EXAMINE these fabrics in your own home. Note their beauty of shade and finish, their firm texture, and all-wool content.

You will quickly see that here are unusual values—fabrics of enduring strength and beauty in the rich deep blues and soft-toned gray you like so well for business and general wear.

Take the samples to your tailor or retail clothier and compare them with the actual fabrics. See how gracefully the cloth drapes to the figure.

Remember each fabric is *certified* by the trade-mark of the American Woolen Company to represent its high standards of quality. Into it is woven the finest of wools, with all the skill and unlimited resources of the largest producer of woolen and worsted fabrics in the world.

You get better-looking suits that wear longer, when you demand the certified fabrics of the American Woolen Company in custom-made or ready-to-wear clothing.

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Peace-of-Mind

Under Woman's Most Trying Hygienic Handicap

Enjoy peace-of-mind under the most trying of hygienic handicaps—utter and absolute protection, plus an end forever to the embarrassing problem of disposal

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, *Registered Nurse*

SHEER frocks and gay gowns under difficult hygienic conditions used to present a serious problem—women thus were handicapped, both socially and in business. But today, to the modern woman, they come as the merest incident.

The old-time method, hazardous and uncertain, has been supplanted with a protection that is absolute. Wear lightest, filmiest things, dance, motor, go about for hours without a moment's thought or fear.

Kotex—what it does

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.

Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as ordinary cotton.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal

It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends an annoying problem.

You obtain it at any drug or department store, without hesitancy, simply by saying "Kotex."

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding. It is the *only* one made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super.

Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

*Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

Easy Disposal

and 2 other important factors

(1) Disposed of as easily as tissue No laundry

(2) True protection—5 times as absorbent as ordinary cotton.

(3) Obtain without embarrassment, at any store,* simply by saying "Kotex."

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

PROTECTS - DEODORIZES

Kotex Regular: 65c per dozen

Kotex-Super: 90c per dozen

No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue

(Continued from Page 92

three-day beard. He was a devotee of fine cut rather than plug, but not possessed of the nice skill of Jake in the disposal of the by-product. Don paused and nodded.

"Mr. Mosher, is it not?" He glanced downward. "I mean the Mr. Mosher so justly christened Big-Foot."

Mr. Mosher scowled. "Don't git fresh, bub," he rumbled.

"The sheriff's inside," said Don. "Let's go in and surprise him."

Big-Foot followed—he did not know exactly why. It rather surprised him, but he followed nevertheless. Don rapped on the door of the committee room and a voice bade him enter. Three faces were on the verge of gaping as he entered, followed by Big-Foot.

"Gentlemen," said Don.

"What you want?" snapped the sheriff.

"Mr. Fox," said Don, "this person here is, I understand, your First Assassin. Splendid and medieval. It stirs the imagination."

"Throw him out," said the sheriff to Big-Foot. "What did you let him in for, anyhow?"

"He come," said Big-Foot.

"Exactly," said Don. "He come." So saying, he stepped close to Mosher and looked up into his face gravely. "So you are what a rural professional beater-up looks like? . . . Sheriff, I've never been beaten up. I don't know why. I understand that your opponents are often beaten up, and I've decided to join the club. But I object to being mauled. That's why I brought Big-Foot in."

"Chuck him out!" said the sheriff.

Don, who came somewhat above Big-Foot's waist, looked up into his face and smiled gravely. "He doesn't want to, sheriff. I don't think he's going to—are you, Big-Foot? And when the time comes for my beating up—as it will come, sheriff—you must send someone else to do the job. Big-Foot won't follow through—will you, Big-Foot?"

The big man shuffled uneasily and shifted his eyes. "You see?" said Don. "He doesn't know why, but there's something about me that makes me immune. I wonder what it can be. The hypnotic eye, maybe. . . . Now you may go, Big-Foot; and remember our little secret. Remember, you just don't want a thing to do with me."

Big-Foot turned, elephant-like, and shuffled out of the room. Prosecutor Ellsworth was smiling faintly. Rivers impersonated a baffled sheep and the sheriff's mouth stood frankly open.

"Now," said Don, "suppose we come down to business."

"Do," said Mr Ellsworth.

"This bank," said Don, "neglects its opportunities. It doesn't advertise."

"'Tain't likely to neither," said Rivers.

"Not excessively," said Don, "but sufficiently. I've come in with a little contract, covering the period of a year." He tossed it on the table. "You sign on the dotted line. By it you bind the bank to use eight hundred dollars' worth of space in twelve months, each week's cost to apply upon my note in this institution, thus," he said mildly, "disposing of an irksome indebtedness."

"Likely, hain't it?" demanded Rivers with broad sarcasm.

"Did you ever go hunting?" asked Don.

"What of it?"

"If you were after a moose, would you bother to shoot a squirrel?"

"'Tain't likely."

"I'm glad we see eye to eye and tooth to tooth. That's why I dropped in. I'm not squirrel hunting. Nobody ever called you a squirrel, did they, Mr. Rivers?"

"No. . . . What the ——"

"Patience. But even the bravest hunter is averse to being bitten by a squirrel. I don't want you to bite me with that eight-hundred-dollar note while I'm trailing the moose. . . . You're the moose, sheriff—a noble beast."

The sheriff got to his feet. "I've had about enough of your gab," he said.

But Mr. Ellsworth intervened. "I think it would be best to listen," he said softly.

"I'm impersonating a walrus," said Don.

Mr. Ellsworth smiled. "Go ahead with your cabbages and kings," he said.

"I take it that Mr. Rivers' value to the world lies chiefly in his high office as chairman of the finance committee of this bank."

"In part, at least," admitted Mr. Ellsworth.

"And all hands wish him to retain that eminence?"

"Decidedly."

"I've been walking about and up and down and gazing here and there," said Don. "To one with the seeing eye, Mr. Rivers sticks up in the landscape like a stump in a cow pasture. In short, Mr. Rivers is not adroit."

Mr. Ellsworth eyed Mr. Rivers speculatively; the sheriff scowled indiscriminatingly upon all; Mr. Rivers pawed and appeared to be preparing to butt.

"In my simple, girlish way," said Don, "I asked questions of this person and that person. I find, to my astonishment, that not one but several farm-mortgage loans have been made in a county at least a hundred miles away."

"Yes?" said Mr. Ellsworth interrogatively.

"Who told you that?" demanded Mr. Rivers.

"A little bird," said Don amiably. "At some trouble and cost. I had three of those farms appraised by local banks—which had refused the loans."

"And?" prompted Mr. Ellsworth.

"There is a fifteen-hundred-dollar loan on one farm appraised at twelve hundred."

"'Tain't so," said Mr. Rivers.

"And a seventeen-hundred-dollar loan on one that only a mother would say was worth two thousand, and ——"

"Where does this lead us?" interrupted Mr. Ellsworth.

"To three affidavits and a number of documents, copies of which I exhibit modestly. The originals are in Boston. For instance, Mr. Judson, borrower of fifteen hundred dollars, which he was not entitled to get, deposes and says that he got a thousand dollars of it, while Mr. Rivers kept the other five for his trouble."

"'Tain't so! It's jest a pack of lies!" bellowed Mr. Rivers.

"And," Don went on imperturbably, "Mr. Wheeler admits getting twelve hundred out of his seventeen, and Mr. Upson claims he realized only nine hundred out of a loan of thirteen. But the ridiculous part hasn't come yet. Mr. Rivers took checks! Now, gentlemen, you wouldn't believe it, would you? It's elementary not to take checks. The bank funds were deposited to the credit of each of the three gentlemen in question, who gave back to Mr. Rivers checks for his bonus. I think he must have acted independently in this, Mr. Ellsworth. It sounds like something he would think up himself."

"You may put it down in your book," said Ellsworth, "that he did. I may have my faults; even the sheriff may have a slight blemish or so, but looting a savings bank isn't one of them. I suppose you have those checks?"

"Naturally."

"You dug this up in two weeks' time?" Ellsworth's voice was admiring.

"A labor of love," said Don modestly.

Ellsworth turned upon Rivers and his eyes narrowed.

"You sign Mr. Oakes' contract for advertising," he said, "and you pay the bill out of your own pocket. I'll see to that. Furthermore, you'll behave. I shall look into those mortgages, and I imagine you will have the opportunity to buy them for your own investment—or interview the banking commissioner."

"You dassent ——" began Mr. Rivers.

"I dast," said Mr. Ellsworth, "and I will." He turned to Don. "I'm sorry you won't come over into our back yard," he said. "Whatever may be under the woodpile, we rob no widows and orphans."

"I wonder," Don asked, "if you know just what you are in." He was thinking of the drug traffic, and could not see Ellsworth as tarred with that stick. But his experience had shown him appearances were occasionally deceptive.

"We've got to chase you away," Ellsworth said pleasantly. "You're too darn smart, Mr. Oakes, and we like our editors dumb."

"Yes, sir," said Don. "Thank you, sir."

"There's still a chance to join the lodge. We guarantee you all the county advertising—make you the official organ of the party. You'll find we can do well by you."

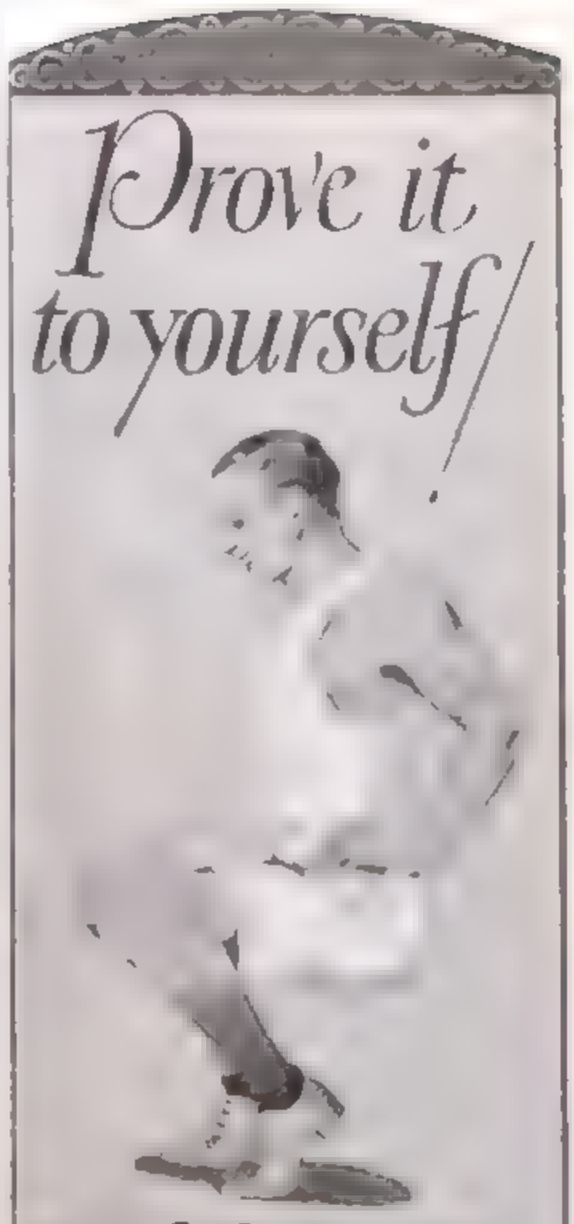
"Sorry," said Don, "I've a previous engagement. . . . Have you signed yet, Mr. Rivers? . . . I'll just keep the documents on file to bolster up your morals. . . . Thank you—and thank you, gentlemen, for your assistance."

The sheriff glowered. "You better git and git far," he said, "while you got health and strength to git with."

Don walked to the door, where he paused, a slight, boyish figure, and smiled.

"After you, sheriff, after you," he said humbly. "I wouldn't think of leaving town before you do. . . . But I'll be at the train to see you off—even if you make it in a hurry, in the middle of the night." He opened the door. "Hereafter, sheriff, think of me as a permanent improvement."

Side View of Chimney Tops in the Great Smoky Mountains



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You need not be a cotton goods expert to see how good Varsity "Sturdi-chex" is! The real test of a union suit is the wearing of it,—and you can make that test yourself. See how coolly and comfortably it rests against your skin. Note the free and easy—but not baggy—fit of it.

Put it to every strain of your normal activity,—or even more than normal.

And finally notice how it comes back smiling from one gruelling trip to the laundry after another.

After you've tried one suit, you'll buy "Sturdi-chex" a half dozen at a time.

Other Varsity Underwear
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Varsity
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HAWAIIAN
PINEAPPLE
SLICED AND CRUSHED

You can thank "Jim" Dole for Canned Hawaiian Pineapple

29 Years Ago a Boston lad, James D. Dole, dreamed of growing things in a far-off romantic land.

Today the company which he heads plants 30,000,000 pineapple plants a year.

* * *

27 Years Ago "Jim" Dole bought a 60 acre homestead in the Hawaiian Islands for the purpose of farming.

Today the Hawaiian Pineapple Company, which he founded, controls 38,000 acres of prime pineapple lands—practically half of all the pineapple acreage in all the Hawaiian Islands.

* * *

26 Years Ago "Jim" Dole had an idea and a vision. The idea was to grow pineapples. The vision—to pack them ripe so all America might enjoy this luscious Hawaiian fruit.

Today, thanks to "Jim" Dole, Hawaii supplies the American table with 189,000,000 cans of pineapple a year. 1 out of every 3 of these is from the Hawaiian Pineapple Company.

* * *

25 Years Ago it took a trip to San Francisco and Boston for "Jim" Dole to raise $13,000 needed to start his company and buy canning machinery.

Today the Hawaiian Pineapple Company has nearly $14,000,000 in [illegible] in its plantations and cannery.

* * *

24 Years Ago the Company worked day and night all summer to pack 45,000 cans of the luscious fruit—golden ripe from the fields.

Today the Company packs that many cans in half an hour. Its cannery has the greatest capacity of any fruit cannery in the world—[illegible] cans a year.

20 Years Ago the "latest" peeling and coring machinery could prepare no more than 6 or 8 pineapples a minute.

Today the Ginaca machine, developed and controlled by the Hawaiian Pineapple Company, cores and peels up to 100 pineapples a [illegible].

* * *

8 Years Ago a man named Eckart said pineapples could grow better if they were planted under paper. The Hawaiian Pineapple Company willingly paid $50,000 for the idea—and developed it.

Today the Company lays each year 4,000 miles of this paper, through which they set 30,000,000 pineapple plants—just to give you better pineapples.

* * *

5 Years Ago nearly all the pineapples Hawaii could grow were being grown. It seemed there were no more good pineapple lands.

Today the Hawaiian Pineapple Company has 20,000 more acres than in 1922. How did it get them? The Company bought "the forgotten island of Lanai" and is spending $5,000,000 to make it the pineapple kingdom of the world.

* * *

Yesterday you had never heard of James D. Dole, the man who dreamed of turning a South Seas Island into a pineapple garden of making this tempting fruit available to every American table.

Today, but for the work of "Jim" Dole and the Hawaiian Pineapple Company, we might still be thinking of pineapple as a rare fruit to be enjoyed only in tropical lands.

* * *

Instead . . . We can thank "Jim" Dole for canned Hawaiian Pineapple.

YOU have had a glimpse of the romantic story of "Jim" Dole and how he turned a hobby into a $15,000,000 industry. But this beautiful booklet, "The Kingdom That Grew Out of A Little Boy's Garden", tells the story from beginning to end.

YOU will find it a very helpful booklet too, for it includes 30 new ways to serve luscious Hawaiian Pineapple—30 recipes prepared for you by the culinary experts of Good Housekeeping, McCall's Magazine and Pictorial Review.

A copy awaits for you. Simply drop a post card to Hawaiian Pineapple Company, Dept. S-5, 215 Market St. San Francisco.

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE COMPANY

215 Market St., San Francisco — Honolulu, Hawaii

LOST ECSTASY

(Continued from Page 29)

But it gave him an excuse to come back and kiss her again. After that she was more careful.

XIX

TOM had a second and very narrow escape from death that spring before the nephew from Colorado rode to the shack with a letter from Nellie Mallory in his pocket.

He had missed the Miller badly, and one early morning he roped a green bronc and started out on his rounds. But something stampeded the horse just outside the corral and he ran. Things would have been all right, but the animal slipped and almost fell, and when he had recovered, Tom was hanging head down across the saddle, with the horn caught in the leather belt of his chaps. After that the horse went crazy and Tom stared death in the face; he could neither free himself nor right himself. At any moment he knew that the frantic animal might drop into a break or plunge over the steep side of a butte.

If he prayed for anything it was probably for death outright, and not to be left with a broken back in that solitary land. But his mind was working clearly, and just in time he began to work at the cinch buckle. When he had loosened it and the saddle fell he picked himself up and looked about, but there was no horse in sight.

He found it with a broken neck at the foot of a gulch a few yards ahead, and it was typical that his main grievance about the whole matter was that he had to carry his saddle back!

Although it was the middle of March, the late spring of the Northwest was still far away; the earth was like granite, the trees so brittle that they broke at a touch. In his bunk at night he piled on all his blankets and yet shivered, and the heat from his fire melted the snow on the leaking roof, so that during the night small icicles formed, to drip drearily throughout the day.

The long winter had told on him. Outside of his daily routine, he was listless and apathetic. He had no books, even had he cared to read them, but now and then a paper drifted his way. In one of them he read the announcement of his engagement to Clare: "Mr. and Mrs. Gustavus Hamel" in the language of the society editor "announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Clare Hamel, to Mr. Thomas McNair." He read it, grunted and threw the paper in the fire.

And then came the Colorado nephew, and Nellie's letter:

Dear Tom: I've had a post card from Ray. He stopped over in Oklahoma at the Ninety-nine Ranch, and he says they can use some riders. Why don't you go, Tom? You sure can ride, and if I were you I'd get away from this town. Did you see what she had the nerve to put in the paper?

There was more of the letter; Nellie had more or less poured out her heart, but Tom's eyes were glued to that first paragraph. After all, why not? And Bill was with the railroad now, running freight. He'd take care of him for part of the way anyhow.

But what about Clare? He had told her he was in no position to marry. She knew it anyhow; and into the bargain, he had a shrewd idea that whatever had come out about her part in his escape she had told herself.

"Wasn't taking any chances," he reflected miserably.

She had had time, plenty of time, to get back from that way station before daylight.

"Understand you're thinking of getting married," said the Colorado boy that night conversationally. He was deeply thrilled at being there with Tom, who had killed a man and had his horse shot under him, and was a famous rider into the bargain.

"So I hear."

"Take it from me," said the Colorado boy, "once a fellow in our line gets married he's through. I've seen it tried out, but I've never seen it work yet."

Lying awake in the bunk that night, Tom thought over that. It wouldn't work. In a month he and Clare would be at each other's throats. If she would not save herself he would save her!

He got up, and sitting at the table in the cold, wrote her a letter. He'd been thinking matters over. Of course she could hold him to his promise if she wanted to, but ——

He ended by telling her that he was going away to look for work, but he was careful not to tell her where; and when he crawled into his blankets again, shaking with the cold, it was to sleep more quietly than he had for many nights.

The next day he inducted the Colorado boy into the new job, got him to ride that night with him to the water tank at Prairie Dog—a coal tipple, tank and one house—in order to take his horse back; and with a war bag for his gear, and empty pockets, climbed Bill's train and found himself in the old familiar environment of water butts, lanterns, coal bin, bed rolls, green order slips and dented coffeepot on a red-hot stove. No one asked him any questions. Bill was glad to see him, the rest of the crew accepted him. And by the freemasonry of their order, they passed him on; he moved from caboose to caboose, but always south. The weather moderated; he had left winter and was finding spring, and the young life in him, which had apparently been frozen, began to revive.

"Old Man's sure been good to these folks," he said to the last conductor when they were rolling across the plains of Oklahoma.

"Sure has. Twelve feet of good earth on top and oil underneath."

He understood that later on when he got off at the town near the ranch and saw the great oil refinery and the miles of storage tanks. To and from the refinery, engines were moving long lines of tank cars. They crept along endlessly, and as a result ships plowed their way under forced draft to strange parts of the world, locomotives moved, houses were heated, automobiles sped along.

For the first time in all his hard-driven young life Tom saw the spectacle of easy money. Up to that time he had seen the earth as something from which one wrung a difficult livelihood, and Nature as a stepmother, alternating between moods of tolerance and cruelty. This then was how the Dowlings and their kind were made. They found where Nature was generous and exploited her. It was not that they were smarter than other people; they just knew more. They borrowed money and built railroads, or they drilled holes and found silver or gold or oil, and suddenly they were rich. When they had money they could travel and learn more; learn how to make more money and how to spend it, and by this erect barriers between themselves and the rest of the world.

He brooded. The rain penetrated his clothing and dripped off the wide brim of his hat. Cars passed him, but no one stopped to pick him up. They were all on their way somewhere. It was like Chicago.

But a mile or so from the ranch he suddenly stopped. Buffalo! Surely those were buffalo! He leaned on the fence and gazed across at them. They were in a field of young alfalfa, and they looked fat and contented. Once they had ranged the plains, following the grass; the bulls had fought in the spring and the cows had been the prize of the victor. Now they were fed and cared for, inside the wire.

Wasn't that life all over? If you were foot-loose, you were poor; but if you were rich, you were always behind wire.

He thought of Kay. The wire was around her and she couldn't get out. And when he had tried to get through it to her it had thrown and torn him. Well, he was through with that. He was free. He trudged along.

Later on he found the chief cowboy in an office. He was bedraggled and weary, and Arizona, who was the chief, was busy. But when he told him his name he looked up.

"McNair? You the fellow Ray Masterson was speaking about?"

"Depends on what Ray said."

"He said you were a rider."

"Well," Tom drawled, "I reckon to sit on as long as most, and then some."

Arizona grinned. "We'll try you out and see. You'll have some competition."

"That's my middle name," Tom told him.

The Ninety-nine Ranch was the home of the Ninety-nine Traveling Rodeo and Wild West Show. During the season, from the first of May until bad weather in the autumn, its long train of yellow cars moved from city to city, preceded by advance men and billposters. Its flaming twenty-four sheets had, at one time or another, adorned the hoardings, empty barns and fences of most of the country. It was a complete unit in itself, from the cowboy band in their checked flannel shirts to the candy butchers; it had its side shows like any circus, its spectacular, popularly known as the spec; it had its freaks, its Arabs, its ballet. It even carried with it a few camels and a half dozen elephants, in addition to its buffalo, steers and its innumerable horses.

But it was, first, last and always, an attempt to show the Old West. It had its stagecoach holdup, its prairie schooner attacked by Indians, and mostly it had its cowboys.

They came in the spring from all over the cattle country, the Southern ones sitting their buckskin horses tight and using their long spurs only moderately, the Northern ones looser in the saddle but apt to scratch wider and higher. They wandered in, after the long lonely winter on the range somewhere, found good food and good housing, and between trials in the arena were content to sit on their heels in the Oklahoma sun and talk, or to buy pop and feed it to the bear in his cage beside the ranch store.

Tom was contented; his gregarious instinct was satisfied, the interest of the new life bid fair to put Kay out of his mind. He drew some money in advance and bought clothing at the store, a green silk shirt and yellow neckerchief and a new enormous cream-colored sombrero. The girls—cowgirls and high-school riders—began to look at him and talk about him; when he was riding in the arena, there would be a small gallery, ardent and applauding. He never looked their way, but he was intensely conscious of them. And one day he took a rope into the field and, standing on his head, neatly threw his loop over a running horse. He had to wash the dirt out of his hair later on, but the girls were thrilled.

He had misadventures, naturally. One day, carelessly standing too close to the pen of Tony the bear, he felt a sudden clutch from the rear and left the seat of a new pair of trousers in the cage. Even the Indians standing about laughed at that.

"If you wanted these pants, why didn't you ask for them like a gentleman?" he reproached the bear as he tied his coat around his waist.

He painted a sign that day and hung it on the cage: "T. Bear, gents' tailor. Apply at rear." His boyishness had come back.

He began to improve in physical condition also. The food was excellent and he put on a little weight. His waist remained as slim as ever, but his face was fuller and his good looks had come back. He even struck a friendship with a little Cossack, member of a troop just brought from

(Continued on Page 102)

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St. Mary Lake, Montana

When you press your foot on the starter

. . . why do your lights go down?

At night you are quickly conscious that the voltage of your storage battery is lowered when starting, *because your lights go dim.* Yet, every time you press your foot on the starter, *night or day,* this same condition exists.

The reason is simple: in starting, a great amount of energy is used to turn the engine; as a result, very little current finds its way to the ignition coil that supplies the voltage necessary to meet the demands of proper ignition. This means the voltage of your ignition system is reduced just when maximum power is most needed.

Logically, to meet such a condition, to insure quick ignition, a small spark gap is essential

Moto Meter self-adjusting Spark Plugs, with a starting gap of only 15 thousandths of an inch, mean quick, easy starting *every time* you press your foot on the starter.

The instant the engine starts—before you can shift into low gear—the gap opens to 30 thousandths, doubling the length of the spark and assuring perfect combustion, a smooth running engine and quick pick-up. This wide running gap is constant while the engine is in operation, yet adjusts itself to the original small opening when the ignition is turned off.

Thus the demands of quick, easy starting and proper running are completely satisfied in one plug.

This self-adjusting gap feature, together with many other distinct improvements in spark plug design and performance, is exclusive with Moto Meter Spark Plugs.

Install a set TODAY—enjoy the utmost in motor performance, at a cost virtually that of ordinary plugs.

THE MOTO METER COMPANY, Inc.
Long Island City, N. Y.
THE MOTO METER CO. OF CANADA, Ltd.
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The name Moto Meter is the registered trade mark and exclusive property of this company.

For Fords—75c *For other cars—90c* *For Buses & Trucks (Heavy Duty)—$1.00*

MOTO METER
SELF-ADJUSTING
SPARK PLUG

More Beauty · More Power More Luxury

-plus the exclusive advantage of an Engine that Improves with use

NEVER has Willys-Overland's Engineering Leadership been more convincingly expressed than in these two splendid, modern cars—the "70" Willys-Knight Six and the Willys-Knight Great Six.

Low, graceful lines; true symmetry and proportion. Superior coachwork; roomy, comfortable interiors.

And the big exclusive advantage of the Willys-Knight engine—the only type of engine that actually *improves* with use. Smooth, quiet and powerful at the very beginning, this famous engine grows even smoother, quieter and more powerful with every mile. The most advanced engine in America—yet the simplest. From 118 to 158 less moving parts than any poppet-valve engine. Nothing to replace or repair. An engine that does away with all carbon troubles and valve-grinding. No periodic layups for motor overhauling. One demonstration will reveal to you the achievement of new standards in power-plant efficiency. And your experience with the Knight engine will bring you a new conception of motor economy. Be sure to see these finer Sixes. Any Willys-Overland dealer will be glad to arrange a demonstration.

How the engine improves with use

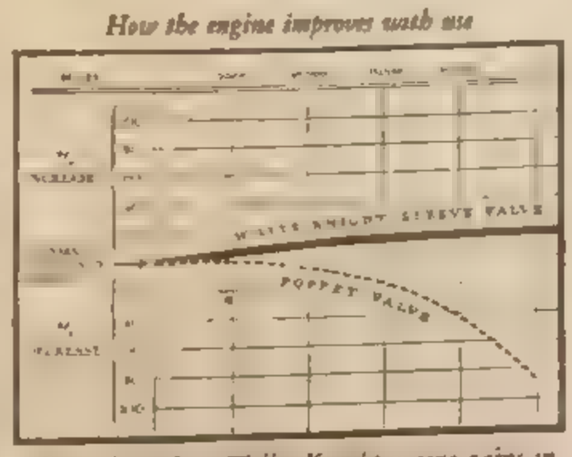


Chart shows how Willys-Knight engine gains in efficiency, while poppet-valve engine loses

"70" Willys-Knight Six prices from $1295 to $1495. Willys-Knight Great Six, "for those who want the finest," $1850 to $2850. Prices f. o. b. factory. Prices and specifications are subject to change without notice. Purchases may be arranged on convenient terms. Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio. Willys-Overland Sales Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

Willys-Knight Six

WILLYS-KNIGHT SIXES TYPIFY ENGINEERING

-with these remarkable features

NO OTHER CAR
OFFERS THIS COMBINATION
OF FEATURES

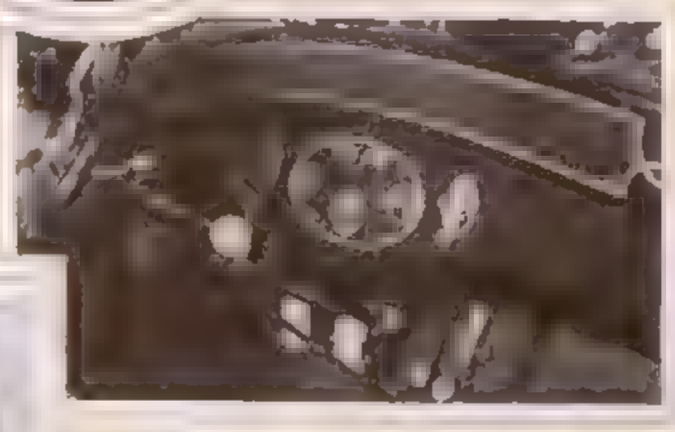
Narrow front corner posts on the Willys-Knight insure a wider range of vision, giving you a commanding view on all sides. An important safety factor.

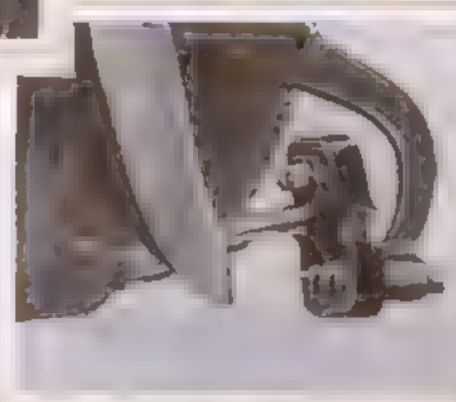
Positive, mechanical 4-wheel brakes—the same type used in 97% of leading European cars. No other type of brake affords equal safety.

In the Willys-Knight Great Six, the steering wheel and post are adjustable to the personal convenience of the driver—insuring maximum driving comfort.

Light controls at your finger tips, operated without taking your hand from wheel. A great convenience in night driving.

Front seat adjustable to your individual comfort. The seat is scientifically designed to fit the natural curves of the body.





Belflex Shackles—an exclusive Willys-Knight feature—make the chassis permanently silent.

Walnut-finished dash. Operating controls within easy reach; instruments clearly visible. Indirect lighting on the Great Six.

LEADERSHIP IN THE LUXURY CAR FIELD

(Continued from Page 98)

Europe. He made fun of his long coat, with the row of cartridge pockets across the chest, of his soft-soled boots and cocky high astrakhan hat. And the Cossack in turn would point to Tom's absurd Stetson, his high-heeled boots and leather chaps, and grin. They talked to each other with signs and smiles, and in their leisure time wandered about together. At first the Cossack could not believe that Tom spoke only his mother tongue; he tried him in German, in exquisite French, even in Italian.

"No savvy," Tom would say cheerfully. "Now see here, Murphy"—he had christened him Murphy—"that's a cow. Say cow!" And Murphy would obediently say cow.

Tom never knew that the little Cossack had been a great aristocrat in old Russia; that he had lived in a palace, and that serfs had bowed down to him as he passed along the road.

In the evenings they would sit companionably in the door of one of the wooden huts where the show people were housed and smoke their cigarettes together.

"Friends, Murphy, you and me." Tom would point to the Cossack and then to himself. "Say friends."

Sometimes arm in arm they wandered about together, and because one was tall and the other short, they called them Mutt and Jeff. They would climb amiably to where the dancing master worked in a great loft above the paint shop and stand watching him. He was having a hard time. The dancing girls wore boots, short bloomers of blue checked calico, and anything above them. "One-two-three-four," chanted the teacher. Then he would hum a tune and himself dance the strenuous steps. The girls would watch Tom, pull their short hair over their cheeks, chew gum and idly follow the commands. As soon as the little German saw them he would order them out.

It was a new world, a world of strange sights and sounds.

One morning he saw one of a Zouave troupe come out of his shack, face to the east and bow his head three times to the ground. He was stupefied with amazement.

"You can't beat that. What's he doing, anyhow?"

"He's praying."

"Say, it's the hell of a big world, isn't it?"

It was almost time to go. Schedules were posted for the use of the arena; the colonel was reviewing the acts; Indians began to arrive in numbers, in flivvers or in wagons piled high with tepees and other gear, leading the pinto ponies they affected. They brought their women along, the local ones tattooed with blue ink on the forehead. Tiny papooses, strapped to boards and set upright, surveyed this strange new world out of wide black shoe-button eyes. The Navajos set up crude frames and began their rug weaving for the side show, or laid out the turquoises which were later to be set into silver jewelry.

One day the ranch peacock was found ashamed and humiliated, hiding under a hedge, his insignia of masculinity gone, his great tail removed. The Navajos were suspected, but it could not be proved.

In the sunny mornings the great red-and-gold wagons, the six-horse hitches, the eight-ups and ten-ups, were driven slowly up and down the road for exercise. Enormous beautiful animals, their coats glistening, they moved proudly and with dignity. Later on the elephants would lumber out of their barn and cross to their inclosure.

"Get on there, Babe! What's the matter with you, Louie?"

Their wise little eyes were filled with mischief. Standing demurely, they would back slowly against the fence and try to throw it down, and Tom, fascinated like a small boy by them, would watch and say nothing.

Discipline was excellent. The company allowed no drinking. Otherwise it was extremely indulgent. It fed its people well, gave them certain hours of work and then let them alone. Order began to assert itself; the horses, fed oats daily and worked regularly, began to sweat off their winter coats. The Cossacks, riding them like demons for two or three hours, cared for them carefully afterwards, rubbed them down, watched them for saddle and cinch [illegible]

Emulation, too, began to put them on their toes. When the Cossacks rode standing on their saddles, their toes in their soft soled boots caught in the tops of their saddle pockets, there was a raid on rubber-soled tennis shoes in town and the cowboys tried it without pockets.

And then one day a switch engine backed onto the siding near by with forty yellow circus cars in its wake. Tom sat that evening as usual in the doorway with the little Cossack who had been a prince, but he taught him no English that night. He was oddly depressed and quiet.

"You are sad tonight, my friend," said the Cossack, in Russian.

He did not understand, of course, but perhaps the tone meant something to him. He stirred and pointed to the cars, on the siding in the moonlight.

"Tea party's about over, Murphy. I wonder how you'll like it when it rains and we're working in mud to our knees."

"Once, at home," said the little Cossack thoughtfully, still in Russian, "I fell in love with a lady of the circus. She was very beautiful. But my people —— Ah!"

They smoked in silence. Each was thinking of a lost lady, but the little Cossack's eyes were tender and Tom's were hard.

It was the next day that Little Dog joined the show. Tom, wandering into the store to buy a bottle of pop for Tony the bear, saw him, and standing still, watched him warily. The store was crowded. At the rear squaws in black shawls over bright calico dresses were buying meat, stabbing it with dirty forefingers and haggling over the price. Dignified old bucks in store clothes, with red or yellow flannel worked into their braided hair, leaned against the counters. The store was their clubhouse, but since it provided no chairs, they stood, stoical and observant. Mixing among them, intent on tobacco or soda water or tentatively inspecting a new shipment of hats from Texas, were the cowboys. A pretty half-breed girl with plucked eyebrows and bobbed hair was buying bread.

Little Dog was standing alone, surveying the crowd. He was a full-blood, heavy and muscular of figure and broad and swarthy of face. He had cut his braids, and save that he wore no necktie, he was dressed in town clothing. The half-breed girl seemed impressed by him, and he gazed back at her with close-set, rather arrogant eyes.

It was only when she moved on that he saw Tom. For a few seconds they stared each at the other, the Indian defiant, with a challenge, Tom merely watchful. It was the Indian who looked away first, but as he did so he smiled, a jeering smile that sent Tom's blood surging to his head. He knew then, as well as if it had been put into words, that Little Dog had killed the Miller, and that the shot had been meant for him. He even surmised that the tribe had sent him here after him.

He knew the Indians. Behind Little Dog, now buying cigarettes at the counter, he could see that conclave around the medicine man's fire.

"Ai! Ai! Weasel Tail, our brother, has been done to death, and the white man's law has let the killer go free, and now our old men are too old to fight and our young men have no blood in their veins, but only their mothers' milk."

The small black pipe with its long stem passing from hand to hand, the lodge dimly lighted by its center fire, and perhaps the medicine man blowing smoke to the four directions of the world and seeking a sign. All the young bloods waiting and nervous, even Little Dog, for all his cut hair and store clothes; the air thick, the medicine pipe wrapped in skins hanging overhead, and perhaps a young coyote crying outside at the end of a tether.

But although he watched Little Dog after that carefully, he began to think he had been mistaken. Even Arizona, when he knew the situation and was also on the alert, relaxed after a few days. Little Dog did his work, and in the leisure time swaggered about the Indian village, flirting with the girls.

Now and then, after dark, at their encampment the tom-toms would be held to a fire to tighten the skins and then the sound of their monotonous beating would announce a dance.

Tom, sauntering there one night, saw Little Dog dancing for the benefit of the southern Indians. He was nude save for a breech clout, and he had painted his body red, with stripes of white. He had borrowed a coup stick from one of the old men; the ancient scalps hung to it shook and trembled, and as he danced the Indians squatting about swayed their bodies and chanted some ancient apparently wordless air.

On the night the show loaded, Tom had his first real attack of nostalgia.

The wagons, carefully covered with canvas, were placed on the open cars. Up sturdy gangways went the horses, the camels and the elephants, the buffaloes and steers. The old stagecoach was carefully loaded, and the covered Conestoga wagon. Cowboys, Indians, girl riders, Arabs, Zouaves, Cossacks and freaks stood by the track, suitcases about them, and waited to be assigned to their traveling quarters for the next eight months. At the privilege counter at the end of each car coffee and sandwiches were being served.

He put his suitcase into his berth and then went outside. The lights from the cars shone out on the motley gathering, the babel of strange tongues. In their car the elephants were trumpeting uneasily. He moved away from the track and into a field of young wheat.

Suddenly he was homesick; for the faint aromatic odor of the sagebrush at dawn, for the mountains in the sunset, for the long trail once more and the Miller between his knees. Just to go back a year—two years! To ride in on the Miller once more and see the lights in the bunk house beckoning him home. To see the fellows again intent on their eternal poker game.

"You calling me? Watch your step, boy, watch your step! I got a pat hand."

"Lemme see them two pairs you're holdin'. I know you."

Just to go back!

xx

WHATEVER his purpose in joining the show, Little Dog gave him no bother; and except when he happened to see him, Tom almost forgot him.

The wandering carefree life suited him. In a drawer under his berth in the train he kept his everyday apparel, and the professional trunk he had bought was carried in the baggage car, and at each stop taken to the lot. He had no material worries. In the morning he got coffee and whatever else he chose at the privilege counter on the train, and at ten or so he sauntered to the grounds.

There he was at liberty to sit on his heel in the sun and shoot craps, or exchange reminiscences with the other cowboys. The show ground would be humming with activity. Water wagons were moving about and pails of water carried hither and thither; sprinkling carts were settling the dust in the arena if it were dry, and men with spades and rakes were leveling it. In the great tents where the horses were kept a thick bedding of straw had been thrown down; from the elephants came the usual howls, squeals and trumpetings; in the cook tent already the great copper caldrons were boiling and the steam tables were connected and set up.

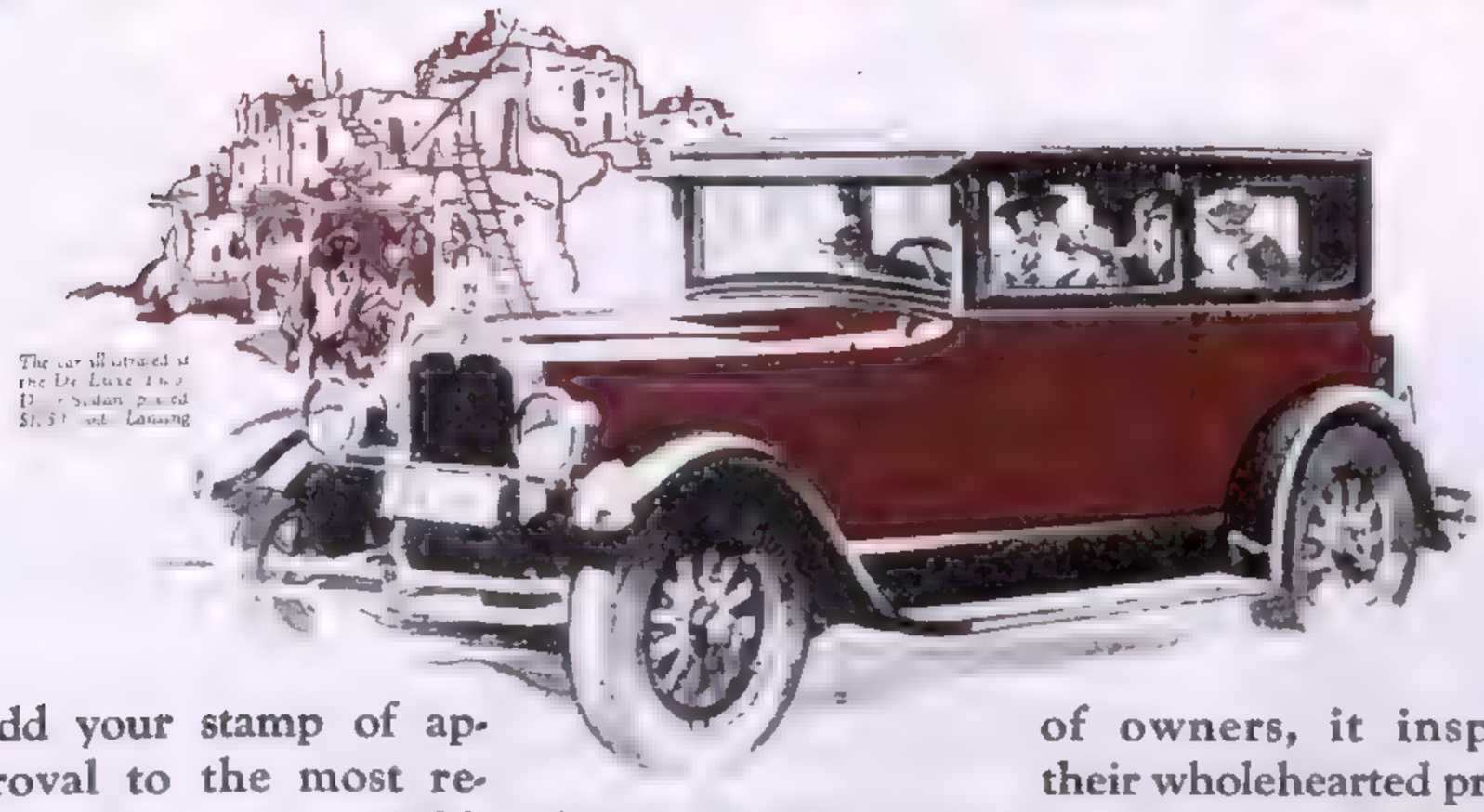
At half after eleven, or at twelve on parade days, he sat down at a long table covered with a blue-barred cloth, in company with dozens of other such tables similarly covered, and ate a substantial hot meal.

(Continued on Page 106)

A Canal Near Frederick, Maryland

¶ Proved on the Proving Ground. ¶ Proved in the trials of months and miles. ¶ Proved by ever increasing popularity and owner praise . . .

PROVE IT FOR YOURSELF



The car illustrated is the De Luxe Two-Door Sedan priced at $1,031 at Lansing

Add your stamp of approval to the most relentless tests conceivable, the most precise checking of every detail that engineering science can devise . . . met and passed by Oldsmobile with flying colors on General Motors Proving Ground.

Put Oldsmobile to every known trial on thoroughfare and highway . . . learn why, in the hands of thousands of owners, it inspires their wholehearted praise.

Know for yourself its thrilling performance, its effortless control, its nimbleness in traffic, its refreshing beauty and its solid comfort.

Come to our Oldsmobile showroom and measure this car to your own standards of value, submit it to your own tastes . . . check it by your own needs . . . prove it for yourself!

TWO-DOOR SEDAN $950 F. O. B. LANSING

OLDSMOBILE

Product of General Motors

Why your Ford must have a double-duty oil

The Ford car, in one important respect, is fundamentally different from any other automobile. In other cars, the engine and transmission are separately enclosed, and separately lubricated by two very different kinds of oil. In the Ford, the engine and transmission are combined in one housing and must be lubricated by one and the same oil.

This feature of the Ford car demands a special type of lubricant which will do two things.

The oil must—

First—have the body and purity to keep down engine wear and stand high temperatures without forming carbon or gummy residues in the cylinders.

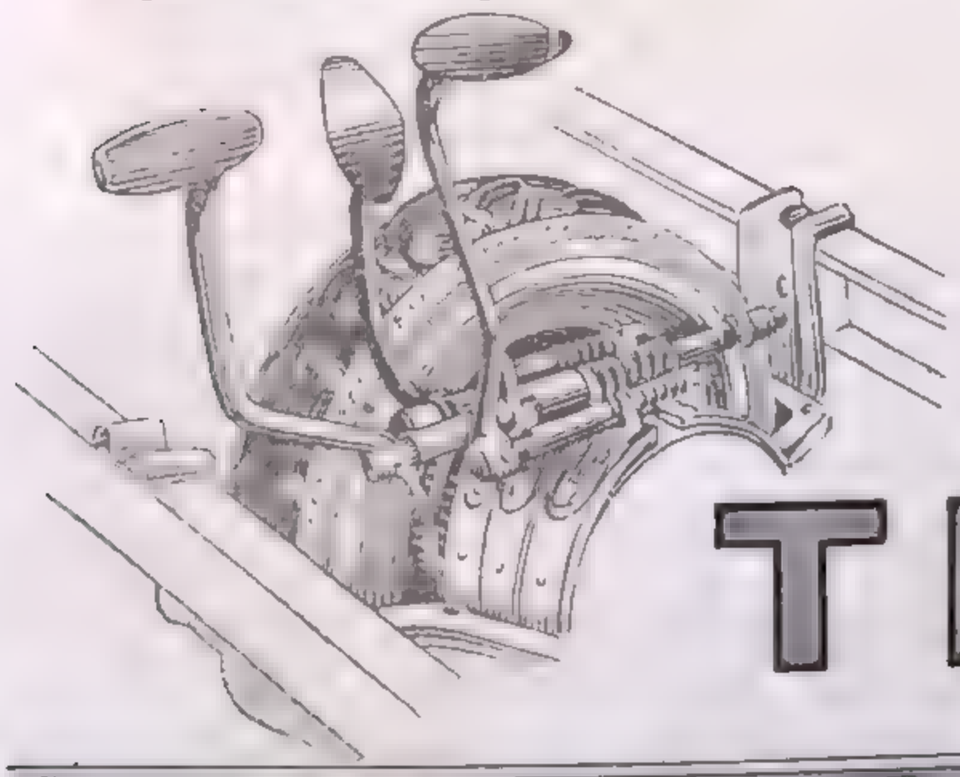
And second—it must lubricate and freely penetrate the transmission linings. It must keep them pliable, and prevent the glazing and wearing of the surfaces, which cause chattering and vibration.

Texaco Motor Oil F has these two qualities. You will notice an immediate improvement in the smoothness of your car as you start, stop or reverse. Later on you will know by the quiet engine and the clean, carbon-free plugs and valves that Texaco Motor Oil F is a most remarkable oil for Ford cars.

Drain out all the old oil. Start fresh with a filling of golden Texaco Motor Oil F. Ask for it at the next service station displaying the Texaco Red Star and Green T. You will be agreeably surprised by the results.

The transmission of the Ford car is the mechanism which controls its speed and motion. The action of the pedals is conveyed through appropriate bands with fabric linings to the slow-speed, brake or reverse drums of the transmission. These linings must be kept thoroughly lubricated, pliable and free from glaze to insure smooth action without grabbing or vibration. This is one important duty of Texaco Motor Oil F.

THE TEXAS COMPANY, 17 BATTERY PLACE, NEW YORK CITY
TEXACO PETROLEUM PRODUCTS



TEXACO

CLEAN, CLEAR, GOLDEN

TEXACO M

Texaco Motor Oil F *is a double duty oil lubricating both the engine and transmission*

Motor Oil F

(Continued from Page 102)

When the meal was over he would take a toothpick from the glass holder in the center of the table, and with it jauntily stuck in his mouth would wander out. Later on he would wander into the dressing tent, past a row of laundresses asking for washing to do, and maybe he would gather up his soiled socks and shirts and body linen and pass them out. Then he would strip and bathe.

All about him would be men similarly occupied. The flat-topped trunks sat in rows, and beside each trunk was a folding chair and two pails of cold water. As the lids of the trunks were raised they showed a make-up box and a mirror, and into the lids were fastened divers toilet articles, and sometimes a photograph or two.

Tom's, however, merely contained a sign he had picked up somewhere: Keep Out. This Means You.

The tent would be full of nude men, bathing. The odor of smoke, soap and moist earth would fill it. Tom, scrubbing vigorously, would take a new pride in his big clean body, so lithe, so answerable to every call he made upon it.

He had almost forgotten Kay; he never thought of Clare at all. The show was a world of its own. It drew into a city, unloaded, played a day or two and moved on.

"Where are we now, anyhow? Ithaca?"

"Syracuse, isn't it? Hey, boy, what town's this?"

He was handsomer than ever. His lean face tanned, his jaw clean-cut and determined. He moved with lithe easy motions; he had worked with his roping, and now when seven horses abreast came thundering past him and the big loop lay ready, he would shove back his big hat and almost casually throw his rope. Bulldogging or roping, or on some leaping, twisting demon twice a day risking his neck to make holiday for the crowd, he was a fine figure of a man, and he knew it.

The show was essentially moral. The family tradition held; troupes of riders were family groups, father, mother, sons and daughters. In the married cars women sat in the mornings doing their mending, sewing on buttons, even washing and ironing. Almost always, in the train or outside the women's dressing tent, little lines were stretched and women in slop shoes and wrapped in kimonos would duck out from underneath the tent and pin up in the sun the family washing, socks and stockings side by side, and even small undergarments which at first reminded him uncomfortably of those Clare had showed him.

He was not without sentimental episodes, however. If the married women let him severely alone, the girls found him rather a thrilling figure. They watched him and waylaid him.

"Let's see the new hat, Tom. Where'd you get it?"

"Sent to Texas for it. It's sure a good hat."

"Sit down, can't you? You're always going somewhere."

"I'm a busy man," he would say. "This show would be nowhere if I didn't run around and tell 'em how to do things."

Perhaps he would sit down, and for a half hour or so there would be dalliances of a half-jocular type.

"Let's see that ring. Who gave you that?"

"I bought it. What d'you think? Some fellow gave it to me?"

He would hold her hand, under pretext of examining the ring. "Nice little hand. Doesn't seem right it should be doing work, somehow. You ought to get a husband and let him work for you."

"If you get a husband in this business, you've gotta work too. They aren't carrying any deadwood."

But before long he would tire of her and move on, his hunger for feminine society temporarily appeased. He was no saint; he let women alone because they no longer interested him, but he still swore and sometimes swaggered, and he was still a fighting wildcat on occasion.

Once, indeed, he lost a portion of a front tooth in an encounter. He spent a hundred dollars to have it filled out with gold, and was excessively proud of it.

"If I die and don't leave any money," he told the little Cossack, "you pull this—see?—and bury me with it."

"Very nice," said the Cossack, not understanding. Tom threw back his head and roared with laughter.

"You're a cold-blooded little devil, aren't you? For all your circus lady!"

Again, coming on Little Dog one day just afterwards, he stopped the Indian. "You try any tricks on me now, and see what happens!"

"What happen?" said Little Dog, glowering.

"I'll bite you with this," Tom told him, grinning cheerfully. "It's better than you deserve, but it's a magic tooth. Your medicine man's no good then. You'll turn into a dentist and go around in a white coat."

Just how much Little Dog understood is problematical.

But he was very popular with the show people, and later on with the colonel himself. That was after the day when Rosie, one of the elephants, was frightened during the parade and started to run. She was under a railroad bridge at the time and a deadly monster of steel and iron came roaring over her head. She bellowed hysterically, lifted her great trunk, stuck out her absurd little tail, hurled her great bulk out of line and started.

Tom, taller than the rest, saw her, and putting spurs to his horse, raced the flying gray behemoth down the crowded street. But an elephant on the run can move very fast. When his rope settled and drew taut it was Rosie's tail that was in the noose. It brought her up short, and as the noose tightened she sat down suddenly, loudly wailing.

The colonel was very pleased over that. "Uses his head," he said. "Got a head and uses it. He's a good boy." He sent for Tom that day and handed him fifty dollars.

That was his life, until one day he wakened to find himself in the city where he had come to find Kay. He scowled when he heard it. The place held nothing but bitterness for him. The thought that he was there to amuse it, to make holiday for it, was gall and wormwood to him. His head was very high when he rode out with the parade, his eyes hard under the brim of his hat.

"Say, mister, are you a real cowboy?"

"Sure am, son."

But there was no smile, no flash of teeth—one of them partly gold—from his tanned young face.

Kay, fitting her wedding slippers in town, heard the approaching parade and stepped out to the pavement. She had no suspicion that Tom was in town, or that already, riding up the street, he was on his way to her, more picturesque than ever, more romantic; that he was coming heralded by a steam calliope, excruciatingly shrill and off tone, and by a brass band on a great gold-and-red wagon; and led by great heavy-stepping elephants, splay-footed camels and Indians in war bonnets, buckskin clothes and beaded moccasins.

Other traffic had stopped. The pavements were crowded, and there was desultory cheering up and down the street. She was still unsuspicious. The parade moved on, brilliant and exotic; Arabs, Indians, a colored minstrel troupe, a group of Cossacks in astrakhan hats and queer long blouses, tightly belted at the waist. One of the Cossacks, small and young, seemed to pick her out of the crowd and saluted her with his whip.

But she hardly saw him; her eyes were strained back to where the cowboys, the aristocrats of the performance, were riding along, relaxed in their saddles. On they came, the sun shining on their bright shirts and colored neckerchiefs, on their spurs and chaps and coiled ropes. Under the broad high-crowned hats their faces were thin, young and brown. They swayed to the motion of their horses, the reins in one gloved hand, the other resting negligently on hip or thigh. And as they passed, like the little Cossack, they picked out pretty girls and smiled at them.

One, in the lead, was on a tall bay horse. Every now and again he tightened his rein and lightly spurred the animal, and it reared above the crowd. The man on its back sat at his ease, smiling half scornfully at the crowd. He seemed to say, "Tie that, you bunch of pikers!"

Suddenly she heard herself calling: "Tom! Tom McNair!"

He heard her. She knew that. She could see his eyes searching the crowd. But she could not call again. Too many eyes were on her, interested and curious. And after that first start of his he did not look around. Instead, with a half-mocking smile on his face, he dug his spurs into his horse and the animal reared again. It was like a gesture of defiance.

She went back into the shop and asked for a drink of water, and when they had brought it to her they stood around her. They seemed to think she looked ill. Maybe she was. She felt very queer. But she was thinking very clearly, at that.

She was determined to see him. She had no intention of communicating with him. What was the use? She would see him once more, and then she would go away and live her life as it was predetermined. Perhaps he had forgotten her anyhow. All those pretty girls, riding high-school Thoroughbreds in the parade—perhaps he was in love with one of them. He was vain as well as proud. The very way he had made his horse rear in the street—that was vanity.

But she would see him once more.

She called up the house and made some excuse or other, and later she took a taxicab and went out to the show grounds. Her head was throbbing and her hands icy cold. By the time the performance began, the grand stand was crowded, but she saw nothing of the crowd and but little of what went on in the arena. All she saw was Tom McNair, winning the plaudits of the vast audience by his recklessness and accepting them with a mocking smile. If he suspected her presence there, he gave no indication of it; he swept the reserved seats with a casual glance now and then, but that was all.

He had come into his own. In that dusty inclosure he was a king, and these people assembled to do him homage.

She had no idea that he was being unusually reckless that afternoon, or that Arizona was bursting with rage under his gaudy shirt.

"Look at that crazy fool! He'll break his neck or the horse's, and I don't give a damn which!"

She saw him only as the apotheosis of all that she had remembered, the sublimation of her dreams.

She slipped out before the end of the performance and drearily went home, to find Mr. Trowbridge in the lower hall, heavily and beamingly jovial. She forced a smile for him and he caught her by the shoulders and turned her to the light.

"Ah!" he cried. "Now that is what I call a happy bride's face! Look at that color! Look at those eyes!"

She went obediently upstairs with him to look at the gifts; more silver, some carved jade, a Hepplewhite sofa, a dower chest, very old. When it was opened, it still smelled faintly of open wood fires and lavender. And Herbert was there, with an anxious pucker on his forehead and the notebook in his hand.

"Hello, darling." He kissed her abstractedly. "Look here, you know more about these things than I do. What's that tea service worth? Approximately, of course."

"It seems so calculating, Herbert."

"Not at all. There's a lot of value here, and it needs protection."

Mr. Trowbridge was roaming about, his hands behind his back, his head on one side. "Now that's a pretty thing. What's it for?"

She stood beside him. Herbert had moved on: "Enamel and gold clock, $200. Antique silver table urn, $100. Chest flat silver, $3000."

"Help an old man, Kay. What shall we send you?"

"Please, why send anything? We have more now than we can ever use."

He must not send anything. Nobody must send anything more. She wasn't going through with it. It would be a sin—a sin against Herbert and a sin against herself. To live with one man and love another was immoral.

"But of course I'll send you something. Don't you suppose I want to put at least a feather in the love nest?"

Love nest! If he would only go away; if they would all go and give her time to think!

"What do you think these consoles are worth, Kay? Are they genuine or reproductions?"

"Father says they are genuine. Why don't you ask him?"

She got to her room at last and out onto the little balcony. But there were men just underneath, putting up a marquee on the lawn. Although it was late, they were still working. They were putting down the floor, carefully pushing the boards home and then nailing them. It was like her father to want a floor in a marquee. In a day or two people would be sitting there, eating, and drinking champagne. Her health and Herbert's. "A very long life together, and a happy one." A long life!

Suddenly she knew what she was going to do. She was going to Tom McNair—if he wanted her. She turned back into her room and closed and locked the door.

XXI

THAT night, although he had been sleeping extremely well, Tom slept very little. The car was closed, filled with the sour odor of old shoes, well-worn clothing and perspiring human bodies. The men slept heavily and noisily, and a track engine panted back and forth. Once he fell asleep and dreamed that he was pointing cattle to the pens and a switch engine had come along and scattered them. He wakened with the feel of the Miller still between his knees.

In the morning he made his way morosely to the lot. Yesterday's anger was gone, and he felt only a deep dejection. What had he expected, anyhow? She had shown him that she did not care for him, had abandoned him to that bunch at the club and never come back. That call of hers from the street, that had been before she had time to think. She wouldn't follow it up.

He wandered to the dressing tent, promised his laundry to a waiting negress and went inside. When he had rolled it up he drew back the tent flap and handed it to the waiting figure.

"Here you are," he said gruffly. "And get it back tonight sure. We're leaving."

But the figure did not move to take it, and he stepped outside.

It was Kay.

He was too stunned for speech, and she, too, seemed to have nothing to say. She looked thinner than he remembered her, and her face was set and drawn. He stood there, staring at her.

"Well, here I am," she said finally, as if that explained everything.

And for all his later failures, that time at least he understood. He could not know what the step had cost her, or the finality of it. Perhaps he never did realize what that last twenty-four hours had been. But he looked from her to the dressing case at her feet, and he saw what she meant. She was there, to take or leave as he saw fit. He put out both hands.

"I've been waiting for you," he said, not too steadily. "Ever since——" Maybe he meant to say "since yesterday," but he changed it. "Ever since God knows when."

It was a curious wooing. Later on Kay was to question whether it was a wooing at all on either side. It was more like a simple

(Continued on Page 110)

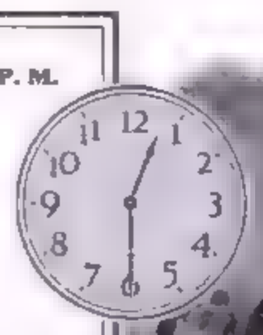
Protect These 4 Vitally Important Morning Hours

With Breakfasts that "Stand By" you—and 70% of your working day is protected

According to Foremost Educators and Business Authorities of Today

The Park-Lexington Building, New York, discharging its noonday crowd — business heads, stenographers, office workers, with 65% of their day's work done.

8:30 A. M. 12:30 P. M.



Into 4 Morning Hours 70% of the World's Work Falls

70% of your day's most important work is done between 8:30 a. m. and 12:30 p. m. —in four short hours— according to nation-wide commercial, financial and scholastic investigations.

That is why the world's dietetic urge now is to *watch your breakfast;* to start days with food that "stands by" you through the morning and thus protect the most important hours of your day.

"The effects of a well-balanced hot breakfast are shown in the girls' application to their work, in their enthusiasm for sports and in their health," says Katharine Cass, principal of the Saint Nicholas Day School, of Seattle, Wash.

According to editorial investigations of the great women's magazines, recently conducted among 25,000 homes, the average housewife's heaviest duties—70% of them!—come before luncheon.

NOW it is known that 70% of the world's most important work is done in 4 short hours out of the 24—from 8:30 a. m. to 12:30 p. m.

Check your own days, and if you are an average person, in an average occupation, you will find this to be true.

Nation-wide investigations prove that while the usual "working day" may be called an 8-hour day, the great majority of that work falls in the first four hours. Investigations just completed which covered Princeton, Yale, Harvard, Chicago, Northwestern, great state Universities, innumerable grade schools and foremost business institutions, such as the General Electric Company, The People's Gas & Electric Co., and scores of others.

Much of your life, according to authorities, depends largely on whether or not you are at your best in the morning. *And that depends greatly on what you eat.* Note how true this is.

"Watch Your Breakfast"—the world's dietetic urge of today

Thus leading dietary authorities, both in Europe and America, urge correct breakfast eating as an all-important factor in modern life.

To feel right in the morning, you must have properly balanced food at the beginning of the day, you must have food that "stands by" you through the morning.

That means food well-balanced in essential food elements, for one thing. It means food that is delicious, so as to tempt the appetite, for another. It means, to a great extent, a rich, hot breakfast to supply the human engine with food fuel.

For that reason, Quaker Oats is today so widely urged. The oat is the best balanced cereal known.

Quaker Oats contains 16% protein, food's great tissue builder; 65% carbohydrate, its great energy producer, and is well supplied with minerals (bone builders) and all-important vitamines. Its "bulk" supplies, too, the roughage which helps in making laxatives seldom needed.

Go on "Quaker," note the energy that comes; note its uniquely enticing flavor

Start today with Quaker Oats. Get either "Quick Quaker" which cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes (faster than plain toast) or the regular Quaker Oats as you have always known them.

Both have that rare Quaker flavor—the flavor no other oats in all the world can boast; a flavor it took some 50 years of careful milling to perfect.

Serve every day for a while — note how much better your mornings are. What comes will surprise you.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

A thrill

The Roadster

HUDSON SUPER-SIX

Standard Coach - -	$1285
Standard Sedan - -	1385

Custom Built Models

Roadster - - - -	$1500
Phaeton - - - -	1600
Brougham - - - -	1575
5-Passenger Sedan -	1750
7-Passenger Sedan -	1850

All prices f. o. b. Detroit plus war excise tax

no other car can give

Until you ride in the Hudson Super-Six there is a motoring thrill you can never know.

In its very brilliance of action it throws a new light and meaning on motor car performance.

It is the master car at every issue. And in every performance asked of a motor it possesses ability beyond anything heretofore known.

This performance mastery gives innumerable advantages. For instance you travel faster within the speed limits. That is because you are away quicker. You pick up faster. You level hills with ease. You have smoothness that makes the long journey comfortable and free of fatigue.

And these qualities have won Hudson the greatest reception, sales and public acknowledgment in its history.

Standard Five-Passenger Four-Door Sedan

HUDSON

Super-Six

With the Super-Six Principle freed to the limit

Nunn-Bush

Ankle-Fashioned Oxfords

THE well dressed man who wears NUNN-BUSH ankle-fashioned oxfords wins the admiration of critical observers. He knows that his ankles are dressed up with a trim, snug fit—"hand-tailored" so to speak.

• • •

$8 to $12. *Style book on request. Agencies in all principal cities. Also sold in these exclusive Nunn-Bush stores:*

NEW YORK—1462 Broadway, 133 Nassau St. BOSTON—6 School St. CHICAGO—42 No. Dearborn St., 32 W. Jackson Blvd., 115 S. Clark St. ST. LOUIS—706 Olive St. MILWAUKEE—Four downtown stores. KANSAS CITY, MO.—1006 Walnut St. ST. PAUL—400 Robert St. SAN FRANCISCO—60 Kearny St. DENVER—607-16th St. NEW ORLEANS—109 St. Charles St.

The French
2351—Golden West Calf
1351—Ebony Calf

(Continued from Page 106)

obedience to some natural law neither of them understood.

They picked up a taxicab at the entrance to the lot and started off. There was a license to secure and the time was short. Tom put his hand in his pocket and counted his money. He had twenty-one dollars.

"I suppose that's enough?"

"I should think so."

All very matter-of-fact. Something inevitable to be done, so get it done. Not all the powers of earth could part them now. Time to think later; just now there was a schedule to be watched, a routine to be followed.

They had gone perhaps three blocks before Tom whipped off his big hat and turned to look at her.

"My God! You and me, Kay!"

There was very little passion in that first kiss between them. The situation was still too strange. They themselves were like strangers; during their long separation both of them had built up out of their memories a dream figure, and were now attempting to recognize it in this flesh-and-blood reality.

Now and then in the intervals Kay would find his eyes on her, almost furtively studying her, and Tom would find her looking at him with strange half-frightened eyes.

"Name, please?"

"Katherine Dowling."

"Your age?"

What was she doing? Giving herself to this strange man, deliberately binding herself to him. It was madness; it was incredible. But she looked composed enough. The clerk, filling in the blanks, looked curiously at Tom's big hat and colored shirt, and at her own small and elegant figure.

"Show people?" he inquired genially when he passed over the paper.

Tom stiffened slightly. "I am. The young lady is not."

Show people! That was where she belonged now She had cast aside her old world of luxury and dignity, and now she would belong to that strange traveling fraternity which lived in back lots under canvas and traveled in circus cars about the country. But one didn't do that. One went there for a lark, and ate peanuts and threw the shells on the ground, and even drank pop out of a bottle, tepid sweetish stuff which made one thirstier afterward.

She had her one panicky moment then, and as if he felt that recoil in her, Tom put out his hand and took hers as they went down the stairs to the street. The strength of his strong lean hand was what she needed. After all, that was life, not the other; a hand to hold to—a warm hand, a tender and loving hand.

"Not getting scared, are you, girl?"

"Just for a minute. You do love me, don't you?"

"Before God, I do."

They were married by a clergyman selected at random from the telephone book in a drug store, and they ate their wedding breakfast back on the lot. There was a new lift to Tom's shoulders, a pride in her that he made no attempt to conceal. At the door to the dining tent they were halted.

"Lady with you, Tom?"

"I'll tell the world she is!"

Afterward he placed a box for her in a sheltered place and hurried to dress. A goat, chained to a tent peg, came to sniff at her and remained to have his head scratched; the cowboy band, eying her with interest, lined up outside the double opening by the band stand, and all around in the spring sunshine people in costume were emerging from their tents, mounting elephants or camels or horses, and falling into line for the spectacular.

She waited, her hands folded in her lap. The sun shone on her narrow gold wedding ring, where Herbert's square-cut emerald had formerly rested. She had left that at home. She had left practically everything at home, except the money in her purse and her grandmother's pearls. Those were hers; they could not say she had taken anything that was not hers.

She was aware that she was exciting interest, and she got her handkerchief and wiped the dust from her smart shoes. She felt untidy and the sun was hot. Her head was beginning to ache too. She moved the box farther into the shade and heard Tom's voice just beyond the canvas.

"Just get this: Either she goes with me tonight, or I stay here."

"You know darned well she can't go with you. We can get her on the train, perhaps, but the married cars are full up."

"Then I'll go by another train."

"You'll get a day coach to that burg and sit up all night. Now look here, Tom, you're up against it unless you do what I say. If you'll ——"

She moved the box back again. Her cheeks were flaming and her head ached sharply. The thought that providing for her on her wedding night was a matter for an outsider shocked her, and it was her first lesson in her new life to force a smile when he came back to her, leading his horse.

"All right, girl?"

"Fine."

"And happy?"

"Terribly happy."

He put a foot into the stirrup, mounted, turned and looked down at her. And suddenly nothing else mattered but the two of them, there in the dust and the glare, loving each other, belonging to each other.

In the intervals of the performance when he could slip out and be with Kay he did so, sitting on his heels at her feet and turning the wedding ring on her finger while he held her hand.

"Sure funny to think of a little thing like that meaning all it does mean!"

"You're not sorry? You're sure you wanted me?"

"Wanting you's what I've been doing nothing else but, my girl."

But she had been doing some thinking too. "Will you want to stay with the—with the show?"

"I can't leave them in the middle of the season, Kay."

"Then I'd better learn to do something." She smiled at him. "I can't sit around on a soap box all day."

His quick pride was touched. "If you're worrying about my being able to keep you, girl, forget it. I'm earning good money—plenty. I can keep my wife without her having to lift her hand." His voice hardened. "I don't want any Dowling money either, girl. You know that, don't you? They're not going to come between us. You and I—we're going to steer our own boat from now on."

It was the first mention of her family between them, and her first real knowledge of his continuing resentment.

"They can't come between us now. It's too late, Tom."

And that restored him to good humor. He looked about, saw that they were unobserved, and quickly kissed her.

"You bet they can't! They can all go to—New Mexico!" he told her. But he smiled at her boyishly. "You're going to like these people, you know. They're a fine lot. The world's best."

He swung easily into his saddle and rode off.

Later on, he brought his particular cronies to meet her, cowboys like himself, gayly dressed, tanned, sheepish.

"Arizona, meet Mrs. McNair."

They came up, took her small hand in their great paws, dropped it and retreated. Only the little Cossack bowed from the waist, with his heels together, and then wandered off to survey the scene from a distance.

It was a strange land, this America, where young ladies with real pearls—he knew real pearls—and plain, very fine clothes from Paris, married cowboys. Truly, such was democracy; the rest of the world talked of it but never would understand it.

Only one unpleasant incident occurred, and she did not recognize it as such at the time. An Indian in cowboy costume walked past her twice, surveying her with the impassive curiosity of his race, and the second time he spoke to her.

"You marry Tom MacNair?"

"I am Mrs. McNair—yes."

He smiled a little, and Tom, coming out at that moment, swung toward him and confronted him.

"You keep away from that lady," he said menacingly, "and put all the distance you can between me and you, or ——"

The Indian moved away

In the intervals Kay's thoughts wandered back to her people. What were they thinking—or doing? She could not let them know yet; there would be scenes, trouble of all sorts. Already she knew that Tom would resent any attempt at interference, might even be violent with them. That night, just before the train left, she would send a telegram, but until then she dared not risk it.

The afternoon passed somehow. She had checked a suitcase at the railway station, and she sent a messenger for it. She was afraid to go herself. And later on it was taken to the train. At six o'clock she ate her supper in the tent. She was accustomed to her paper napkin by that time, to the narrowness of the board seat she sat on, to having her food set before her in small dishes, heavy and unbreakable. The news of Tom's marriage had spread about, and after the meal people gathered about them. Only the girls remained aloof, watching and discussing her. The older women were maternal and solicitous; they asked no questions, and she soon realized that her identity was a matter of no interest to them. They were prepared to accept her, a newcomer from an outer world infinitely remote.

"You mustn't wear pretty shoes like that around. You'll soon spoil them, my dear."

If, by her manner and the quiet expensiveness of her clothing, they realized that the world she had left was even more remote than appeared, that, too, they kept to themselves. But they accepted her. They even asked her into the dressing tent that night, and she sat on a folding chair, uncomfortable and embarrassed, while they unself-consciously bathed and dressed before her.

They watched her surreptitiously. The strong odor of scented talcum powder, cheap perfume and burning alcohol from the lamps on which they heated their curling irons, mixed with the scents from the animal tents and the stables near by, had turned her faintly sick, but she smiled at them.

But there was one breath-taking moment that night after all. With the performance over, and only the working lights left on the lot, the cowboys rode their horses to the railroad siding. And once again she heard the slow tired movement of horses' feet in darkness, the rustle of chaps on leather, the faint jingle of bridles and buckles.

The circus world faded away. Just so had she seen the men come in from the pastures on the range, sitting their saddles easily, swaying to the motion of their horses. They would go back, she and Tom, and pick up their lives where they had left them. This was an interlude; it was not life.

She plodded along behind them. Now and then she stumbled on the uneven ground; the high heels of her slippers turned. Once she stepped into a coil of wire and almost fell. Tom had arranged an escort for her, but she had wanted to be alone.

It did not occur to her that there was anything symbolical in that stumbling progress of hers, that blind following.

The men ahead began to sing softly. The day's work was over. Soon the horses would be in the cars. A voice would call out, "Jerry next."

"Jerry coming."

A shadowy horse would sniff at the runway, eye the oil flare with suspicion, then with a thunder of hoofs dash up and into the car. The loading would go on, and

(Continued on Page 112)

"Clean every part of every tooth"
...dentists say
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC reaches all your teeth
as easily as it reaches one

HOW carefully do you select a tooth brush?

The *correct* brush, dentists say, is one that, first of all, reaches *every* tooth. A brush that does that must be tailored to fit the jaw. Your jaw curves, so the bristles of your brush must curve.

A brush that reaches every tooth should have a curved handle. A straight handle stretches your mouth out of shape, because your jaw is wider than your mouth. The handle should bend toward you.

You will find all these features in the Pro-phy-lac-tic. It is a brush that cleans every tooth it reaches—and it reaches *every* tooth. Its scientifically curved bristle-surface and bent handle make this easy for you.

* * *

Don't try to use your Pro-phy-lac-tic too long. Because of the high quality of the bristles in Pro-phy-lac-tic Brushes, they never seem to wear out. But the elasticity, the springiness, of the bristle which is so important for effective cleansing, may be lessened. Be on the safe side.

Try a new Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush and compare its "feel" with the old one. With twice-a-day brushing, you will need a new Pro-phy-lac-tic about every three months.

It is a good idea to keep several new Pro-phy-lac-tic Brushes on hand. To present one in the yellow box to an overnight guest is a thoughtful courtesy.

Sold in three sizes by all dealers in the United States, Canada, and all over the world. Prices in the United States and Canada are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Made in three different bristle textures—hard, medium, soft—and with white handles or colored transparent handles—red, green, or orange. Pro-phy-lac-tic with *four* rows of bristles is priced 60 cents. Always sold in the yellow box.

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Free:

an interesting booklet containing valuable information on the care of the teeth.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company
Dept. 15, Florence, Mass.

Please send me your instructive booklet on the care and preservation of the teeth.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Always sold in the yellow box

Made in America
Sold all over the world

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HATS for MEN

THE high expectations of superb quality, noticeable elegance of style and supreme comfort raised by the announcement of the Knapp-Felt Hats for Summer are realized in the Mayflower.

The MAYFLOWER is the Hat for Summer

When Straw Hats are Shown, the *Mayflower* will Bloom!

It will be featured by leading hatters throughout the United States as the proper hat for Summer wear. It is made by hand—the only way to preserve the delicate enamel of the selected braid.

The Summer Knapp-Felts include Sennits, Panamas, Ballibuntals and Leghorns in the best proportions and all sizes.

THE CROFUT & KNAPP COMPANY
JOHN CAVANAGH — *President*
620 Fifth Avenue — New York City

(Continued from Page 110)

when it had finished there was the privilege car, and craps, or a poker game.

So they sang and Kay could hear Tom's voice above the rest, happy and exultant:

I'm a poor lonesome cowboy,
I'm a poor lonesome cowboy,
I'm a poor lonesome cowboy,
And a long ways from home.

XXII

IT WAS not until Tom joined her outside the cars that she realized that her wedding night was to be as strange as the day. When Tom came to speak to her he was awkward and self-conscious.

"There's a little complication about tonight, girl," he said, looking away from her. "The—the married cars are kind of full up. They'll take care of you, you understand, but ——"

"I'm sure I'll manage very well." She heard her own voice, apparently composed.

But whatever Tom felt, she was secretly relieved. The terrible pitiless publicity of the show life had been gradually getting on her nerves all day, and now in the semi-darkness Tom himself seemed a stranger—a stranger who had the right to put his arms around her, and did so. He felt her recoil.

"Don't you want me to do that?"

"It's so public."

"Well, I'm not ashamed of loving you, if you are."

Sitting on the side of her berth later on, Tom told her his immediate plans. When the train pulled in in the morning he would take her to a hotel and they would have two days' honeymoon. After that it would be time to think of the future.

But she was very tired. The closeness of the car made her dizzy; the narrow berth, a built-in box which held a hard mattress, was airless and uncomfortable. Girls in faded kimonos were sitting up, each in her tiny cubicle, sorting clothes, mending by the indifferent light, using cold cream or putting their hair in order. Men wandered through, indifferent to the others, but eying Tom and herself with humorous interest. Everything in her was crying out for privacy, for decent reserves, for quiet; even Tom's jubilant vitality seemed out of place.

"I've got it all fixed," he told her. "We're going to the Pelham. Nothing's too good for us the next few days." And then she only smiled. "Pretty tired, aren't you?"

"I feel a little crowded."

"You'll get over that. They're a fine lot; the best ever. And these girls are on the square, too," he added. "Don't you get any wrong ideas about them."

"You would like to stay on, wouldn't you?"

"It's the way I'm making a living. We've got to eat, you know."

She winced, but he did not notice it. And she felt, when he finally went away, that she had been ridiculously cold to him. For him, the people around did not exist; for her, they formed a barrier she could not pass. If they could only have been alone together somewhere, anywhere, she felt that the barrier would have swept away. But not alone in his sense of the word, in a hotel bedroom somewhere. Everything that was fastidious in her revolted at what seemed to her to amount to an assignation. But to be together, quietly, privately, in some quiet distant place, and there to make their readjustments—she craved that passionately that night.

The long train of yellow cars, with the flats carrying the great wagons protected by canvas, the animal cars, the crowded, cluttered sleeping coaches, got slowly under way. She lay back on her hard pillow, and after a while she reached into her dressing bag and found a cigarette. She thought it might quiet her. But the girl across, a kimono thrown casually over her shoulders while she mended a stocking, looked over quickly and then looked away again, with a shocked expression on her face.

It was indeed a new world.

Tom, too, was late in getting to sleep. He lay, his long body diagonally in the berth, his arms under his head, and tried to think out his new problem. He loved Kay; he felt now that he had always loved her. Mixed with that, however, was a sense of triumph over Herbert, over the Dowlings, over that mysterious life of hers which she had abandoned for him. He had no subtleties. He was physically rugged and mentally direct; his roots were deep in the soil. Vaguely he felt that Kay had been superficially rooted in something quite different. He called it society, but what he meant was something for which he had no words—cultures, conventions, traditions. And whatever they were, he resented them.

"She's my wife now," he reflected. "She's got to forget the old stuff and begin all over."

So neither of them slept much. The train rocked along, the big wagons swayed in the cars, the tired show people snored and grunted in their narrow quarters.

But when Tom wakened Kay in the morning she gave him back smile for smile. He brightened perceptibly; ever after she was to realize, through all the difficulties to come, her power to depress or cheer him. Other power she certainly lacked. She could not force him to her way against his will, but she could make him happy or wretched as she chose. Later on she was to analyze that still further; when she met him on his own ground, conformed, agreed, he was happy. When she did not, when she opposed or disapproved, he was like a willful child, obstinate but wretched.

"Time to leave the bed grounds," he told her, and then was queerly silent. There was something so virginal about her as she lay there, so almost childish in spite of her twenty-three years, that his heart swelled within him. He loved her, he adored her. He would always be good to her, always kind. With the curious eyes of the girl across on him, he bent down and kissed her awkwardly.

She dressed as best she could. The wash room was a litter of paper towels and the lock was broken; never before in her life had she put on in the morning clothing she had worn the day before, but now she did. She had hung up her dark suit the night before, and its fine white cuffs and collar were still fresh. But the matter of adequate clothing began to bother her. She must get some things somewhere, but she had only fifty dollars in her purse.

When she got out of the car she saw the Indian of the day before. He was lounging on the platform, and he leered at her, then turned and wandered off. But she was late, and there was a parade that morning. It added to the strangeness of everything that she had to go alone to the Pelham and there engage a room and bath. And when she was inside it, the door locked, to the sensation of strangeness was added one of dismay. The bleakness of the room, the two beds side by side, the frankness of the bathroom opening off it, shocked and revolted her. She was a wife, she told herself fiercely, not a mistress; but the sensation remained. The very bareness of the place, its reduction of life to its physical necessities, added to it.

Never before had she occupied a hotel room in all its starkness. A trunkful of silk pillows, a bright slumber robe on a couch, little vases for flowers and family pictures in silver frames had always before created a temporary atmosphere of home. She could see Nora now, moving about, deftly pulling the chairs and putting out the luxurious trifles with which they had always traveled.

She could not bear it. After all, the room was a shrine; it must be, or she was all wrong—everything was wrong. She set feverishly to work, placing the gold fittings from her bag on the dressing table, ordering flowers from the florist shop below, even finally going down herself and, fearful of being recognized, buying an armful of magazines from the news stand. And as she worked she lost that early panic. She had achieved not a shrine, perhaps, but a bit of home.

Actually she was working against time to think. It must come, she knew. She could not fight down forever the recognition of what she had done: the scandal and talk, the stricken household, Herbert. That must come, but not now—not yet. She lived feverishly in the present; she could look neither back nor ahead.

At something before noon she heard the sirens of fire engines and went to her window to look out. But she could not see them. She had, standing there in that room that was to be a shrine, no idea that that sound was to alter the whole course of her life and Tom McNair's. She listened to them and then went back to her roses, ignorant that they had set in motion a small chain of events that was to lead to catastrophe.

It was not a great matter at the beginning. The leaders of one of the big six-horse hitches, driven by Overland Jim, had frightened and started to run, and in the resulting mix-up Overland was thrown and sprained his wrist. But Overland, during the performance, drove the prairie schooner during the Indian attack, and that day Tom McNair volunteered to take his place.

If he thought of Little Dog he put him out of his head. In all the weeks on the road the Indian had kept out of his way, had made no overt or covert move against him. And Tom believed in his star that day. He was recklessly happy, even boastful.

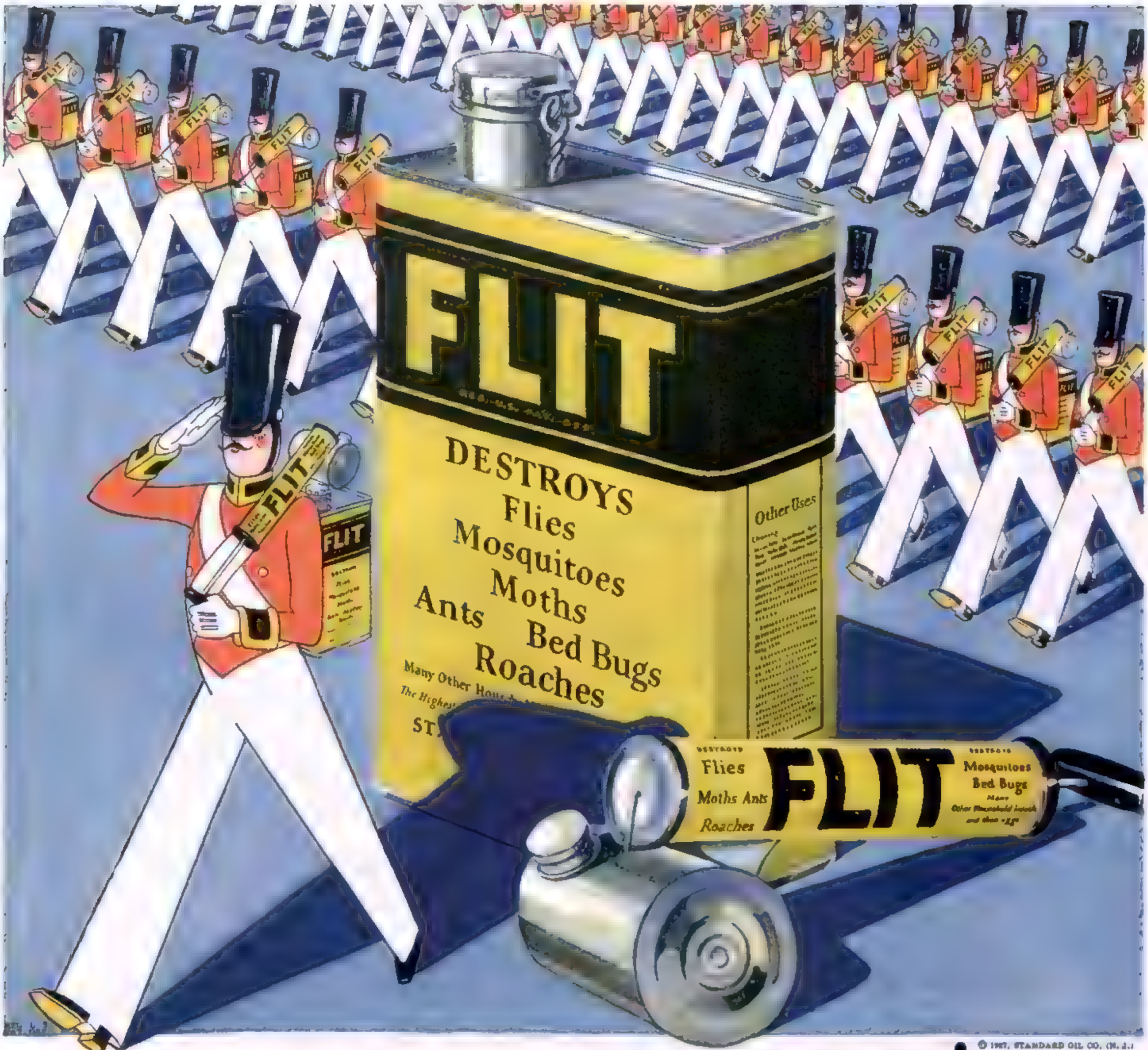
"Can I drive a six-horse hitch?" he said to the ring stock boss. "Man, where I come from it takes six horses to the family buggy to get to church!"

There was no time to see Kay before the performance; he had hoped she would come to the lot, and he kept a pair of keen eyes on the alert for her. He was disappointed and somewhat hurt when he did not see her, and he went into the arena with his heart only half in his work. And then it happened.

The wagon circled the arena in a cloud of dust, followed by the yelling Indians on their ponies, firing their blank cartridges with deadly effect. When it finally came to a stop and the dust subsided, Tom was lying face down on the ground, not moving.

The grand stand applauded cheerfully and went on eating its peanuts and drinking its pop. It was the little Cossack who was the first to recognize a tragedy. He ran out into the arena and held up both hands.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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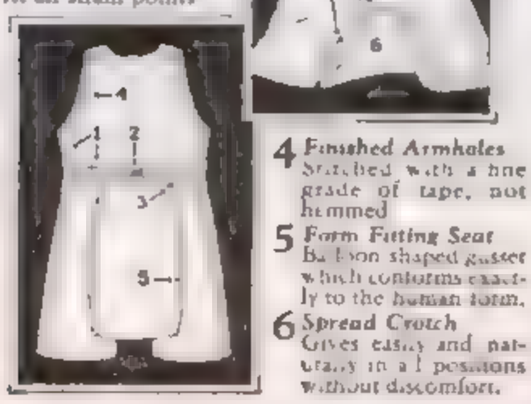

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LITTLE MRS. MUFFET

(Continued from Page 13)

"Good! They say Helen's a good shot."

"She's hunted in Canada. She does everything well."

"Darned good sportswoman," said George, lighting a cigarette.

"George, why wouldn't it be nice to ask Mrs. Bayne to go with us? She's never been in the woods. Do you suppose she'd care to?"

He did not seem excited. "She's not much of an athlete—different type—darned nice of you."

"We could get another man. Perhaps Courtney could come."

"No," said George decisively, "not that piker. I'll ask Ferdinand Gates. Courtney would be singing songs all over the place."

Sara's heart sank. Courtney was a fat troubadour who had first noticed the charms of Mrs. Bayne six months after she had settled in Adamton. He had met her in Boston at her lawyers'; he had introduced George to her. Whereas Ferdie Gates was an architect and an old beau of Helen's, whom George had stopped asking out because Ferdie and Helen always talked about galleries and old furniture, leaving George out in his ignorance. Now he was casting Helen to the lions.

"I'm not sure," he said doubtfully, "whether she'll want to go. "I'll find out in a couple of days and let you know."

Then he rose. Mrs. Bayne was cooing to him to draw for bridge partners.

She went, as Sara knew she would. Ferdinand Gates went, too, and if Helen Platt had any thoughts about these additions, she kept them to herself. She was a rich noble-souled girl who abetted Sara in her dictatorship over Adamton. Helen met the Hoxies at Grand Central Station, smartly dressed, bearing exactly the right bags, kit and gun cases. George appeared, balloon-like, in a raccoon coat; and Ferdinand Gates, the clever architect, long, thin, was awfully pleased to see Helen. Ten minutes to train time and Mrs. Bayne had not arrived.

"We'd better get on," said Gil snappily. "George can wait for her."

"That's right, George, remember your widow," said Gates. "Be sure you get on this train."

"Go to hell," said George, looking in all directions. Where was the little woman?

"You should have met her," said Sara reprovingly.

"She wouldn't let me. She came in early to go to a hairdresser's." What could a hairdresser do for a hunter?

Then Mrs. Bayne arrived, in a sable coat, with a corsage of orchids, on her head a hat bedizened with rhinestones. Two porters carried bags, dressing cases, novels, a first-aid kit and a box containing an electric iron, a hair curler and a teakettle. These things were stowed in the drawing-room which the three women shared.

"My dear," said Mrs. Bayne, "don't move a single thing. I can squeeze in anywhere. Aren't these the most galumptious orchids? Your sweet brother sent them. Welcome to the big forest! Porter, fetch a vase; the darling things are wilting. Why don't we sit right down and have some bridge? We can cut in. I'll call the boys before they are lost to us in the smoking room."

She fluttered through the door after the boys. Sara, who had looked forward to an evening over a new novel; Helen, who had planned letters to her aunts in Boston, looked at each other.

Ferdinand Gates came in at that moment and steered Helen out into the car, where they could talk about beauty and antiques.

George, returning with Mrs. Bayne, never asked what had become of them. Mrs. Bayne, talking and giggling every moment, made seven grand slams and won rubber after rubber.

McGonigle's, where the Hoxies and George Trevor went annually, was not a sporting camp, but a supply base for a chain of lumber camps scattered in the woods around the Alleguash. A decade ago Hoxie had gone down East on business for his firm and had struck up a friendship with McGonigle, a tall Irishman who had lived for forty years in the woods. Annually, after that, Hoxie and Sara and George had been invited down to shoot deer, and had become close friends of McGonigle and partisan devotees of the woodsmen who acted as guides.

Sara preferred Joe Pitou, an impish French-Canadian, stealthy, agile, as full of grimaces as a monkey. George liked young Jake, who resembled a boy's conception of Leatherstocking, silent, fearless, an expert shot.

Old Jake, the foreman, appealed to Hoxie. Old Jake was a grizzled, weather-beaten man of sixty, a king over his men, who regarded life with resigned gloominess. Old Jake had been all over the country, gone to sea, lived three years in South Africa, lost three wives, and didn't see no sense to the way people went on.

Young Jake met them when they got off the train at St. Felix's, and holding out a huge leather-colored hand, said he was fine. Sara he acknowledged with a blushing bow; and although George introduced the three strangers, he nodded his head without looking at them. It was obvious that he was afraid of ladies.

He took a look at their kit and whistled. "Brought along enough stuff for an army."

"That's the ladies, Jake," said George. "A lady can't shoot without her trunks."

The crowd which had gathered to watch the sports debark roared at this. They liked George.

Jake, complaining and struggling, got their luggage into the two cars in which they were to drive to Arline's, who kept the Snake Pond Inn.

"Just about bust these old springs," he told George. "What do wimmen need with all these traps?"

"Isn't he darling?" said Mrs. Bayne, the cynosure of the townspeople, who had never seen a sight like her. Her sable coat, although warm, suggested a lady going to the opera rather than into the woods. "Isn't he marvelous?" she went on. "So woodsy."

"Hush!" said Sara nervously. "Don't talk like that. They hate it." She glanced nervously around lest someone shoot. How everyone was staring! City people looked ridiculous amidst these practiced, rugged natives.

Yet all the thirty miles over to Snake Pond, Mrs. Bayne raved. There was no silencer on her airy tongue. As long as the light held out she admired the scenery, the hills, the forest, the primitiveness of it all. George told her ponderously the name of this mountain, explained the course of that stream, the technic of cutting lumber. Sara wished that Gil and Helen, who were behind in the other car, could have heard him.

They went to bed early at Arline's and were hauled out of bottomless sleep at five o'clock in the morning. It was black as midnight, and bitterly cold. Sara thought of her warm bedroom at Adamton, of delicious forgone sleep. Was she getting old? She struggled into her bulky clothes in the icy bedroom and went down to the dining room, where Mrs. Bayne was standing before the fire, wide awake, laughing. She wore a smart costume, jacket and trousers of green suède, and her fair hair was tucked away inside a fur cap. She looked picturesque, whimsical and Peter Pannish, as she no doubt wished to look.

Arline, in a bungalow apron, her childish face all awe, sat on the edge of the table, drinking in the splendor. The boys were there, too—Young Jake, with Joe and Old Jake, who had paddled down the night before with the extra canoes. They had lost their shyness. Joe monopolized the conversation.

"I see that bear going along by the storehouse," he was saying. "Good morning, Missis Hoxie. You hear about the big bear?" His eyes were black lakes of excitement.

"Joe's got bear on the brain," said Arline. "Ain't you, Joe?"

"Lots of room there for something," said Old Jake gloomily.

"Lots of room where?" said Joe, advancing like a menacing ape. "You be careful what you say about this man." Everyone roared.

"Space for rent," said Old Jake, touching his head.

"Hee-hee," said Arline. "Oh, Joe Pee-tou!"

"Go on about the bear," said Mrs. Bayne pleadingly. "I adore hearing about bears."

"You folks had better eat if you're going out in them canoes," said Arline, suddenly becoming a landlady. "Dor-us," she called, "bring in the breakfast and fry all them eggs."

The boys went out to pack the canoes. But Joe stayed to talk about the bear, which was twenty feet high, ten feet broad and afeard of no man. Bullets went in him and came out the other side, wondering why they had been wasted. The bear was a steady visitor at McGonigle's camp, carrying off tins of molasses, sacks of sugar, dried apricots and McGonigle's pet chickens. Dominique Gaspaire had had a shirt stolen. Someone else down the river had seen the bear wearing a shirt looking exactly like Dominique's.

"You ladies take keer at night," he said, getting more and more excited. "That old bear will jump in on you. He likes sweets."

"Oh, my!" said Helen. "Ferdie, aren't you nervous?"

Ferdie, spearing another pile of griddle cakes, said he was as jumpy as a cat.

"I adore bears," said Mrs. Bayne. "Once, when Chester and I were in the Rockies, a mountain lion jumped on the roof of our cabin and roared outside our window. Chester got it on the first shot. The next night a bear came right up to our door. Bears are so woolly, it seems a shame to kill them."

"Say, missy, don't you talk silly. You ain't seen nothing like this bear. Mean fellow, stealing can' goods. Meester McGonigle can't bring can' goods all the way from Bangor to feed bears."

"I suppose not," said Mrs. Bayne. "Yet the bear doesn't realize ..."

"Joe, you fool!" called Young Jake from the front porch, and Joe dashed out on his tireless crooked legs.

"Isn't he killing?" said Mrs. Baynes. "So picturesque!"

"He's a nut," said Gil. "Why aren't we starting? It's almost light."

Mrs. Bayne drained her second cup of coffee and rose. "Let's leave before we die from overeating." She rushed upstairs to get her sables.

Joe had put an outboard motor in his canoe and insisted upon towing the two others. He had weird ideas about the channel in the twisting, shallow river, and when he grated bottom or took the wrong course the yells of the boys filled the air. The river forked, constantly winding past green conical islands. The stillness and the greenness cast a spell over them, and they ceased to jest, to call back and forth. Sara even stopped worrying about George and disliking Mrs. Bayne.

It was past four when they reached McGonigle's. McGonigle himself, a bearded giant in a red Mackinaw, was waiting on the wharf.

"Hi there, Garge!" he shouted, and George roared back. "Brought along a lot

(Continued on Page 119)

The TEENIE WEENIES

Surprise the Children

THE Teenie Weenies are so busy they hardly have time to sleep. There is such a demand for Teenie Weenie Peanut Butter, the tiny folks, no taller than a match, are working night and day making jars and pails of the delicious butter and it is all because the Dunce fell into a lunch box.

The curious Dunce in his stroll near the Teenie Weenie village happened to see a group of children's lunch boxes and of course he had to find out what was in them.

He climbed onto one big box and just as he looked over the edge his foot slipped and he fell headlong into it.

Fortunately he was not hurt, although he fell right on top of a hard-boiled egg. He rolled off the egg and tumbled into a jelly sandwich and wallowed about in the sticky stuff.

He soon found he could not get out of the box and he began to yell for help at the top of his young voice.

The Doctor, who happened to be passing, heard his shouts and came to his rescue. The foolish Dunce was pulled out and the Doctor soundly scolded the little chap for prying into the lunch box.

"What were you doing in there?" asked the Doctor.

"Oh, I was just seeing what I could find," answered the Dunce

"Well, what did you find?" questioned the Doctor.

"I found out a lot," cried the Dunce, scraping some jelly off his sleeve; "I found out there wasn't a single peanut butter sandwich in any of the boxes I examined."

"Is that so?" said the Doctor, in surprise. "That's funny Peanut butter is so healthful and so good. I should think all lunch boxes would have a few sandwiches in them."

"I'll bet those children don't know how good Teenie Weenie Peanut Butter is, or they would have their boxes filled with them," cried the Dunce.

Of course, all the Teenie Weenies laughed a great deal when they heard how the Dunce had fallen into the lunch box, but they also were much disturbed to find out that none of the lunch boxes contained peanut butter sandwiches.

The little folks puzzled over it a great deal and finally the Lady of Fashion had an idea.

"I don't believe those children have ever tasted Monarch Teenie Weenie Peanut Butter. If they had, I'm sure most of their sandwiches would be peanut butter sandwiches," cried the little lady. "We might make some sandwiches and put them into their lunch boxes, and let the children see how good Teenie Weenie Peanut Butter is."

All the Teenie Weenies liked the idea and they set to work the next day to follow out the little lady's suggestion.

The little folks got some big slices of bread and they made great plates of the delicious sandwiches, which they carried over and slipped into the lunch boxes.

When the children ate their lunches and found out how good the sandwiches were, they demanded peanut butter sandwiches for their lunches every day and their mothers had to buy it. That's why the Teenie Weenies have to work so hard making Monarch Teenie Weenie Peanut Butter.

Monarch Teenie Weenie Peanut Butter is one of more than 200 Monarch Products—the only Nationally Advertised Line of Quality Food Products Sold Exclusively Through the Men who Own and Operate Their Own Stores.

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Established 1853
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MONARCH
TEENIE WEENIE
Peanut Butter
In 1-lb. and 2-lb. Pails, Tins, and 10-oz. Glass Jars

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Also
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Sweet Pickles
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Battery men

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$1.00

The correctly clad motion picture star whose portrait is reproduced here is Lee Timmins. His recent film appearance was in the Fox film, "The Music Master." Betty Gray, shown here with Mr. Timmins, appeared in the Cosmopolitan picture, "Enemies of Women," and in "A Kiss for Cinderella," a Famous Players film.

Below is the nation's leading tie style, the Spur Tie Band Bow, shown here about two-thirds natural size. This silk pattern was woven specially for the Spur Tie, to make sure that it is as correct for sport and business wear as it is in black and white for wear with formal evening clothes. This style in this pattern, retails for seventy-five cents

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BULL DOG SUSPENDERS, GARTERS, BELTS AND BUCKLES ~ LEADERS FOR 38 YEARS

(Continued from Page 114)

of wimmen, Garge?" he asked as the canoes beached themselves in the gravel inlet.

"Hundreds," said George. "Take your pick."

McGonigle liked Sara, he liked the whole lot of them, but he wasted little time on the frills of social intercourse. He gave Sara a fatherly hand and to Helen Platt a helpful one. As Mrs. Bayne approached he stared with obvious curiosity. Who and what was this, coming to spread sunshine in the wilderness?

"Oh, thank you," said Mrs. Bayne, taking both his hands. "I can barely move. I'm positively ossified. Seven solid hours in that gondola! Hold me—one second!" She staggered helplessly, while McGonigle held on.

"Oh, my, how entrancing! How perfectly marvelous! Is all this yours, Mr. McGonigle?" She swept out one hand to include the vast holdings of the Eastern and Western Paper Company.

McGonigle admitted he didn't own it all. "Come along in, you ladies," he said inclusively. "You must be near froze."

He promenaded ahead with Mrs. Bayne, while Sara and Helen Platt, like the noble women they were, came after, carrying their own rugs.

"No, Mr. McGonigle," Mrs. Bayne was saying, "I never would have the heart to fire a gun at one of those little brown creatures. I love all Nature too much."

"Nature ain't so lovable when ye know her," said McGonigle. "Hurry up, Mrs. Hoxie. The cook has been yelling for hours."

"Is he falling?" thought Sara. "Or will he know what a Nature faker is when he sees one?"

In the mess house, she greeted Edgar Leclerc, who had cooked in the woods for twenty-five years but still wore the worried look of a worker for uplift. He was pleased to see all the ladies and hoped all had been well since last they had met. He bowed to Mrs. Bayne politely and said no ma'am, he never found it difficult to feed the men, because the company provided plenty of fodder.

Later, that night, Sara and her husband were discussing the day in the bedroom of Aunt Ella McGonigle, who was now in Florida. McGonigle had built cabins along the racing river for his clan. Aunt Ella's house had a living room and two bedrooms, in one of which Helen Platt and Mrs. Bayne slept.

In the other, Gil said to Sara, in the darkness, "You mean to say she isn't going to shoot anything? Yet she's going along with George."

"Yes; isn't it splendid? She'll drive him mad."

Hoxie grinned. He could see the jagged branches, black in the white moonlight, and the square plaza in front of the storehouse. What a racket the river made!

"He isn't mad yet," he said. "Even old McGonigle was charmed."

"He's an old man."

Hoxie extemporized: "Mrs. Bayne is like a circus parade, or the annual *revue* of the volunteer fire department. We boys rush out to see the excitement even though some of us may get trampled. George, so far, has got the best if the most dangerous seat."

"Wait until tomorrow—he may want to give it away."

"I shan't be with you," he said. "Old Jake and I are going up to Misery Pond."

"I shall see," said Sara fervently, "that George never leaves her side."

"Look at that!" said Gil, sitting up in bed.

"Look at what?"

"There's that bear of Joe Pitou's." He pointed out to the clearing between the warehouse and the tool shop. There stood the black terror, ambling along as unconcernedly as a night watchman in a bank. He crossed the square, paused at the front door of the warehouse, scratched himself reflectively and decided to go around by the back way. In the immense shadows he disappeared.

"Oh-h-h!" said Sara, at the window in her nightgown. "Where has he gone?"

"After canned pineapple. It must be at the back door. Come back to bed."

In a few minutes they heard shouts and a few shots. But by that time they were too sleepy to care.

The next morning, Gil and Old Jake had breakfasted and were stepping down out of the mess shack when the girls appeared.

"Leaving us so early?" cried Mrs. Bayne. "I never saw anything so bloodthirsty."

"Now, Gil, please try to get back before dark," said Sara. "Jake, don't let Mr. Hoxie fall into the river. . . . Have you taken enough food?"

"All we can carry, ma'am. Good morning, ladies." Old Jake and Gil went off muttering to each other, which was their favorite sport.

"That's a ripping rifle of Gil's," said Helen enviously. "I wish I had changed mine."

Helen was a lovely sight. Her crisp chestnut hair had a natural wave, she had an innate grace. It suited her to get up early. But her fresh elusive spell was obliterated by the flagrant spirits, the bursting vibrancy of Mrs. Bayne. Mrs. Bayne did all the talking. She praised the coffee, and the early morning sun fell on her golden hair.

"Gosh," said George, shouting from the door, "aren't you women ever going to stop eating?"

"Another early bird! One more cup," sang Mrs. Bayne, holding out her mug to Edgar. "Don't be a bear."

"The bear came again last night," said Edgar. "He tapped a bag of corn meal. They'll never git him. He's bewitched."

"I've got a good mind to paint today," said Ferdinand Gates. "It's too ripping a day to go blasting animals all over this peaceful country."

"Oh, come on, Ferdie," said Helen Platt, tossing him a doughnut. "Don't let me down on the first day." He looked full into her gray eyes and for the first time felt that the ice was melting. Were the brooks at last beginning to run?

"I'll come today." He followed her into the bright morning. "But tomorrow you'll come with me."

George was waiting, with a knapsack over his shoulder, Joe Pitou and Young Jake beside him. Sara was in sight, coming from her cabin, a smart red hat on her competent head. There might be no other sport but Gil shooting about the countryside, but one couldn't be too careful.

"Aren't we ever going to start?" growled George, his pink face all frowns.

"It's not my fault," said Sara cheerfully. He knew that Mrs. Bayne had been last at breakfast, and Mrs. Bayne was now delaying things by doing a few things to her hair. Helen and Ferdie hove in sight, deep in talk.

"Where do they think they are—at an art gallery?" growled George.

Sara hoped Mrs. Bayne was delaying to manicure her nails. The thing was going splendidly. But no, alas, at that instant the widow appeared, dancing airily down the truck path, a red *béret* on her head, her green shooting costume a splash of color. From one arm hung no gun, but her familiar beaded sewing bag, which she had picked up for a song in Budapest. George looked at her with weary desperation.

"All ready for the big trek?" she asked. The men sadly turned their faces north.

They were making for a valley three miles to the east, where there was a spring and a pool, a hidden retreat approved by deer. On a hill near by there were rocks where they could eat luncheon. George had a secret desire to leave the phalanx of women behind him on those rocks while he and Jake stole away. Joe would look out for Sara and Mrs. Bayne. What happened to Ferdinand Gates, he did not care. A huge dislike of that fellow was growing in his heart.

Yet under the mesmeric grandeur of the woods, his irritation vanished. The men led in silence, seeing everything and saying nothing, like the good woodsmen they were. Sara knew how to behave among the wild flowers. If she thought the sun made a sweet picture against the green, she refrained from mentioning it. If she noticed darling little plants, she was dumb about them.

Not so Mrs. Bayne. She noticed each spruceling. She planned to take back a great boxful to plant about her house in Adamton. What was the use of paying nurserymen tremendous prices when one could dig them up in the wilderness? Would the great Eastern and Western Paper Company miss a few little trees? Oh, my, what was that little bird? Look, look at those strange tracks! Could it be a bear? Could it be a deer? How thrilling to be leaping across brooks!

"Hush!" said Sara, a hundred times. For a few minutes Mrs. Bayne would hush, until so overwhelmed by the gigantic stillness of the wilderness that she needs must mention it. "Marvelously still," she whispered, and the echo rattled through the wilderness.

By ten o'clock they had reached the valley. They stopped to reconnoiter; they lay on the ground, peering through bushes; they followed tracks, but they had no sign of a deer. George, under the spell of the silence, the dense blue overhead, the myriad greens of the forest, was less surly. If he looked alarmedly at Mrs. Bayne as she scrambled over rocks and giggled under bushes, he said nothing. Her low rating as a woodsman was perhaps ameliorated by her fetching appearance. Sara had never known anything so disgusting.

At the spring, in the late morning, they ate luncheon.

"Lots of deer up yonder," said Young Jake, moving his head backward to the east. "Mike got seven there last week."

"Seven!" shrieked Mrs. Bayne. "What about the law?"

"The law? What law?" asked Jake, winking at George.

"This is the big woods," said Joe. "I shot seven game wardens in my time."

"You bloodthirsty ogre!" said Mrs. Bayne, taking out her sewing.

The guides regarded her with awe. They had seen ladies smoke cigarettes, heard them swear, but they had never seen a woman doing needle-point fifty miles from civilization.

"What may that be?" asked Joe. "Lady, is that one of them flapper's dresses?" He was convulsed by his own wit.

Mrs. Bayne explained about the set of Chippendale chairs she had picked up in England and the covers she was making for them. "Think!" she said. "This is the tenth and last. When they're finished I'm going to have a party, and I hope people will realize what they're sitting on. Months of toil!"

"How do you find the time?" asked Sara.

"Oh, I love doing it. I'm not clever enough to do all the things you and Helen do. I'm a stupid old thing—like Miss Muffet."

"I didn't know women still did fancywork," said Gates, taking his pipe out of his mouth. He looked at Mrs. Bayne's handiwork as he looked at skyscrapers and sunsets, trying to understand the scheme. "Come on, Helen," he said, giving it up, "let's go up east and find a deer. Joe, you come with us."

The three disappeared into the woods, saying they would find their own way back to camp. Sara, left alone with Mrs. Bayne and George, felt *de trop*. George sat against a fallen tree trunk, smoking, and Mrs. Bayne was sewing. They looked domestic, touristic.

"George Trevor," said Sara firmly, "if we're going deer hunting, we'd better start."

George groaned. "Sometimes I wish the deer would come walking up to the gun," he said. "It's nice here."

(Continued on Page 121)

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(Continued from Page 119)

"Isn't it darling?" sighed Mrs. Bayne. "Look at those great tall trees. I suppose they've been here for hundreds and hundreds of years."

Young Jake and Sara rose resolutely to their feet, George after them, and Mrs. Bayne sprang up, tucking her sewing into her bag. "I'm going along," she said, "just to see what it's all about."

"You could wait here," said George. "Sara could stay with you."

"Heavens, don't separate Sara from the hunt! She'd never forgive me."

"I should say not," said Sara.

When they got home that night the sun had set, the first stars were taking their seats in the sky and the lights were blazing at the depot. Sara, footsore and weary, and Mrs. Bayne, who carried a mess of wild spangle berries in her arms, turned into their cabin. Helen sat by the stove, reading a back number of the Farmer's Gazette.

"Hello," she said. "Any luck?" Sara shook her head.

"I got these," said Mrs. Bayne, enthusiastically waving the berries. "We saw deer."

"Hit any?"

Sara shook her head. "Not one!"

"We got two," said Helen casually. "Ferdie is a good shot. He's going to paint the rest of the week. I rather think I'll do some sketching. I haven't touched a pencil in years." Mrs. Bayne had stuck the spangle berries into an umbrella holder. "Those are lovely—much better than a deer," said Helen nobly.

"It's all I'm capable of," said the widow, going into her room.

"George is furious," said Sara in a hoarse whisper. "She giggled incessantly. We saw three deer and each time she did something terrible. George was about to fire when she fell off a tree—backwards. Then she spilled her sewing things. Another time we had one sighted, but she got tangled up in some bushes, and by the time we got her out ——" Sara threw both her hands expressively in the air.

"George must be sore," said Helen.

"He is -and he isn't. He seems to have lost his senses."

"Poor old George," laughed Helen.

Gil, asleep on the bed, wakened to hear his wife's tale.

"Everything went wrong," she announced happily. "George was cross all the way home, thinking of losing those beautiful deer."

Gil reached for his shoes. "If you succeed, my dear, I shall buy you a bunch of roses. But instinct and experience suggest to me that when a man is smitten he does not notice the inadequacies of his beloved. Mrs. Bayne's giggle may be dearer to George than the capture of one deer."

"You sound like a presidential message, Gil," she said. "Come tomorrow and see for yourself."

"God spare me that. No woman will ever accompany me into the woods."

"Not even me?"

"Not even you."

She laughed. Gil had refused to take her, even as a bride, shooting with him. He always went alone, or with Old Jake. If Gil's ability to dispense with her was annoying, George might come to the same conclusion about Mrs. Bayne. All men were Tartars under the skin.

But that evening, and all the evenings after, Mrs. Bayne seemed to win back all that she had lost during the day. She slipped into something smart and simple and appeared at supper, unsubstantial, ethereal, against the tweedy efficiency of the others. The cook, Edgar, plied her with biscuits as if he feared she would not last the night; and the boys, coming in to swap stories, stared as men from No Man's Land are said to have gazed on the first American war worker. They looked at George, too, as if tracing the progress of his fall.

Day after day the disintegration of George as a huntsman ensued. George and Young Jake and Sara and Mrs. Bayne started forth, in single file, after the elusive deer. Later, the decadent Gates and Helen Platt sallied forth to pursue art. And each night Gil would ask Sara, "Any luck?"

"Six small spruce trees," she would answer happily. "George had to dig them up. He is speechless." Or, "A collection of ferns for her back garden." Or, "Oh, no, not a darned thing, my dear; he is wild."

Yet on the fifth afternoon release came in a peculiar way. They were tramping along in a new country, across the river, in the early afternoon, when Sara, of all people, caught her foot in a root hidden under the leaves, twisted her ankle and fell. She fell with a thud, and had to yell twice before George and the others, who were ahead, turned.

George, sullen all day, had something to pin his anger on. "Well, get up, can't you?" he said, like a good brother.

Mrs. Bayne ran to her like a ministering angel. "Oh, you poor dear!"

Sara was a tall woman, and it was quite a job getting her untangled. "Lucky the gun didn't go off," she said above her pain.

George shrugged his shoulders. "Why didn't you look where you were going?" he said.

"Don't be a brute. Now you won't be bothered by any women." George shrugged and felt her ankle for the bruise. She groaned. "Don't!"

"Oh, all right," he said. "Come along, Jake, we'll have to go home, if she can make it."

"I'm going to try," she said crossly. "I don't propose to lie here and die to make it easier for you."

Mrs. Bayne, ignoring George, was tender and solicitous. She held back branches, sacrificed a silk handkerchief as a bandage. It was two miles across country to the river, and then they had to get Sara into the canoe. By the time she got to the depot she was a wreck.

"This is the end of my hunting," she said. "And I haven't got a thing."

"You've got a busted ankle," said George coarsely. "Mrs. Bayne and I will get the deer." He looked at Mrs. Bayne conceitedly. Sara said to herself, "The game is up."

Mrs. Bayne had other ideas on the matter. She announced flatly that night that she was not going out with George or any man. She was staying home to amuse Sara. "My dear, do you think I would leave you?" she said. "Leave you alone with a sprained ankle, to go about the country with those two men? No indeed! While you read I can finish the needle-point."

Mrs. Bayne was one of those women who make war comfortable. She arranged pillows, brought hot food, built a roaring fire and stuck up vases of whortleberries. George and Gil and Gates and Helen sat about the room all evening, basking in Mrs. Bayne's cheer.

The next day Sara hobbled to the sofa; in the afternoon she slept. Mrs. Bayne went into the dining room, where she mended Edgar's socks. Mr. McGonigle came in from a trip upriver to one of his camps, and she mended his socks too.

"You'd better stay, Mrs. Bayne," he said. "We're a poor lot of wretched men here."

"Mr. McGonigle," said Edgar in his high, complaining voice, "be sure to git some molasses when you send the boys down to St. Felix's."

"Molasses!" shouted McGonigle. "I never heard the like. It's only last Winsday that I brought up a cask."

"Didn't you hear about the bear gittin' into it the other night, Mr. McGonigle? He gave it one slap and cracked it, and ate it up. It's terribul, Mr. McGonigle, about that bear."

"Terribul?" said McGonigle. "It's trason! Mrs. Bayne, come with me while I see about a trap for the divil."

Mr. McGonigle made a trap and said Mrs. Bayne was a great little woman to hand him the nails. At five o'clock, when she went in to Sara with a pot of tea, she said, "The bear will have heard the racket and know enough to stay away."

The bear did stay away that night, and three days went by quietly. Sara took short painful walks and Mrs. Bayne pranced along beside her. Ferdinand Gates and Helen stayed home, too, although they disappeared to paint.

"You know," said Mrs. Bayne one bright morning, "I think those two are falling in love."

"Love! Nonsense!" said Sara. "She doesn't care a rap about him." She wanted to say, but didn't dare, that Helen and George were practically engaged. "He's a brilliant fellow, but I'm sure they don't care for each other. They're just good friends."

"That may be, my dear," said Mrs. Bayne, with her widow's air of knowing all about the heart. "But people change in a place like this. Nature and simplicity do things to one. One is freed."

This alarmed Sara. However, George and Gil, with Joe and Jake, had gone off the day before on a three days' trip; for a few days George was safe. He would have time to reflect on the unsuitable Mrs. Bayne. He would come back, to see Helen Platt pursued by Ferdinand Gates, and to snatch her as a man might snatch a forgotten heirloom from a marauding auctioneer.

The next night, before supper, Sara sat before the stove in her living room. Mrs. Bayne was in the workshop helping the aroused McGonigle with another trap. The darned old bear had been around the night before, had avoided the old trap and eaten two cans of garbage. Sara was waiting for Helen and Ferdie, who had gone to paint the view from a promontory on the river known as Halligan's Leap.

Finally Sara decided to wait no longer. Helen and Ferdie were late, or had gone straight in to eat. She slipped on her jacket, turned down the light and opened the door. Instantly she closed it and stood paralyzed. She heard voices, a low laugh and steps on the walk.

So Helen was a modern girl; she could slip from the arms of Ferdinand Gates and come giggling in.

She could. Like all women in love, she looked happily reckless. So Ferdinand Gates had worked this transformation! Poor, poor George!

"Oh," said Sara, "forgive me!"

Helen hugged her uproariously. "My dear, if you could have seen your face! Oh, my! I was about to tell you, but Ferdie wants it kept a secret. He's gone so romantic in these woods."

"These terrible woods!" echoed Sara.

"Aren't you glad?"

"Of course," said Sara, kissing her. "It's too exciting. But also sad. I wanted you and George to marry."

"George!" said Helen. "Oh, no! We're too much alike. Sensible people should marry fools." She ran her fingers through her disordered hair. "Oh, I'm delirious about us—Ferdie and me!"

"But, Helen," said Sara solemnly, "you don't think Ferdie is a fool?"

"In a great many ways," she admitted. "But we can afford it. I feel like a child on vacation." She giggled.

"My dear," said Sara seriously, "I hope you will be happy." Should one consider marriage as a vacation with a fool? Would George go in for such decadence?

The men were expected back the next night, but there was the next day to pass. Bright and early, Ferdie and Helen, with more giggling, went off to paint at Depot 3, two miles upriver.

"I don't think they'll do much painting," said Sara as she and Mrs. Bayne waved good-by.

"I bet ten dollars they're engaged," said Mrs. Bayne. "People always giggle when they're in love."

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ARNOLD GLOVE-GRIP SHOES

"Do they?" said Sara, remembering her own engagement and the lists she and her mother had immediately begun to make. There hadn't been time for much giggling.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Bayne with conviction. "It must be perfectly grand. Chester and I never giggled—once." She detailed the late Chester's lack of idiocy.

"I think I'll take a walk," said Sara. "Why not come along? We can go down the river road and find a sunny place on the bank"

Mrs. Bayne ran into the house and returned with books, her sewing bag, a blanket for Sara and a bag of molasses candy. "In case we get lost," she said.

Sara still walked with a cane, but she was a vigorous woman who resented inactivity. She walked farther than she thought she could; the road—not so much a road as a beaten-down track—followed the river bank. They walked almost two miles before they turned off to clamber down through the trees and the scrubby new growth to the bank. There was no wind, and the sky, which had been a misty blue at noon, was slowly blanketing itself with white clouds. The air had a penetrating chill.

"Um-m," said Mrs. Bayne, "it feels like snow. We mustn't stay long." She pulled out her sewing and went to work. "Three more of these arabesques and the race will be finished," she said. "Isn't this a divine shade of rose? I've been five months finishing the set." She bent her head over her needle.

Sara was reading a Popular Science book. She believed in keeping up with things. Yet as she read about atoms she wondered how George would take the news. Was he still intrigued by Mrs. Bayne? Why had she asked the woman? Mrs. Bayne, who evidently sewed so that her conversation could keep others from reading, chattered on.

"Won't Mr. Hoxie be thrilled when he sees you walk? What do you suppose Mr. Trevor will say when he hears of the romance? Are you going to tell them? They're awfully well matched, aren't they?—one so practical and the other so distrait."

Eventually they gathered up their belongings and started. It was dark before they got home, and Sara's ankle was aching. Mrs. Bayne, laden with the blanket and the books, trudged along, holding her arm.

"You're a good-natured girl," Sara said in spite of herself. "You must be bored to death with my society."

"Why, Mrs. Hoxie, I've loved it!" she asserted breathlessly.

In the house, Sara sank down on the sofa and Mrs. Bayne lighted the fire. She turned from the stove, looking about her. "Where's my handkerchief?"

"Look in your bag," said Sara.

Mrs. Bayne lifted her coat from the chair. "Good night," she said. "Where is it?" There was a moment's silence. She looked about the room and stared at Sara, who was exhausted and sleepy. "I believe I've left that bag there."

"Left the needle-point? You couldn't have!"

"I've left it. Oh, what a fool!" It was not in the house, it wasn't on the path in front of the cabin. Outdoors it had begun to snow. She put on her leather jacket and took a flash light. "I remember," she said, "I dropped it as I got up and folded the blanket. It's up there on the bank. I'm going after it. This snow will ruin it."

"You mustn't. You'll lose your way."

"Nonsense! I'll take my light. I'll even take a gun." She extracted from her bag the revolver of the late Chester. "Don't you stir until I come back."

Sara sat up protestingly. "Get Edgar or one of the boys to go with you. It's not safe."

Mrs. Bayne said nonsense, Edgar was cooking, and the boys thought she was a complete fool anyway; they would resent being dragged out to rescue her sewing.

She disappeared into the black night. Sara curled up on the sofa. She would take a little nap, and when Ferdie came she would send him after the mad woman.

In a sea of noises she awoke. The glare of lights was blinding; the room was full of strange noisy men. She sat up dazed.

"There she is!" they yelled, laughing. They were Gil and George, Ferdie and Helen, their coats and hats white with snow. They had come back together late. They had shot deer, painted pictures, walked miles. They struggled out of their wet clothes. "We're starved. Hurry!" they said.

"What time is it?"

"Seven-thirty. Wake up. You'll miss your supper. Edgar came over twice, but saw you sleeping. Where's Mrs. Bayne?"

Sara rose and staggered toward George. "Oh, George, isn't she back?" She was frightened. Two hours and a half in the dark! She gasped out the story as they fired questions.

"It's been snowing hard for two hours," said the distraught George. "I'll get Joe." He rushed out to the dining room.

Sara insisted upon going despite her foot. "I know the way," she said. "I know exactly where she would have turned off the road."

They let her go. Ferdie and Helen stayed behind to make fires. George and Sara led off, Gil and Joe following. It was as if Sara were leading her brother to the altar. The wind was rising and the snow came down in a fine impenetrable curtain. Yet it was not hard to find the path, and there were vague footprints here and there. It seemed hours before they reached the place where Sara thought they had turned down to the river. They were breathless, their faces stung by the snow. Then she said "No, not yet" and started on. She was uncertain; there were so many places where the river had turned as sharply, where trees had fallen across the path. George listened to her vague descriptions with impatience and disgust. He envisaged Mrs. Bayne lost in this whiteness.

"For heaven's sake, Sara, can't you remember?" he cried, looking at her as if she had practically murdered Mrs. Bayne. Why had she let her go alone? Why didn't she make her wait until morning?

"I tell you, she ran out the door to get her sewing. She said the snow would ruin it." Men could not understand needle-point and what it meant to Mrs. Bayne.

"Poor lady," said Joe Pitou. "Perhaps she take the wrong turn and get lost in big woods."

"Oh, shut up!" said George.

Suddenly Sara stopped in the eerie black-and-white world. The snow was less blinding in these close-pressing trees. "Sh-h!" said Sara. "Listen!"

There was a creaking wail from a tree and then another sound. "Hi-hi!" it might have been.

"There she is!" cried George hoarsely, and ran like a boy home from school. He leaped through the bushes, over fallen trees, galloped through branches. The others chased after him, stumbling, panting. They heard yells where George's flash light had been wavering. There was the sound of voices, they saw two people standing close to each other—the torchlight went out. Then Mrs. Bayne began talking excitedly, as if at any minute she might cry.

"I was terrified but I fired. I fired twice, George. I almost walked into him. I must have hit him. He had the bag in his mouth. Oh, George, suppose he had ruined them, after all that work! Then I lost the searchlight and I didn't dare move."

"What?" said George. "You fired? What with?"

"Chester's revolver; I had it with me."

"Is she all right?" asked Gil, appearing in the circle.

"Mrs. Bayne," asked Sara anxiously, "what happened to you?" Sara's ankle was hurting her awfully. How shocking of George to be embracing her before Joe Pitou! What was Joe exclaiming at, bending over, shouting about?

"Oh, gosh-almighty, George!" said Joe. "Wait till McGonigle sees this big critter! The biggest bear on the Alleguash shot by a lady! Oh, golly!" He was beside himself. "How come you find this bear here, Mis' Bayne?"

Mrs. Bayne leaned against George. "Oh, you wonderful boys!" she said. "I thought you'd never come. He must have smelled the candy. He looked so tremendous, yet I hated to kill him. He was so splendid; he had so much more right here than I. But then he began to eat the needle-point and I lost my head. And then I just sat down and cried in the dark. I couldn't find my way, and I knew you'd come and find me somehow."

"A pretty smart bit of shooting," said Joe. "Right in the coco!"

Mrs. Bayne began to cry then, and George, alarmed, slung her up over his shoulder. Joe Pitou grabbed the sewing and the light. Gil filed after him, and Sara—poor Sara, hobbling on her aching foot, followed. She was last.

But out in the path again, Gil turned back and put his arm around her. "Foot hurt?" he asked.

"Not so bad as my mind." She took his arm.

Ahead of them, George and Joe were leading Mrs. Bayne to victory. Tomorrow they would come back to haul in the little woman's bear.

"The hunter has his bride," muttered Gil.

"It's disgusting," said Sara. "She never would have shot the bear if it hadn't been for her sewing. She would have run a mile."

"What does George care? From now on she will be his hero. The boys will make a legend of her. She did it for her thread and needles."

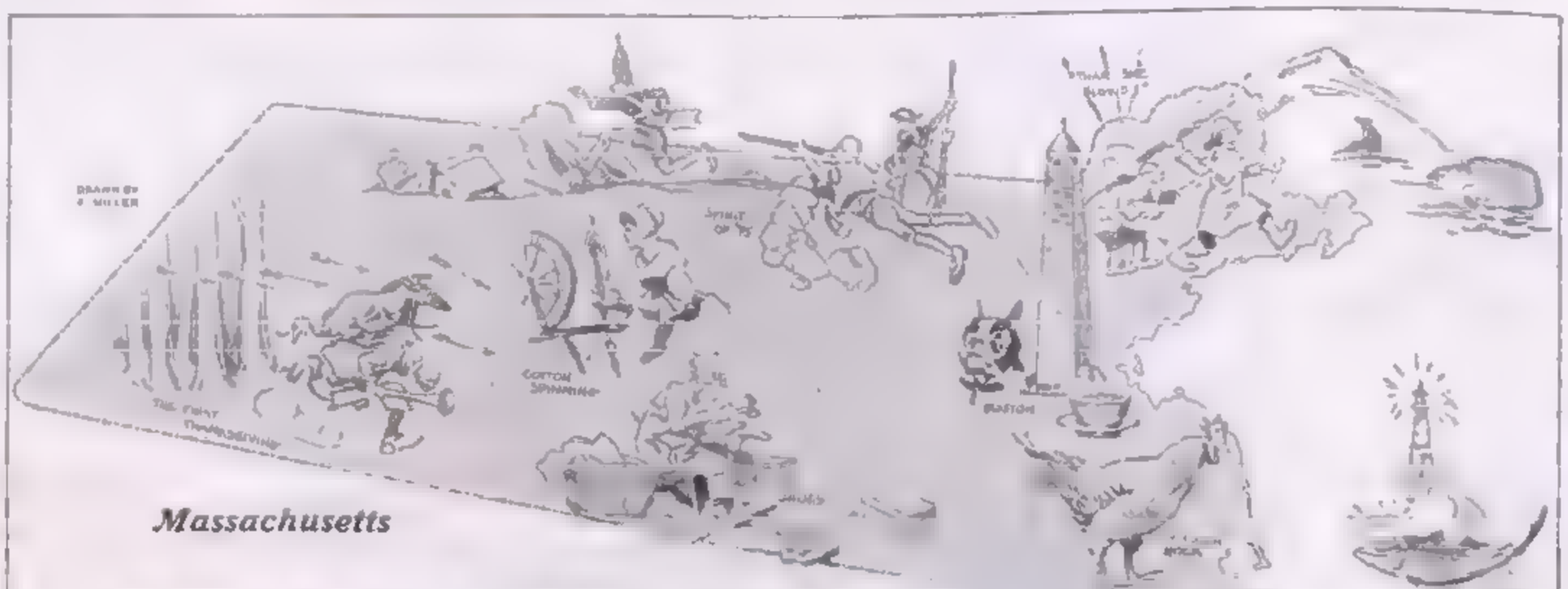
"Oh, stop!" groaned Sara. "How can you jest at a time like this?"

Hoxie, one arm around his wife, his other hand holding her wrist, grinned into the safe darkness of her shoulder. It always tickled him to see Nature triumph over intelligence, but he didn't dare say so. He remembered how he had fallen in love with Sara because of a baffled, helpless expression her confident face had worn sometimes in her youth, before she had mastered the art of ruling.

What if he should tell her that now?

"Of all idiocies!" she was moaning. "To think that I flung them together in these awful woods!"

"No woman is safe in them," said the cynical Hoxie, taking her in his arms. Limping along together, they followed the happy lovers home.



Massachusetts

A Vest-Pocket Geography

MASSACHUSETTS is the land of the Pilgrim Fathers, the sacred codfish, Daniel Webster and the famous New England conscience. The conscience is the thing which prevents the New Englander from getting on the wrong end of a bargain.

The state is inhabited by the Cabots, the Lowells and some 4,000,000 other persons.

Boston is the capital of the State. It is noted as a center of culture and baked beans and as the place where streets were built upon a precedent established by a cow of uncertain origin and destination. Boston is located on beautiful Massachusetts Bay. Massachusetts Bay is the place where the "Indians" dumped $100,000 worth of tea. Prohibition agents now carry on the tradition thus founded.

Boston also is the seat of the Old North Church and Dr. Charles W. Eliot. Doctor Eliot was the gentleman who fixed the dimensions of the American home library.

Massachusetts is rich in history and historical places. It also is a leading state in the manufacture of cotton goods and shoes. Other noted products include the old clipper ships, abolitionists, building stone and the well-known Harvard accent. The accent is acquired at a school where the rising cost of education is exemplified by the two-dollar increase in the price of football tickets.

WILLIAM P. ROWLEY.

Things You Never Heard About in School

Gentlemen, here is a smoke!

I WANT you to meet my friend, Prince Albert. And what I mean by "friend" is *friend!* Why, there's friendliness in the way the tidy red tin smiles down upon you from the dealer's shelf. P. A.'s fragrance is just as friendly when you swing back the lid.

Fragrance that says "Come and get it!" in language you can't mistake. Eagerly you fill your pipe and apply the match or the trick lighter. That first wonderful whiff confirms this friend-stuff I've been telling you about. Here is smoking with the brakes off.

Cool as a notice to "Please remit." Sweet as the recollection that you already have a receipt. Mild as winter in the tropics. Mild, but with that full, rich tobacco body that makes every pipe-load *a smoke.* Nothing else ever tasted just like that.

If you have never met Prince Albert, you have never known pipe-joy at the very top notch. No matter how set you appear to be, I urge you to try P. A. I can't talk here the way P. A. talks in a pipe. That's the real test. Get going today with good old P. A.

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

© 1927, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

The Car of the Future is Here

THE fascinating story of how twenty million motor car owners have dictated the kind of cars that manufacturers must build.

by Edward S. Jordan

I

NEARLY every big manufacturer in the automobile industry realizes that his experimental department must develop a new type of motor car.

A type quite different from the conventional automobile of the past.

Twenty million motor car owners looking for a place to park and jockeying for position in the traffic race have made this new type imperative.

Shortly this car of the future will dominate the highways of America.

Engineers know what is coming.

In thirty days it will be apparent to everyone.

Six months from now even the most backward will find it out.

Two years later many people will wonder why it was not done before.

II

TWO striking facts have determined the character of this interesting car of the days to come.

Traffic conditions, and the familiar breakfast table argument as to which member of the family will use the single family car.

The size must conform to the average parking space available at the curb.

The market is happily described by that interesting old saying that "you must provide more than one pair of wings for a nest full of birds."

The day of the completely motored family is about to arrive.

The day of one car to a family has gone.

Startling figures prove that such a market is here.

III

TWENTY-SEVEN million families in America own twenty million motor cars.

Four and one half million more will be built in 1927.

Two and one half million will wear out and be replaced. Then count three quarters of a million to go abroad.

That means that three and one quarter million of those to be built are practically spoken for in advance.

One and one quarter million must find a new market.

Who is going to buy them?

Millions of fathers and mothers hampered in their daily routine because they let one of the children use the car, will buy a second car.

Millions of favorite sons and persuasive daughters now tossing a coin at the breakfast table for the use of the one family car will take care of the rest.

Tossing a coin for the one family car

IV

BUT this new car must be of a certain definite type.

Lower than the old-fashioned type, of course, just as the safety bicycle replaced the high old Woolworth tower type.

Just as the bus of today must present its lower step, convenient to a woman's easy reach.

Safety—low center of gravity—security against skidding in the traffic race—those are the reasons why the public demands lowness.

Wheel-base, like old-fashioned, big houses, is no longer an asset but a liability.

The day of the great careening ark of the gay nineties is fortunately over.

Gone to the same limbo which claimed the great auk and the iron deer in the front yard.

People are tired of the wobbling weight and swaying bulk of the old-fashioned big cars—tired of searching for a place to park—eager for the thrill that real distinction brings.

Floor space on the public highways is the great determining factor today.

Reduce the wheel-base of all the motor cars in America, without losing comfort, and you multiply the floor space on the streets and highways.

So, of course, these cars will be shorter—shorter to slip easily into the narrow nook at the crowded curb.

Shorter to hold the road on the speeding turn.

Facts again—economic and imperative.

When the Safety replaced the high Woolworth type

V

SUCH a car must have the powerful, quick get-away of a mustang.

No lolling on the bit when leaving the crowded curb to dash quickly into the flying fleet of passing cars.

That takes power. That takes get-away. That means snap.

Power to take the pole when the red light turns to green.

Acceleration to grab the available space when the old-fashioned car hesitates in the traffic. Reserve energy to pass the laggards on the hill.

Energetic, ambitious Americans will not be held back by the dullards—they crave position in the procession down the boulevard.

VI

WILL this be a cheap car?

There will always be cheap things, but in this new field, which is growing apace, new demands will be made.

In prosperous America mere wealth is no longer a distinction.

Good judgment and good taste will dictate the quality of the new type of car.

For such a car must sell to the man who has been accustomed to the best.

People who live in distinctive homes abhor the commonplace and are independent enough to dare to be different.

Of course the children will demand distinction, for the car a person drives betrays his possession or lack of taste.

For its quality, the car of the future will be the cheapest you can buy.

VII

OF course such a car must be comfortable—and this requirement will worry some engineers.

No car was ever comfortable under all conditions of load and road—without some sort of compensating devices.

You cannot build springs to carry varying loads over indifferent roads, and build them all alike.

That is why the new modern hydraulic comfort devices will characterize the better quality small cars.

Since comfortable motoring is a comparatively new experience to many people, all do not yet know what riding ease in a real car means.

VIII

NO one cares to live in a row of factory houses, all looking just alike.

Women sometimes go home from parties when they find other women dressed just as they are.

Yet they have been buying motor cars, many looking just alike.

The car of the future will be distinctive, arrayed in charming colors, low for safety and convenience, high powered for agility on the road, and comfortable above everything else.

Jordan engineers have built that automobile—and have called it the Little Custom Jordan.

They couldn't build for price alone and satisfy those who can afford real quality.

They could not imitate European types and negotiate American hills and roads.

They could not satisfy this great new buying group without rare appearance, unusual power, a new kind of comfort and a great and lasting durability.

So they have produced a car in which compactness is not to be confused with dinkiness or economy of materials.

It is a new and fashionable concentration of motor car efficiency.

People we all imitate will buy it despite its low price.

IX

CONSIDER its more than interesting specifications.

Height, four feet nine inches from the curb, and the curb is twelve inches high.

If you are six feet four in height, put on your Derby hat and step into it and you will find a wealth of room.

Picture a motor, the finest six cylinder built by the greatest motor builders in the world—a little larger, a little more powerful, a little smoother and a little better quality than has ever been incorporated in a car of this type.

Slip into the traffic press and snap from five to twenty-five miles an hour under seven seconds.

Take it out on the road and drive it seventy miles an hour, if you dare.

Pick out the roughest road you will encounter on a summer tour, and step on it.

You will chuckle with satisfaction for the Little Custom Jordan has Houdailles all around.

Now finally, here are the high points about this attractive car of the future—

Marvelous hill climbing ability.

Shortest turning radius.

Greatest comfort possible in a motor car.

Safest car at high speeds and around the turns.

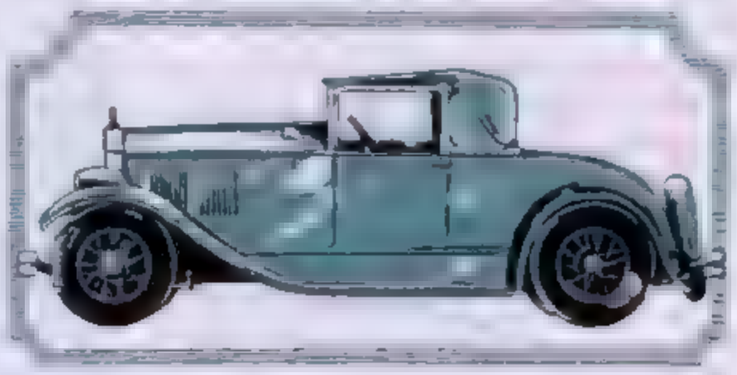
Built short and low to the ground like a racing car.

Worm drive—long life—and silence.

Economical, of course. The lowest priced car for its quality—above all—custom built and beautiful.

The quality, which characterizes the highest priced cars, has been incorporated in the Little Custom Jordan—the new companion, in the family garage, for the Jordan Line Eight, already firmly established in the fine car field.

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Inc.*
Cleveland, Ohio



JORDAN

BEAVER

BEST-WALL

The experience
behind it
has no parallel

The world wanted rock plaster in wall board form—and so Bestwall, the first of the plaster wall boards, was invented. It's made by the firm that made the first wall board of any kind.

Extensive gypsum mines were purchased—great gypsum mills were erected—to make sure that only the finest grade of rock plaster would go into Bestwall. And, as a further safeguard of quality and uniformity, Beaver acquired ownership and absolute control of *every other source* of Bestwall's ingredients.

The result is a plaster wall board of extra strength and extra soundness that offers you its advantages at no extra cost.

Into Bestwall's rigid core of solid rock plaster is bonded a wear-proof facing of smooth, tough, Beaver-made fibre. This facing not only adds strength to each Bestwall slab, but also provides a surface that takes any kind of decoration more pleasingly and at less expense. Bestwall can't burn—*approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.*

There is only one Bestwall—you can tell it by its exclusive CREAM-colored surface. Don't ask for plaster wall board—ask for Bestwall! For sample and literature, address our Department 1005, The Beaver Products Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

BEAVER BP CO

Manufacturers also of Beaver Board, Beaver American Plaster, Gypsum Lath, Gypsum Block, Thermocrete (cellular gypsum), Varnishes and Enamels, Beaver Vulcanite Asphalt Shingles, Mineral and Smooth Surfaced Roll Roofings, Roof Paints and Cements

THE SUPERIOR PLASTER WALL BOARD

THE LAND BELONGING

(Continued from Page 21)

for bread and in danger of receiving a stone—from this one could turn and come by a ten-minute journey to a very different picture in the Bureau of Reclamation of the Department of the Interior. This is the bureau that has spent nearly $300,000,000 since 1902 to bring desert lands under cultivation by irrigation and settle them with people. It has added 1,320,000 acres to the farm area of the country. On the walls are colored photographs, excellently done, showing men, women and little children in various attitudes and situations of idyllic happiness. Under one taken on the Uncompahgre project in Colorado, the caption is: In the Matchless Desert Clime Mind and Body Find Rest and Contentment. Under another, taken on the Salt River project in Arizona, the caption is: The Desert, Silent, Vast and Somber, the desert appearing in the background; in the foreground agriculture at its very best.

As you gaze at these pictures you forget everything you heard on Capitol Hill, everything you know against agriculture as a perfectible existence. Here is the life. You want a farm. Anywhere—you want a farm.

Well, the Government will sell you one on the spot. Pick your desert. If you waver, a paragraph or two from an address by Dr. Elwood Mead, Commissioner of Reclamation, may help to move your mind. Mimeographed copies are there on the table for you to read. You will be surprised to learn how anxious the Government is to make a farmer of you, and how sympathetic it will undertake to be if you do not do well at first.

Doctor Mead said: "Reclamation began on the theory that the raw land could be changed into farms and the cost of the canal repaid in ten years. This theory was soon abandoned. The payment period was extended to twenty years, and now after twenty-four years' experience it has been extended to forty years."

In the Course of Time

He is talking of the desert land brought under cultivation by means of irrigating canals; the idea is that the settlers who take the lands will in time reimburse the Government for the cost of bringing water to them. But the settlers complain that there is no profit in agriculture, that the water costs too much in the first place, that the Government misrepresented conditions to them, and so forth; and if they say they cannot pay, the Government is obliged to extend their time.

Doctor Mead continues: "We still hold to one erroneous and dangerous idea, and that is that reclamation can be made a success if we leave settlement and farm development to take care of themselves. We realize the need for capital to build canals. We have not yet comprehended the need of a fund to help in clearing and leveling the land and building a house to shelter the family. That is not all. Farms must be fenced to protect crops from range stock. There must be implements to cultivate the land as irrigation requires. A few head of livestock, cows, chickens and pigs are needed to make the farm a going concern. Very few settlers have the accumulated capital to provide all these things. When they start without it they see what little money they have going out and nothing coming in, and in nine cases out of ten, before development is completed the money is exhausted. We have provided no fund or credit machinery to complete what they have started with their own money. Settlers caught in this situation, unable to go ahead and unwilling to leave all they have invested, present a situation that appeals to the sympathy of any right-minded person."

Who got them into that situation?

It occurs to you that if you wait the Government may go the whole distance; it may yet be willing to plant, cultivate and harvest your crop, sell it to itself and hand you the profit. After all, one need not hurry. Evidently the Government is going to be in this business a long time, and the land area is enormous.

This you gather from other mimeographed material on the table. You read that the bureau has a fund from Congress "for the cooperative investigation of the reclamation of swamp and cut-over land and the development of agricultural communities or settlements"; that it is asking for information as to the location of tracts of 10,000 to 30,000 acres for this purpose, and that many suggestions have been received under a misapprehension that the bureau was interested primarily in engineering opportunities, whereas reclamation has come to mean also a program of culture and community development, for the purpose of conferring upon settlers "municipal, business, social, political and economic advantages." Or a later memorandum for the press, saying: "For several months the Bureau of Reclamation has been cooperating with Southern states in the collection of information about the location of tracts of land which if reclaimed would provide farms and homes for more than 100 families each. From these North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Tennessee have each selected one typical tract. Appointment of a special committee of advisers on Southern reclamation by Secretary Work to visit these states was announced at the Interior Department."

Also, at random: "Congress at the present session has given marked attention to reclamation projects. Appropriations were made for seven new projects which will cost $60,000,000. Appropriations for thirty others were sought." Or: "A tentative ten-year construction program for Federal reclamation with total estimated expenditures amounting to $97,514,000 that will result in the completion of all existing projects was proposed by the Interior Department today." Or: "In a report submitted to the Secretary of the Interior today a special committee recommends that the agricultural and economic phases of the proposed Columbia Basin project in Eastern Washington be studied by selecting six typical tracts of approximately 5000 acres each. These tracts are typical of the soil conditions, topography, state of development and climatic conditions of large areas comprising the Columbia Basin project. The Columbia Basin consists of about 1,750,000 acres of land susceptible of irrigation from the Pend Oreille and Spokane rivers in the state of Washington."

Millions of acres of distressed farm lands, much of it the best agricultural land in the world—distressed as Congress declares and as the Department of Agriculture thinks because there is a great surplus of farm products both actual and potential—and yet the Congress and the Department of Agriculture and the Department of the Interior all acting together to create more farms and settle more people on the land!

Public funds for the relief of agriculture; public funds at the same time to extend agriculture. Legislation in aid of lands that are already producing more than can be sold at remunerative prices; legislation at the same time to exploit more land.

What does it mean?

In the minor dimensions it means that something is missing from the premises of farm-relief legislation. The distress of land is not wholly owing to the surplus. Agriculture as an industry and agriculture as an opportunity for homesteading are two very different things, as both Congress and the Department of Agriculture think of them and see them.

But the contradictions are not thereby reduced; and as you regard them you are bound to say what the country lacks and greatly needs is a rational land policy. That is what many people now are saying. Much thought is taking place on the subject of a rational land policy. Schools of land economics are appearing. How properly to utilize and exploit our land resources is a matter we are just beginning to consider; in every direction there is evidence that we ought to have considered it long ago. The difficulty is how to begin to be rational after so many mistakes have been made, which, though they were sometimes pretty serious mistakes, are nevertheless now so accommodated in the scheme that they cannot be undone.

While the McNary-Haugen Bill was pending in Congress last February an eminent person from the Northwest, where there is so much distressed farm land, appeared in Washington with an extraordinary solution of the agricultural problem. It became known as the repossession scheme. The theory of it was that you could abolish the evil of surplus before it happened by the simple expedient of retiring surplus land from cultivation. And what it proposed was that Congress should appropriate some billions of dollars to buy back from individual owners all that marginal and submarginal land that ought not yet to be in farms at all, restore it to the public domain and keep it there in forest or grass until it was needed to increase the nation's food supply.

On the Salt River Project in Arizona—After the Erection of the Roosevelt Dam

The reactions to this idea were interesting. After the shock of surprise had a little worn off, and upon reflection, people would say: "That might be a rational thing to do. It might turn out also to be a very handsome speculation for the Government. However, it is not feasible. It can't be done."

Certainly it is not feasible. That you know and say without thinking. When you proceed then to examine the reasons why it is not feasible you will presently find yourself debating, not whether it is reflection or instinct that moves people through their destiny, for that is answered in history, but whether it had been better for reflection to govern them. A purely rational way of reacting to environment, if you can imagine it, would save people from many serious problems. On the other hand, people without difficult problems are ready to die; and if they have never made any great mistakes, whereby problems are created, they might very well wish to die in hope of another existence more exciting than this, one with some thrill of trouble in it.

It is true we have never had in this country what might be called a rational land policy. Instead of that we have a wonderful land history. We should not be willing to part with it for the finest rational land policy human reflection could devise.

Peopling the Land

In the course of some observations on the Increase of Mankind and the Peopling of Countries, Benjamin Franklin in 1755 wrote: "Land being thus plenty in America, and so cheap as that a laboring man that understands husbandry can in a short time save money enough to purchase a piece of new land sufficient for a plantation, whereon he may subsist a family, such are not afraid to marry, for, even if they look far enough forward to consider how their children, when grown up, are to be provided for, they see that more land is to be had at rates equally easy, all circumstances considered.

"Hence marriages in America are more general, and more generally early than in Europe. And if it is reckoned there that there is but one marriage per annum among one hundred persons, perhaps we may here reckon two; and if in Europe they have but four births to a marriage—many of their marriages being late—we may here reckon eight, of which, if one-half grow up, and our marriages are made, reckoning one with another, at twenty years of age, our people must at least be doubled every twenty years. But notwithstanding this increase, so vast is the territory of North America that it will require many ages to settle it fully."

But it did not require many ages. The utmost extent of the territory Franklin could have been thinking of was less than 1,000,000 square miles, all of it lying east of the Mississippi. The grandchildren of a person born as Franklin wrote might have lived to see the area of the United States more than trebled, and to see all of it owned, excepting only a few waste portions and what is reserved for parks. In territory then unexplored and unknown, now are cities as big perhaps as London was in Franklin's time; or, for example, a state in what was then a vague and nameless wilderness where now you cannot stand more than fifteen miles from a railroad.

Land hunger is collective and individual, and in both cases the same emotion. The nation did on a vast scale what the individual has been doing ever since. It acquired land for the sake of it, with apparently no rational thought whatever. The farmer buying more acres to round out his farm, and then another farm for his unborn son, does in a small way only what the people of the United States did in the first half of the past century, when to round out

(Continued on Page 129)

OTHER BOSCH AUTOMOTIVE NECESSITIES

BOSCH SHOCK ABSORBER

Correct control for all makes and types of cars Three point control for Fords

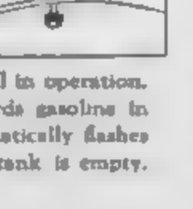
BOSCH ELECTRIC WINDSHIELD WIPER

Double vision, two arm, electric windshield wiper, unaffected by engine speed Gives fair weather vision when it storms—all can see all.

BOSCH SPARK PLUGS

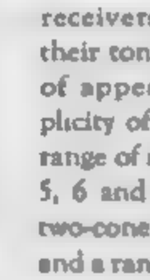
Gas-tight, heat resisting Bosch Spark Plugs give big, ribbon-like sparks for cold weather starting

BOSCH TRAFFIC-TUNED HORNS, Electric



Four sizes and types of instantaneous warning signals with distinctive tones and efficient warning.

BOSCH UNIVERSAL IGNITION COIL



Replaces ignition coils on all makes of cars and trucks. Gives Bosch standard of dependable performance.

BOSCH MAGNETO AND GOVERNOR FOR FORDSONS

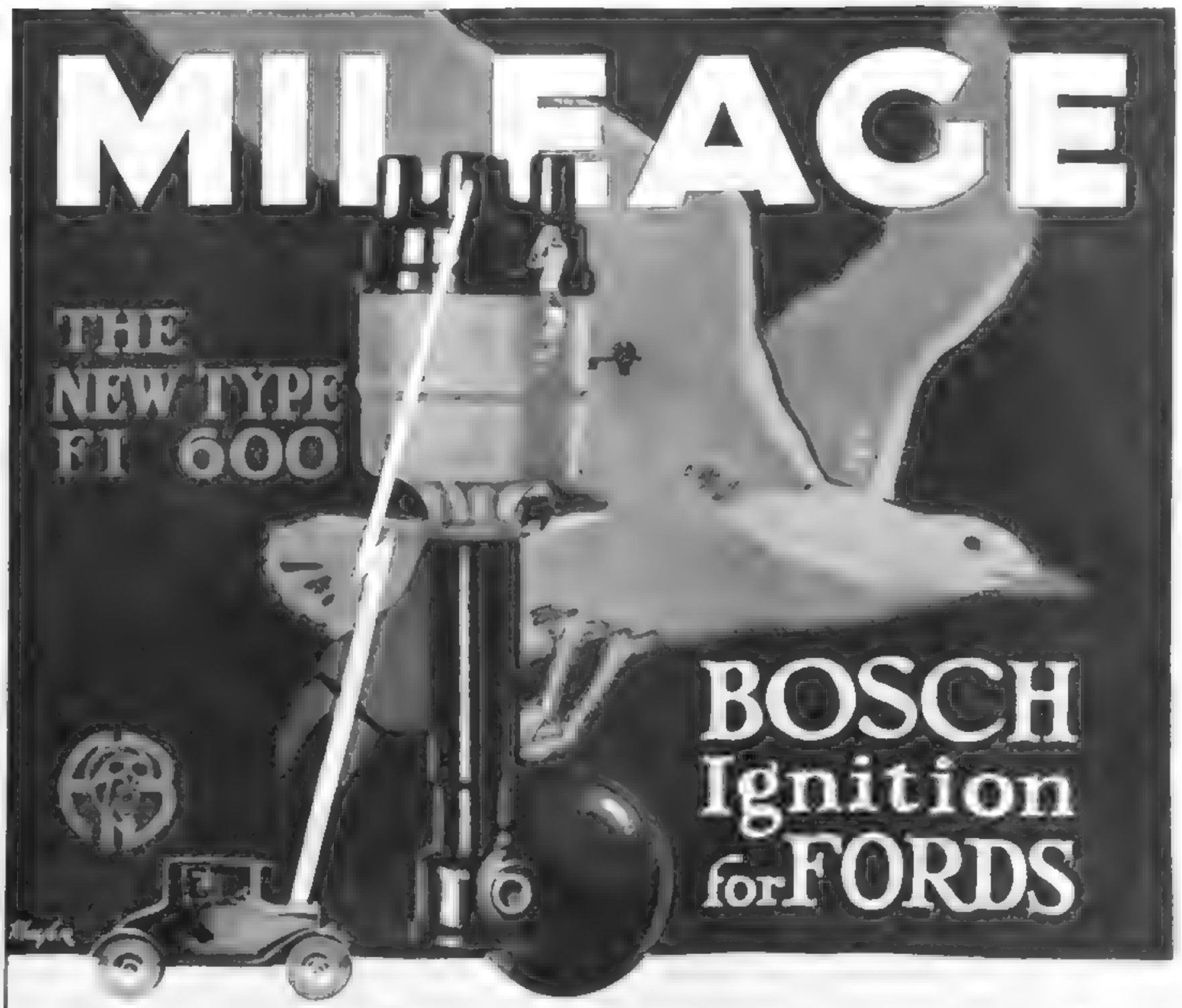
Automatic control for Fordsons. Saves in operation and improves the performance Saves its cost in a season.

BOSCH AUTOMATIC GAS SIGNAL

Entirely electrical in operation. Accurately records gasoline in tank and automatically flashes warning before tank is empty.

BOSCH RADIO

receivers are noted for their tonal quality, beauty of appearance and simplicity of operation. Wide range of selection is had in 5, 6 and 7-tube receivers, two-cone type reproducers and a range of power units.



improved

The famous Bosch Type FI 600 Ignition for Fords has been improved. Its many operating advantages have been increased to make Fords run with a smoothness and a steady pull which rivals cars of heavier construction and additional cylinders. The Bosch Ignition for Fords eliminates ignition troubles. Its automatic spark control banishes fussing with the spark lever, even when starting. You can take long hills with less need to use low gear; you can throttle down to a snail's pace without bucking or stalling. Bosch Ignition equipped Fords start quickly even in cold weather and the improved gas mileage is a real economy factor. Built with Bosch precision the Bosch Type FI 600 Ignition for Fords is dirt-proof and waterproof. It will give long service. Any authorized service station will install Bosch Ignition on your Ford. Look for the American Bosch trademark. Price $11.80.

AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORPORATION

MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS: SPRINGFIELD, MASS. BRANCHES: NEW YORK CHICAGO DETROIT SAN FRANCISCO

659

(Continued from Page 127)

a continental farm and for posterity they acquired millions of square miles of land they had never seen. To the territory of the original states as recognized by Great Britain in the treaty of 1783, which territory included the drainage basin of the Red River of the North, which we happened to know of, additions were made, some by treaty, some by purchase, by annexation, by cession, and so on, totaling, from 1803, when the Louisiana Purchase was made, to 1853, the date of the Gadsden Purchase, more than two million square miles.

It was not reason did this, nor wisdom. Destiny was the only guide.

Gratifying National Vanity

In 1800 we were 5,300,000 people, with 100 acres of land per capita. The Connecticut River Valley was not yet properly settled. Ten years later we were 7,250,000 people, with more than 150 acres of land per capita.

This was not rational. Europe regarded us as people unsensed by a land mania and predicted that we should evolve a new type of barbarism.

Wakefield, in his work, England and America, wrote: "In the history of the world there is no example of a society at once dispersed and highly civilized; while there are instances without end in the history of colonization of societies which, being civilized, became barbarous as soon as they were dispersed over an extensive territory. . . . The citizens of the United States are a more dispersed society than the colonists of Franklin's time. . . . Washington often foretold some of the evils that would result from spreading toward the West unless the Eastern and Western states were connected by canals and good roads.

"In those Eastern states they talk now of Washington's inspiration and are most anxious to establish means of intercourse with the Western settlements; they will find it difficult to remedy their own error. The Western wilderness was theirs and liable to be treated in the way most for their advantage. They thought only of gratifying their national vanity by extending as much as possible the surface of the Union. Not content with promoting emigration to the wilderness, when their own population was so scanty that they ought rather to have encouraged immigration from Europe, they sent to Europe for the purpose of acquiring more wilderness, and in one case—the Louisiana purchase—actually paid hard money for an accession of mischief."

Martineau, 1836, on Society in America, wrote: "The possession of land is the aim of all actions, generally speaking, and the cure for all social evils, among men in the United States. If a man is disappointed in politics or love, he goes and buys land. If he disgraces himself, he betakes himself to a lot in the West. If a citizen's neighbors rise above him in the towns, he betakes himself to where he can be monarch of all he surveys.

"One rainy October day I saw a settler at work in the forest, on which he appeared to have just entered. His clearing looked, in comparison with the forest behind him, of about the size of a pincushion. He was standing up to the knees in water among the stubborn stumps and charred stems of dead trees. He was notching logs with his axe, beside his small log hut and stye. There was swamp behind and swamp on each side; a pool of mud around each dead tree.

"On looking back to catch a last view of the scene, I saw two little boys about three and four years old leading a horse home from the forest, one driving the animal behind with an armful of brush and the other reaching up on tiptoe to keep hold of his halter, and both looking as if they would be drowned in the swamp."

What these rational Europeans saw was very easy to see. They saw the mania for land, the speculation in it, the great waste of it, the shocking shiftlessness of agriculture in contrast with what agriculture was in Europe, or what it might be here if people would only stop seeking new land and settle down to husbandry. What they did not understand was the meaning of this land to the souls of people. Not that the land was free. That fact was a material consideration, touching motives of cupidity. There was a much deeper fact. Here it was and should be forever that the land belonged to the people instead of people belonging to the land, as it had been in Europe. This was a feeling they could not get enough of; with the feeling went the land, which proved its truth, and they could never get enough of that either.

The evil of dispersion, by that name, deeply agitated rational minds as the tide of westward migration rose and rolled.

Said Bowen, in his Principles of Political Economy, 1856: "I do not go so far as an eminent thinker of our own day, who has expressed in eloquent language his fears lest these constant migrations should lead our countrymen back to barbarism; but it is certain that the pioneers of civilization, as they have been fondly called, leave laws, education and the arts, all the essential elements of civilization, behind them. They may be the means of partially civilizing others, but they are in great danger of brutalizing themselves."

Said Carey, in his Principles of Social Science: "Look where we may, we see evidence of the advantage to be derived from association; and yet men are everywhere seen flying from their homes and leaving behind them wives and children, parents and relatives—each one seeming desirous, as far as possible, to be compelled to roll his own log, build his own house and cultivate his lonely field; and thus deprive himself of all the benefit necessarily resulting from combination with his fellow men."

Fears and Forebodings

Said the Friends of Domestic Industry in a memorial to Congress representing the need of a protective-tariff policy, 1832: "The last advantage which your memorialists propose to mention, as resulting from the establishment of domestic manufactures, is their effect in restraining emigration from the settled to the unsettled parts of the country. . . . It is certain that if, in a region like the interior of the United States, which cannot be supplied with manufactures from abroad, the whole population devote themselves exclusively to agriculture, and as fast as they increase continue to spread themselves more and more widely over the unlimited regions that are accessible to them, they must live in a considerable degree without the knowledge or enjoyment of the arts of life and be in continual danger of sinking to a lower degree of civilization. The singularly excellent character of the settlers, their industrious habits and the high tone of patriotic sentiment which has always pervaded the whole population of the new states, have hitherto maintained them at a point of civilization which, considering their circumstances, is hardly less wonderful than the rapidity of their progress in wealth and greatness. But the only way in which the advances they have made can be secured, and a solid foundation laid for the fabric of social improvement, is by naturalizing on the spot the cultivation of the useful arts."

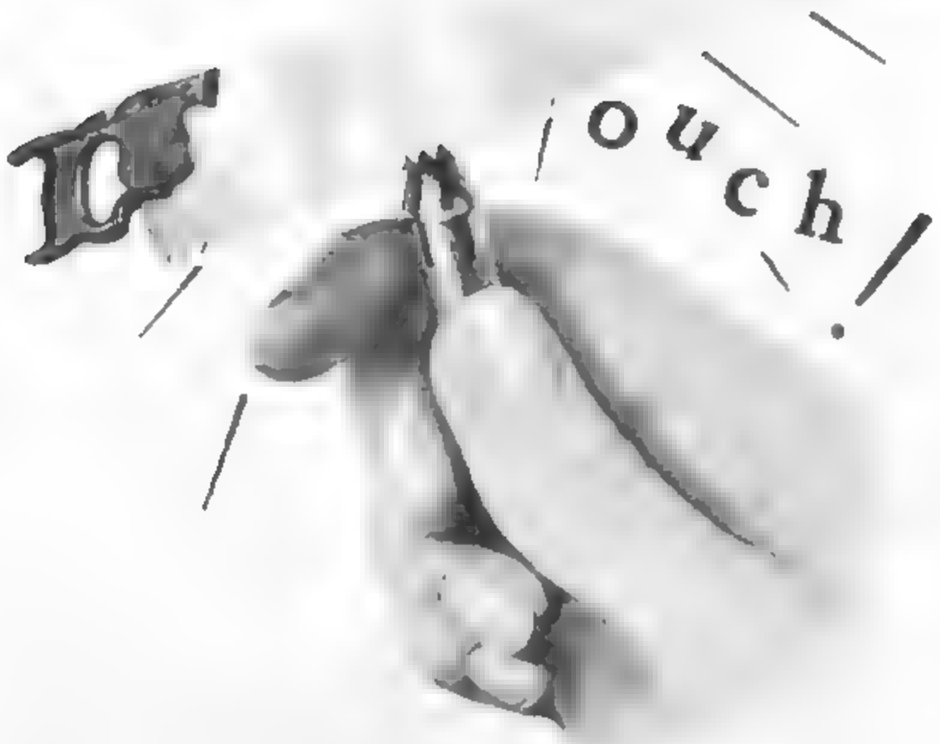
And said the Secretary of the Treasury in 1827: "The manner in which the remote lands of the United States are selling and settling, whilst it may tend to increase more quickly the aggregate population of the country and the mere means of subsistence, does not increase capital in the same proportion. . . . It cannot be overlooked that the prices at which fertile bodies of land may be bought of the Government operate as a perpetual allurement to their purchase. It must therefore be taken in the light of a bounty, indelibly written in the text of the laws themselves, in favor of agricultural pursuits. Perhaps no enactment

"Don't mind *what I* say" said the glazier (*with a smile*)

" . . . but this picture demonstrates a few facts you should know. Half of it is Plate Glass. As you can see, the door on the left presents a truthful image, clear and accurate. That's what Plate Glass always does. It is rolled, ground and polished until it is free from the imperfections that obstruct vision. Equally important, Plate Glass is heavy and solid, conserving heat and reducing sound. It is hard to break because it has been toughened by a special process of annealing. Easy to clean, of course. The price? . . . Well, the cost of Plate Glass will average only about one per cent of the total cost of any house, large or small. . . . I'll figure it for you.

"Now look at this door on your right. That's ordinary window glass and that's what it actually does to your eyes, for this photograph hasn't been retouched. It is a real picture. Is there any comparison? None. For Plate Glass is made by different methods, which give different, and superior, results. . . . *You will have to decide for yourself upon the glass you want in your own home. Most people find it easy. . . .*" Plate Glass Manufacturers of America, First National Bank Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

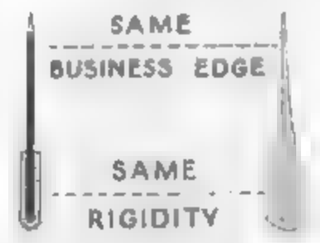
Use PLATE Glass



Don't shave with a SAW!

THE shave is the test of a blade. If your face is tender after shaving, you are being scraped by saw-teeth! Probably you've been led to believe that this was a necessary deficiency of blade-making. *It's time you switched to Ever-Ready.*

For Ever-Ready has "the keenest edge in the world" —straight as a die—scratchless because it's toothless. There's a scientific reason.

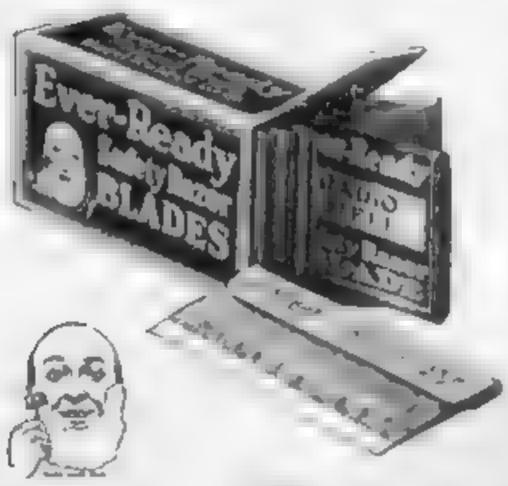


EXAMINE AN EVER-READY BLADE. It's built like a barber's razor. Notice how heavy and sturdy it is! We use thick, tough steel. That's why Ever-Ready comes through smiling—in spite of the most rigorous edging process ever applied to a blade—in spite of 3 miles of careful honing and 1800 feet of delicate stropping.

Notice the steel backbone! This backbone makes Ever-Ready *absolutely rigid.* It meets the stiffest beard unflinchingly—and shaves the most stubborn whiskers with clean, unstuttering strokes!

Ever-Ready is triple-tested before it leaves our factory, to insure that every blade in every package is 100% perfect! *Sold Everywhere.*

Don't be harnessed by habit to a razor that isn't giving you complete satisfaction! *Mail us twenty cents today, to cover mailing, and we will send miniature "grip-full of shaving aids"—containing standard Ever-Ready Razor with Ever-Ready Radio Blades, and two other shaving requisites. This trial offer is limited.*



AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ever-Ready Blades

of legislative bounties has ever before operated on a scale so vast throughout a series of years and over the face of an entire nation to turn population and labor into one particular channel, preferably to all others. It has served and still serves to draw in an annual stream the inhabitants of a majority of the states into the settlement of fresh lands lying farther and farther off. . . . By extending the motives to manufacturing labor it is believed that the nation at large would gain in two ways: First, by the more rapid accumulation of capital; and next, by the gradual reduction of the excess of its agricultural population over that engaged in other vocations."

Land on the Bargain Counter

The grounds of misgiving were social, economic and political -all rational. There was certainly loss of immediate power from this dispersion of population, and there were grave dangers in it, too, for with means of communication what they were, it meant also severance. The founding of industry was seriously retarded for want of labor. That was a fact. Improved farm lands in New England, New York, Pennsylvania and the South suffered severely as people left them to go West, where new land was to be had for the trouble of taking it.

Nevertheless, against all light of reason, the nation pursued its destiny. With what faculty it is people do this we do not know. We may call it instinct, which is to avoid saying we do not know. Every nation, especially in its youth, appears to know things it cannot say and does not understand.

The great business of this nation was to inhabit the land. Everything else, industry included, could well wait. That there were so few people to inhabit it with made the task heroic. Perhaps if they had been able to say what it was they knew, the sound of saying it would have discouraged them too much; if they had known the size of their wilderness, they must have been appalled. Five million people to fill a continent! They had to spread themselves thin. And as they could not have imagined, they had only three generations in which to do it, else it was lost. Fancy Europe in the later phases of its land hunger passing our Western wilderness by, finding it a wilderness still!

Pursuing a star we could not see, reason always protesting, our land policy became more and more irrational. Cheap land was producing a variety of economic ills—distress of Eastern farm lands, excess of agricultural population, loss of power to industry, waste of capital—clearly so. No matter, we made it cheaper and cheaper still, and then resolved to give it away.

The first land act, passed by the Congress in 1796, provided for the sale of public lands in the territory northwest of the Ohio River by auction, at not less than two dollars an acre. Later a system of land offices was established to move the land either by public or private sale, and the price was reduced to $1.25 an acre. Next was the problem of the solitary settler whom the surveyors, no matter how far or fast they went, found already in possession of the land. For him it was provided that the first comer had prior rights; that was to say, at the open price of $1.25 an acre he should have legal refusal of the land he had possessed himself of before anyone else could buy it. This was the Preëmption Act—the squatter's bill of rights.

Yet so deep was the impatience to get the land settled that even greater inducements were deemed necessary. One proposal was that the price should be further reduced: another was that the Federal Government should cede the whole public domain to the states in order that they might dispose of it as they should severally see fit to do. A committee of the United States Senate in 1832 considered these proposals and rejected them, on the ground, first, that to reduce the price would only stimulate speculation without hastening settlement, which was limited by the power of migration and not at all by the price; on the ground, second, that to reduce the price would be unfair to those who had already paid $1.25 an acre for theirs; and on the ground, third, that the states, if they owned the land, could not be trusted to refrain from imagining gigantic and delusive projects.

The Senate committee's conclusions were rational. As such, they were of no consequence. For now arose an irresistible national clamor for giving the land away. In 1852 the Free Soil Democracy, at Pittsburgh, nominated candidates for President and Vice President on a platform that included this plank:

"That the public lands of the United States belong to the people, and should not be sold to individuals or granted to corporations, but should be held as a sacred trust for the benefit of the people, and should be granted in limited quantities, free of cost, to landless settlers."

This idea spread, became a national question, got itself written into all the popular political platforms, and resulted at length in the Homestead Act, which was first passed by the Congress in 1860 and then vetoed by President Buchanan, who said of it:

"This bill gives to every citizen of the United States who is the head of a family, and to every person of foreign birth residing in the country who has declared his intention to become a citizen, though he may not be the head of a family, the privilege of appropriating to himself 160 acres of government land, of settling and residing upon it for five years; and should his residence continue until the end of this period, he shall then receive a patent on the payment of 25 cents per acre, or one-fifth of the present government price. During this period the land is protected from all the debts of the settler. . . . It will prove unequal and unjust in its operation among the actual settlers themselves. . . . The old settlers, as they are everywhere called, are public benefactors. This class have all paid for their lands the government price, or $1.25 an acre. They have constructed roads, established schools and laid the foundation of prosperous commonwealths. Is it just, is it equal, that after they have accomplished all this by their labor, new settlers should come in among them and receive their farms at the price of twenty-five or eighteen cents an acre?"

Injustice to the Old States

"This bill is unjust to the old states of the Union in many respects; and amongst these states, so far as the public lands are concerned, we may enumerate every state east of the Mississippi, with the exception of Wisconsin and a portion of Minnesota. . . . Whilst it is our common glory that the new states have become so prosperous and populous, there is no good reason why the old states should offer premiums to their own citizens to emigrate from them to the West. That land of promise presents in itself sufficient allurements to our young and enterprising citizens without any adventitious aids. The offer of free farms would probably have a powerful effect in encouraging emigration, especially from states like Illinois, Tennessee and Kentucky, to the west of the Mississippi, and could not fail to reduce the price of property within their limits. An individual in the states thus situated would not pay its fair value for land when by crossing the Mississippi he could go upon the public lands and obtain a farm almost without money and without price."

Two years later the Congress passed the bill again and it became a law. Thereafter land was free in quarter sections to such as would occupy and improve it with fair intent to inhabit it. The charge of twenty-five cents an acre was to cover the cost of survey and transfer. That is still the law. In 1916 it was extended for the benefit of those wishing to homstead semi-arid land. They could not do with 160 acres each; they required grazing space for herds, and a grazing claim for homestead purposes was made 640 acres, or one square mile.

Under the original free Homestead Act 222,708,000 acres have been entered—that is to say, privately appropriated, settled, inhabited; under the grazing or stock-raising Homestead Act, 41,000,000. Total partitions of free land, 263,708,000 acres.

Now, looking back, we see the light. We made every kind of mistake there was to make, yet the great purpose was itself achieved—we did inhabit the land.

Besides all the economic ills produced in the East by the migration westward, there was the political danger of disunion, as Washington saw, from loss of contact. It was his thought that the people ought not to push West faster than canals and good roads. But there was no time to spare. Seeing the rate at which population was disappearing over the Alleghanies, how then suddenly it was lost to view, and how difficult and slow it was to make canals, anyone might have said that while east of the Alleghanies might continue to be one country, the West was certain to become several other countries. What happened was that when enough people had disappeared in that way, the East followed them with railroads. Then appeared all that amazing phenomenon called the internal commerce of the United States, founded on the principle of free trade among the states, which with marvelous foresight the fathers had written into the Constitution. This commerce became all at once so rich, so enormous, so absorbing of interest, capital and imagination, that the East, theretofore looking to Europe for commerce, turned its face West and for nearly half a century forgot all about Europe; this was true to the extent that the American merchant marine practically disappeared, except in coastwise traffic.

Against the background of American land history, much that one sees now taking place in a more or less irrational manner has another meaning. The contradictions may be only the points of tension between what we know and things we must nevertheless do.

On the Margin of Profit

The Government, with already more beautifully and expensively irrigated land than it can sell, looking for swamps and cut-over timberlands to be reclaimed for agriculture. The Department of Agriculture proving the Great Plains country fit for small habitations. Washington resolved to irrigate 1,750,000 acres in the Columbia River Basin, where agriculture, like a weed, took root in two or three years of freak weather and then collapsed for want of dependable moisture. The Great Boulder Dam idea that will never rest until it is realized, and under it 1,000,000 acres more for agriculture. Iowa trying to get her distressed lands back into the hands of farmer proprietors and Montana taking Iowa farmers on free excursion trains to show them how much cheaper and more wonderful her land is. A Northwest development association searching Illinois for farmers to settle in North Dakota, where, thanks to Townley, there was no land boom. Southern Texas taking farmers in midwinter from Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan to show them what farming is like in a country that has 365 growing days in a season, where you spend Christmas on the lawn and get rich growing spinach watered from artesian wells and tended by Mexican labor. California subsidizing farm colonies in order to induce people to make a more intensive use of her land. The big timber companies hiring experts to work out settlement schemes for their cut-over lands.

Everywhere tremendous pressure to bring marginal and submarginal lands under cultivation and keep them there. Marginal land is that which is so poor or dry or ill-favored that it lies on the margin of economic utility, where profit ends and loss begins. It is possible to crop it profitably only with luck or when prices are very high. Submarginal land lies beyond that. There is almost never a profit from cropping it; yet it may be good range land to run cattle on.

A visitor in the Northwest recently was impressed by some classification figures the Federal Reserve Bank at Minneapolis had got together, showing for different states the proportions of land that is good, marginal and submarginal. He was told that if he should meet Doctor Coulter, of the state agricultural college, at Fargo, he might explore the subject farther. He did meet Doctor Coulter and opened the subject with him, expecting to pursue it as the lie of it was in the minds of the Minneapolis people, the question being how to retire poor land from cultivation. Doctor Coulter said:

"Yes, we've done some interesting work with that kind of land in North Dakota. What we called the sand dunes, for example, out there in the wind. You couldn't have believed they would grow anything. We tried tying them down with clover and alfalfa, and now, do you know, that is one of our paying experiments."

Better Method on Fewer Acres

He could see the other side of it, too; but his first reaction to the sight or mention of submarginal land was to think of making it grow something. The only thing the matter with the desert is it has no water on it; the only thing the matter with the swamp is it has too much. That is normal American.

The Bureau of Reclamation with its irrigating and drainage, the Department of Agriculture searching for a tame vegetable seed to grow where the Lord called for only wild buffalo grass, the state colleges of agriculture with such adventures as that of tying down the sand dunes—they are all engaged in exploiting marginal and submarginal land in order to increase the total arable area.

Agriculture does not require more land. What it needs for its own profit is better method on fewer acres. There is no present need whatever to be forcing or subsidizing more agriculture, for thereby the surplus is increased, existing agriculture is competitively injured, great waste is entailed, many troublesome political and economic dilemmas are created.

All the same, we go on doing it. And if the rational objections are the same as they were 100 years ago—and they are the same—how may we be sure that now for the first time we should heed them? There is acting, of course, a powerful motive of speculation; that has been always there, and has no more than it had ever to do with the deep, unreasoning impulse that carries us on to exploit our land resources beyond our economic needs. Some day we shall need them. What the conditions will be when we do need them nobody can say. It was only the first step in our destiny to inhabit the land at any cost; and it is well we did it in haste. What will come of it has yet to unfold.

Immediately we do know that acres cannot multiply. Population will. Only 100 years ago it was impossible to divide the population into the area of the United States because we did not know what the area was. We had to guess at it. Now the whole of it lies under a screen of imaginary lines that cross in one-mile squares and every acre is counted. Now we can divide the area by the population as it was in 1810.

We were then about four to the square mile. Now we are forty. That is the total area, mountains, water and all. If we take the properly arable area only, we find that in 1860, when the Homestead Act making the land free was passed for the first time, it was thirty-two acres per capita. Now it is eight.

It is easy to see why giving away the land did not in fact cheapen it. Everything about land is limited—its area, to begin with; then its content and susceptibility. Its capacity to sustain human life, though we are continually finding ways to increase it, is nevertheless at some point definitely limited. But the growth of population might be infinite, given the means of life.

(Continued on Page 134)

New Star-Rite Junior waffle iron

$3.95 In Canada $5.00

Individual waffles, shortcakes cookies and omelets

A perfect little waffle iron—to make individual waffles; or shortcakes for individual service at bridges or teas.

A sturdy, practical, fast-cooking "baby" waffle iron—graceful in line and handsome in finish—this dainty little iron is a charming essential to the perfection of service which characterizes the skillful hostess.

This new Junior Waffle Iron has all the high quality of material and workmanship that has made the larger STAR-Rite waffle iron nationally famous. It meets a real need in every electric home and offers exceptional value—such an exceptional value, in fact, that you must see and use this great little iron to fully appreciate it.

This Junior Waffle Iron has five-inch aluminum grids with heating elements top and bottom. It cooks quickly and perfectly, is finished in sparkling all-over nickel, and is a worthy complement to the finest table service.

STAR-Rite Standard Brass Built Waffle Iron $9.00. In Canada $12.00.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE

2 cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons sugar, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 6 tablespoons shortening, ¾ cup milk.

Mix and sift first four ingredients, work in shortening, add milk and make a very soft dough. Pour batter on waffle iron and cook three minutes. Spread cakes with creamed sugar and butter. Put together with crushed berries or fruit. Cover top with berries and whipped cream.

STAR-Rite

ELECTRICAL NECESSITIES

Fitzgerald Manufacturing Company, Torrington, Conn.
Canadian Fitzgerald Company, 95 King Street, East, Toronto, Ont.

MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS *NEVER-LEAK* CYLINDER HEAD GASKETS

10-DAY TRIAL OFFER

FITZGERALD MANUFACTURING CO., Torrington, Conn.

This is a brand new product. It is possible all dealers have not yet gotten it in stock. If your dealer hasn't it send us $3.95 (In Canada $5.00) We will send you one Junior Waffle Iron on ten day free trial.

Fourth in Dollar

Chrysler, with its Four Lines of Cars, Has Been Swept past all but three by Public Endorsement

WHEN Chrysler came three years ago, it was felt in the industry that types and styles of engineering design, appearance and performance, were so set and established that the public would never flock to follow a new standard.

Yet almost instantly the public recognized in that first Chrysler a new vision and a new measure of value.

This initial interest has since swelled into a veritable tidal wave of enthusiastic acceptance, which, in the last six months of last year and the first few months of this, has completely overturned the previous alignment in the industry and lifted Chrysler up from 27th to 4th place.

In volume of sales, Chrysler now stands next to a large independent manufacturer and two units of a corporate group.

The mere fact itself is so tremendous and so impressive—so clearly an expression of public choice—so directly due to the discernment of the average man and woman in judging finer appearance, performance and value—that there is no need to draw a moral.

Once more people have proven that they will always seek out the individual operator who disregards outworn principles and practices and brings them something unmistakably new, unmistakably progressive, and unmistakably superior in service.

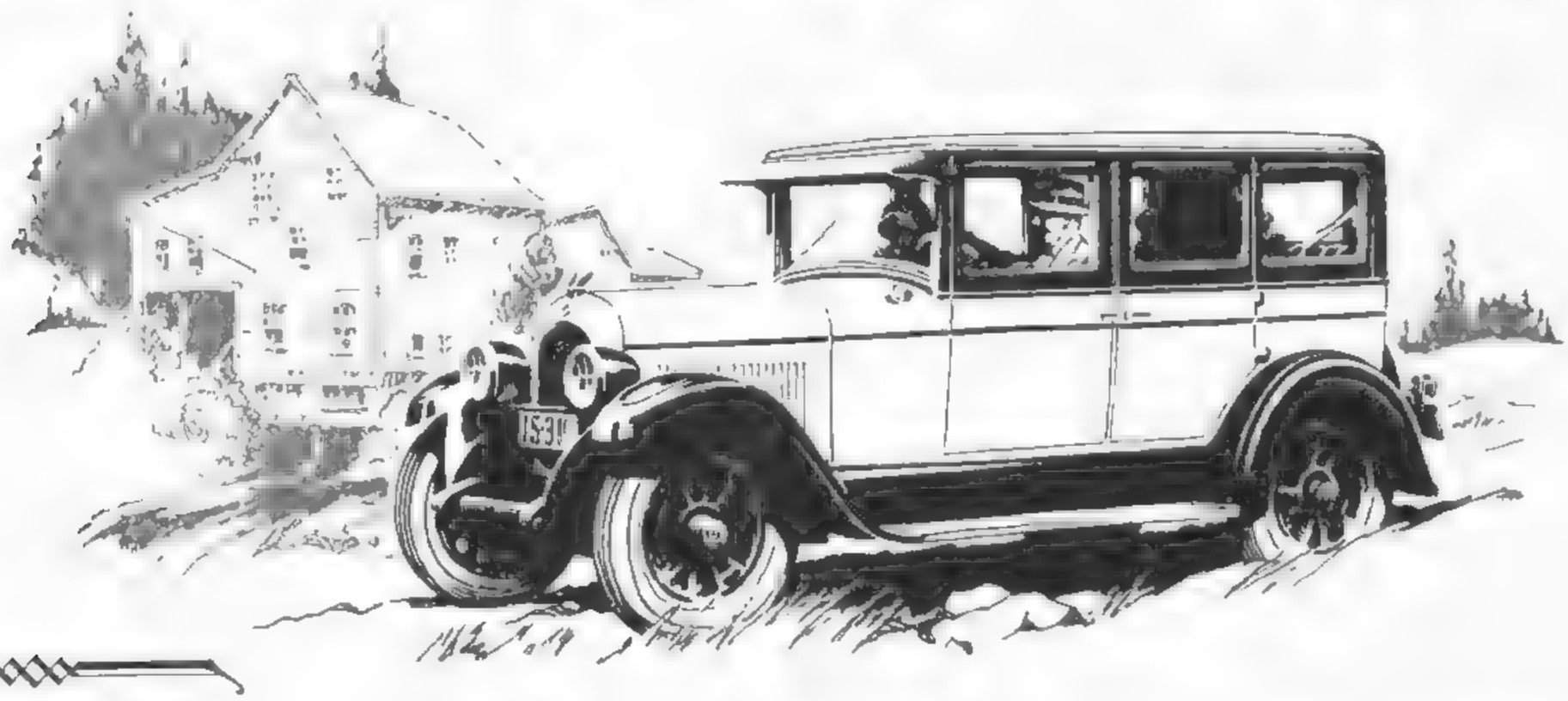
Chrysler with its four lines of cars, "50", "60", "70" and Imperial "80" —is now fourth in money volume of sales—preceded only by that other great individual manufacturer who gave the world *standardized quantity*—as Walter P. Chrysler introduced *Standardized Quality*—and two individual units of the largest combination in the industry.

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS

CHRY

"50" "60" "70"

Volume of Sales



Chrysler "60's" Inimitable Features

60 miles and more an hour with exceptional ease
5 to 25 miles in 7¾ seconds
22 miles to the gallon
7-bearing crankshaft
Aluminum alloy pistons with invar steel struts
Impulse neutralizer
Oil-filter and air-cleaner
Chrysler beauty
Luxurious mohair upholstery
Hydraulic 4-wheel brakes
Levelizers, front and rear

Public's Endorsement of Chrysler "60" Plays Big Part in this Sweeping Success

THE outstanding success of the Chrysler "60" has surprised not only the industry but even Mr. Chrysler and his engineers who planned it.

Popular imagination has seized upon the Chrysler "60" ever since its introduction in a way compared only with the eager enthusiasm that hailed the famous Chrysler "70", which has remained pre-eminent for three years in its own field.

At once it became apparent that the Chrysler "60" was a new and decidedly different conception of a lower-priced six—a six of such brilliant roadability, such alertness and smoothness and ease of handling, as to place it unmistakably ahead of any other six in its price class.

Phone any Chrysler dealer and book yourself for a ride in the "60". Ten minutes behind its wheel will convince you it is utterly beyond approach at its price.

* * *

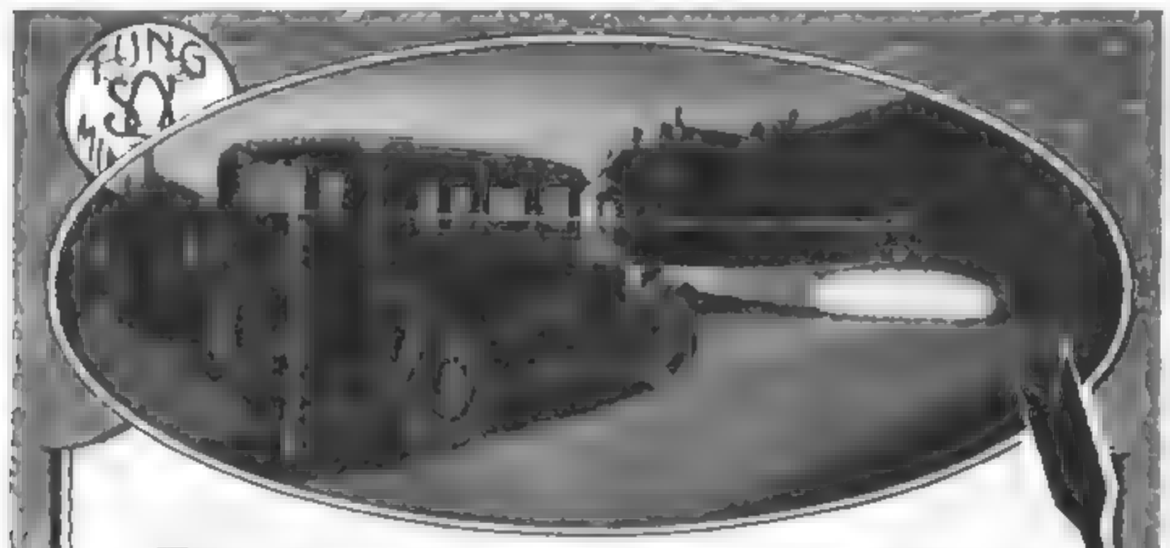
Chrysler "60" prices—Touring Car, $1075; Club Coupe, $1125; Coach, $1145; Roadster, (*with Rumble Seat*), $1175; Coupe, (*with Rumble Seat*), $1245; Sedan, $1245. *F. O. B. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax. Chrysler Dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.*

All Chrysler cars are protected against theft under the Fedco System of numbering.

MEAN MILES PER HOUR

SLER

IMPERIAL "80"



Take the Glare Out of Your Headlamps

WE ask car owners to join the nation-wide movement to improve night-driving conditions. Any owner can now eliminate glare from his headlamps. The TUNG-SOL FOCUSING CHART makes focusing and adjustment an easy matter. The chart enables you to obtain maximum driving light. With accurate and carefully built TUNG-SOL bulbs, correctly focused and adjusted, you are assured of safety and convenience.

Reliable dealers sell Tung-Sols

FREE FOCUSING CHART

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(Continued from Page 131

Land is power and measure. Hence the will of a nation to possess it, its jealousy to defend it, its anxiety to exploit it.

To exploit the land means only to intensify possession and use of it. That is what every scheme of reclamation and settlement aims to do. That is what the free-land policy did. Land was not cheapened; possession and use of it was, and the effect was enormously to increase its value

Making a Market

The idea of giving away the public domain, which realized itself in the Homestead Act, took form between 1850 and 1860. Observe the effect upon land values According to the census the rise in the value of farm real estate in the whole United States has been as follows:

YEAR	VALUE OF FARM REAL ESTATE
1850	$ 3,271,575,000
1880	10,197,097,000
1890	13,279,253,000
1900	16,614,647,000
1910	54,867,129,000
1920	66,311,063,000
1925	49,546,524,000

The increase in the aggregate value, of course, would not be the same as the increase of value per acre, because the number of farms in 1850 was less than 1,500,000, where now it is 6,500,000. The rise in the value of farm real estate per acre has been as follows:

YEAR	AVERAGE VALUE OF FARM REAL ESTATE PER ACRE
1850	$11 14
1880	19 02
1890	21 31
1900	19 18
1910	39 69
1920	69 56
1925	53 57

Thus, if we take a generation to be twenty-five years, the aggregate value of farm real estate has increased fifteenfold, and the average value per acre has increased more than fourfold in three generations, even as at the deflated values of the year 1925. These values now are holding.

Owing to the fall from the sky prices of 1920 to the ground values of 1925, there is now that land situation in the West which was the opening of the subject. In the ten years from 1900 to 1910 farm-land values generally doubled. That was prosperity. In the next ten years, from 1910 to 1920, they generally doubled again—where now the distress is most acute it was even more—and that was partly prosperity and partly war.

At the extreme prices people seemed to be all hallucinated, farmers, bankers, speculators and investors alike. What they expected they do not recall. It makes them feel foolish.

That part of the rise that was dangerous and fictitous, related as it was to war prices, has been cut away. The shrinkage may run to sixteen or seventeen billion dollars.

Taking the census figures for it, the rise in the value of farm real estate from 1910 to 1920 was $31,500,000,000; the fall from 1920 to 1925 was $16,750,000,000. That is to say, in 1925 the country's farm real estate was worth $14,750,000,000 more than in 1910, which is gain, but $16,750,000 less than in 1920, which is called loss.

A great deal of it—most of it in fact—is loss of expectation and paper equities, not loss of money. As to the money, whatever the amount, the problem now is not as to that part of it which was lost but as to that part of it which is tied up.

Federal Reserve banks, national banks, state banks, the Federal Land banks, the Joint Stock Land banks, all have funds tied up in land mortgages on which they receive no interest or in land that has been foreclosed to them. States that loaned their school funds and their bank guaranty funds on farm mortgages have money locked up in land. From having taken over the assets of insolvent banks, the state banking departments have funds tied up in land. To these add insurance companies, mortgage-loan companies and thousands of private investors, all of them saying: "The land will not move. There are no buyers for the land."

They make it a buyer's market. The buyer is the farmer. If he has taken his loss, as is generally the case, he does not mind seeing these others take theirs. Besides, it is his opportunity. He can wait and choose He reads in his farm journal an advertisement like this, signed by the Federal Land Bank at Louisville: "We have a few farms for sale in Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky and Tennessee; bargain prices, very liberal terms." Or he hears of another one so anxious to get rid of its land that it offers mortgages for sale at fifty cents on the dollar that represented in the first place only half the value of the land. And if he was on the point of buying, he decides instead to rent for another year. Maybe land will be offering in the ten-cent stores. He lost his head and paid for it. Now maybe the bank people who made him pay are losing their heads.

In Chicago you will hear that the largest holder of Iowa land is the State Banking Department. That sounds most ominous. But in Iowa you learn that from the assets of the banks it took over the State Banking Department has 87,000 acres of land. Well, 87,000 acres of Iowa land in 35,000,000 is as nothing; and besides, every acre is rented.

You will hear in Minneapolis that the state of Montana has 1,000,000 acres of distressed land in its treasury. A million acres of farm land is a wonderful quantity. Montana is a wonderful state. Look at the figures. Her total land in farms in 1910 was 13,500,000 acres; in 1925 it was 32,750,000 acres. Suppose she went back a million or two. She could afford to give away the distressed farm land in her treasury, and might entertain a proposal to do so if you gave her the idea and undertook to find the right settlers. She has plenty of land; more than anything else, she wants people. It may be that 30 per cent of her farms have been foreclosed since 1920. But from 1910 to 1920 the number of Montana farms more than doubled. Agriculture in Montana is new. People are still living and not yet old who remember when a farm in that state was a curiosity and to milk a cow was a breach of caste.

Cheaper Than Free Land

It would be intelligent to bring all the distressed farm lands of the country together, pool them by regions, classify them properly and then sell them in an orderly manner through clearing agencies. This suggestion has been repeatedly made. The difficulty is that the holders are not sufficiently interested. Those whose money is in poor lands would have little or nothing to gain. Their only hope to avoid a loss lies in another land boom. They loaned their money unwisely. It is sometimes their own fault; many are the victims of what was a wide and scandalous practice in the West during the boom. That was overlending for the sake of commissions and high interest rates, especially on new lands. The farmers lost or spent the money; the mortgage bankers got the commissions; the investors got the bag. But those whose money is in good land have only to wait.

After all, what if 5,000,000 acres of distressed land does overhang the market? Suppose it were 10,000,000. That would be only 1 per cent of the country's farm land.

In three generations the value of farm real estate per acre increased fourfold, or, if you take the peak prices, the increase was fivefold, though in that time more than 260,000,000 acres of free land was transferred from the public domain to agriculture

There is still some unclaimed desert for the queer and the solitary, or sometime to be irrigated, but there is no more free arable land. All that is owned and priced. And yet much of it, all things considered, is cheaper than when it was free. Here is the only country in the world where high industry and cheap land exist together This, too, will pass and be remembered.

The automobile and the good road have brought the modern era of merchandising. The one-time familiar figure of the itinerant peddler has gone the way of the cigar-store Indian.

He couldn't make a Living Today

THE old-time country peddler couldn't make a living today, for his customers have outgrown both his goods and his service. They shop in town and they demand the best in wares and in merchandising that the town can offer.

This revolution has remade the whole problem of rural and small-town merchandising. No longer is the manufacturer of standard quality merchandise limited to the urban population for his chief market. No longer does the merchant in the smaller town look to his fellow townsmen for the bulk of his business.

The farm market has merged with the town market. Distribution possibilities are now *truly* national—a fact that has been realized upon handsomely by those manufacturers who have presented their merchandise through the advertising pages of *The Country Gentleman*.

Net Paid Circulation August, 1925, 804,000 Copies; April, 1927, 1,485,000 Copies

The Country Gentleman

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

They Live in the Country, but they Shop in Town

"This Settles it ~

~ these windows need CHAMBERLIN WEATHER STRIPS"

Furious gusts of wind drive the rain against windows and doors. Suddenly a trickle of water appears on a window sill. It grows—runs down the wall—ruining the surface—soaking curtains and rugs—staining the floor. Sometimes the rain finds entrance at a door, sometimes at a casement window—but always with costly results. And yet, such damage can be permanently avoided by an installation of Chamberlin Weather Strip equipment.

Chamberlin Weather Strips and Calking seal the cracks that exist around frames, doors and sash. They prevent over 90% of the inleakage of cold air, dust, and soot—quickly paying for themselves by saving 20 to 40% of your yearly fuel bills. Chamberlin equipment—the standard since 1893—is sold and installed exclusively through Chamberlin's nation-wide organization of factory branches. And because trained Chamberlin mechanics install every inch of Chamberlin equipment, Chamberlin is able to offer you a dependable service-guarantee on its product "for the life of your building".

Write for our free booklet on "How Rain, Summer's Dust and Winter's Cold are Kept Out by Chamberlin Weather Strips".

CHAMBERLIN WEATHER STRIPS
SINCE 1893-THE STANDARD

Over 100 Sales and Service Branches Throughout the United States

Chamberlin Metal Weather Strip Co.
West Lafayette Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

Please send me literature on Chamberlin Metal Weather Strips and In-Dor-Seals. Also an approximate estimate for weather stripping my home which has _____ windows and _____ doors.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ FC 182

THE LAST PATRICIAN

(Continued from Page 17)

activity at the great arched entrance of the gymnasium.

Here taxicabs and private cars, both impressively chauffeured limousines and student-driven vehicles of vibrant tin, came by turn into the splash of light before the wide stone step. From the cars descended gentlemen of all ages from eighteen to twenty-four—tall men and short men, light men and dark men, gay men and men obviously laden with sisters. After them stepped girls of all ages from fifteen to a permanent twenty-five—pretty girls and plain girls, gorgeously robed girls and girls simply dressed, girls rapturously vocal and girls awed to a dumb, wide-eyed panic.

Turning from the spectacle, Barber and Frothingham moved to the guarded entrance, handed their tickets to the habitually suspicious proctor and checked their hats and slickers in the basement.

As they came to the top of the stairs they encountered students, in various attitudes of expectancy, near the door of the girls' dressing room. Among these Lee Barber saw the undersized figure of Jempson—saw, too, the beginnings of an uncertain smile when the freshman nodded hopefully. Barber returned the nod, but it was with a promptly quickened step that he crossed the trophy room and came to the doorway that opened upon the prom.

He felt again the surprise that his first glance at each prom revived in him—surprise at the miracle of a gaunt gymnasium transformed overnight into a vast, colorful ballroom; surprise at the enormous extent of the glistening, honey-colored floor; surprise at the completeness with which the indoor track now resembled a continuous oval balcony masked by graceful draperies.

"There's an old girl of mine!" Frothingham, at Barber's elbow, came to life with a start. "I'll give the woman a thrill."

He vanished among the dancing couples, and Barber, moving into the stag line, began a slow circuit of the great room, his eyes scanning the girls who floated by. He and his fellows scanned them variously; some gazed with undiscriminating admiration, but others watched in the wary manner of the experienced male prom trotter who is familiar with the opportunity of acquiring, by one incautious cut-in, the unmolested company of a young lady for the entire six hours of the prom.

The girls tonight, Lee Barber thought, were not so attractive as usual; or perhaps it was just that he was getting old. Because this melancholy possibility brought him a novel thrill of pleasure, he mused upon it for a time; and he wondered if it would not be wiser to stay away from proms after sophomore year, before a man lost all his illusions—that girl in pink, for instance, dancing past with a bouquet of roses in her left hand.

There was a time, he realized, when he would have assumed that she carried them for their beauty alone. But he knew now the purpose of that bouquet, knew that it was only a badge of identification, a beacon for searching stags.

"Here she is!" the roses said hopefully. "You met her—don't you remember? Please come and cut in!"

Turning away, Barber saw Bud Du Peal bearing down upon him.

"Dance with my girl, Lee?" asked Du Peal in the accepted formula.

"You bet!" Barber achieved the enthusiasm the formula required of him. "Lead me to her!"

Dancing with her, he wearily wondered what a fellow could possibly see in such a girl; and by the time Du Peal arrived with another stag to be introduced, his jaded melancholy had increased.

"Thanks, Lee." Du Peal spoke absently, his eyes already seeking the next stag. "How'd it go?"

"Fine." Barber's manner, just then, became equally absent. "Nice girl, Bud," he called dutifully over his shoulder.

Moving in pursuit of the tall dark-haired girl who had caught his eye, he felt a glow stirring in him; after all, he thought, it was pleasant to know he could still get a touch of that old-time excitement he had felt at his first few proms.

As a hunter, concealed by bushes, stalks his unsuspecting prey, so Lee Barber paralleled the course of the dark-haired stranger. Distinction, he assured himself, was the quality she possessed—she was fairly plastered with distinction.

If only she would turn so he could get a look at her face!

Then, between one throb of music and the next, he lost all interest in the promising brunette. For ten feet away, small and slender in white, danced a golden-haired girl whose eyes were noticeably blue. And with her danced Jempson, the freshman.

Barber moved toward them. Waiving custom he would cut right in and let Jempson do the honors. His hand closed firmly on the freshman's elbow.

"Old man," he said, his eyes not on Jempson, "you promised to introduce me."

The freshman, visibly suffocated by this attention, recovered his speech. "Grace," he said jerkily, "allow—allow me to present my good friend, Lee Barber—he's a junior. Lee, Miss Hall."

Dancing away, his good friend promptly forgot all about him and everyone else except the beautiful lady in his arms. He liked the stain of rose in each smooth white cheek; and he liked the gold bobbed hair, brushed smoothly down, that shone softly when they danced near a light. Those little fringed half moons, he discovered, were her lowered eyelashes; and because he had forgotten the rest of the world, he steered her into a collision from the rear that brought them together with a bump. She raised her blue eyes and there came a small confidential smile.

"You and I!" her smile said. "That was amusing, wasn't it?"

With infinite tenderness he readjusted his hold on the supple body and saw, across her shoulder, that Jempson was leading Stumpy Frothingham toward them. At sight of Grace, Stumpy's expression of reluctant martyrdom fled. Ignoring the introduction he infolded her with visible relish.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed heartily, and ogled her in what his roommate considered a dismal failure as debonair abandon. "Where have you been all my life?"

Lee Barber, following them with his glance, had a moment of indulgence for Stumpy's repartee. But, he reflected, it showed what a nice girl she was to pretend to be amused by a gag that was old when the forward pass was new.

"Much obliged to you, Lee." Jempson, at his elbow, spoke gratefully.

"Quite all right, old-timer."

"Cut in later, if you will," added the freshman. "A lot of the others will follow if they see you giving her a big deal."

Barber, conscious of a sudden affection for Jempson, was already moving away. After rapid steps he dropped a hand on his roommate's well-fleshed shoulder.

"Sorry, old fellow," he said with great geniality. "My turn now."

Stumpy, interrupted in the midst of his monologue, shook a coy but unmanicured finger at Grace as he relinquished her. "Continued in our next," he said archly.

As they embarked upon the current of the music, Lee Barber sensed impending interruption, in the person of some student he did not know, hovering at his shoulder. By elaborate maneuvering, by experienced backing and filling that brought other people between himself and the pursuing stag, he managed to postpone the catastrophe for fully fifteen seconds. When he was watching his successor zigzag away with Grace, his thoughts were rudely scattered by a hand that grabbed his arm. He kept his feet while Sax Witherspoon, a hilarious

member of his own class, dragged him through the crowd.

"Going to make your evening complete!" cried Witherspoon, in a sophisticated variation of the formula.

"Lead me to her," said Barber lifelessly.

When they drew near he saw that she was the stranger to whom he had attributed the quality of distinction; but by now she had, for him, faded as a star fades at dawn, and the moment his release came he hurried off in search of Grace.

At last he saw her, sitting in one of the chairs of the wall booth of his own club. On the edge of the neighboring chair, leaning forward, sat Stumpy Frothingham. Barber watched the animated gestures accompanying his roommate's monologue. Even from this distance it was plain that another climax had just been reached, for Stumpy stopped talking, drew back and broke into a guffaw as he brought his palms resoundingly down upon his fat knees.

Observing Grace, Lee Barber felt a quick ache in his chest. She had smiled at Frothingham's climax—the small, confidential smile which Barber, even so soon, had come to consider sacred to himself alone.

A disturbing thought halted him. Could there possibly be anything in that talk about Stumpy's sex appeal? Did he really have—as all actresses had for men—some mysterious quality that hypnotized girls, that pulled them to him in spite of his fat figure and his wrinkled Tuxedo?

Uncertainly Lee Barber moved toward the booth, and as he drew near he was relieved to see that it was Grace who suggested they resume dancing. There was certainly nothing about her appearance, Barber decided, to show that she was aware of any strange power in Stumpy Frothingham.

He halted them in their third step. Her smile, as she raised her arms to his, instantly equalized the atmospheric pressure inside and outside his chest.

"You and I!" the smile said. "I'm glad you're back!"

Joyfully he piloted her from the stream of dancers; craftily he steered her into a corner of the room where a few couples, like leaves that had escaped the clutch of the river, floated gracefully around in little peaceful eddies.

He put his cheek daringly close to hers, and when he inhaled a perfume, sweet and faint, his eyes closed in sensuous surrender to anæsthesia. A thrilling warmth, so novel, so deliciously weakening, spread from his heart in widening billows. At the third billow his shoulder sagged under a hearty thwack.

"Round's over!" announced Frothingham gayly, jerking a rigid thumb backward. "Go to your corner."

Standing alone Barber readjusted his Tuxedo and wished that Stumpy would not take hold of a fellow as if he were playing touch football. But, he decided testily, as long as Stumpy was going to cut right back on the man who had replaced him, there was no reason why Lee Barber should obey the unwritten law forbidding a stag to disturb his immediate successor. With a leisurely stride he overtook them and touched Stumpy's elbow.

Again and again they cut in on each other; and as time passed to the incessant beating of jazz music, the smile on Lee Barber's face became strained and mirthless; and his annoyance at his roommate turned sharply to anger when he overheard Frothingham request the pleasure of Grace's company for supper.

All right, Barber reasoned, all right! If Stumpy was trying to knife Jempson in the back, Lee Barber had a right to use the same tactics on Stumpy. Swiftly he cut in. But, on the point of speaking, he checked himself. He would not scramble as Stumpy was scrambling: it looked undignified, he decided, noticing that two chaperons, their gray heads together, were watching him with disconcerting amusement.

Yielding to Frothingham he withdrew in a bow unmistakably labeled *noblesse oblige*. He tacked across the tide of dancers and hurried to the rear of the gymnasium, where a great canvas sheet, like the side of a circus tent, masked a row of board tables. Here he found himself almost the first applicant for supper; and from here, balancing the dishes in frowning concentration, he carried coffee, chicken salad, ice cream and colored cakes.

He went with restrained haste along the rear of the canvas wall and came to a spiral stairway in the nearest corner. He mounted these to the running track, and as he set the dishes in a secluded spot he heard, below, the familiar crescendo of drums, ending in a vibrating crash of cymbals which made unnecessary the leader's megaphoned announcement that supper was now in order.

Lee Barber ran down the spiral steps and acquired a duplicate of his first burden. He stuck two forks and four spoons into his breast pocket. He grabbed a handful of lump sugar and pushed his way through the mob that increasingly crowded about the tables. Once more he reached the seclusion of the track.

From a stack of folded gallery chairs he selected four, and with two of them fashioned a table in a corner of the track most remote from the stairways. Upon this he spread his white silk handkerchief, and upon the handkerchief he spread supper for two. Then, from behind looped draperies, he anxiously scanned the scene below.

Almost at once he saw her. She sat alone on a divan in the booth of his own club, and she wore that air of a girl who is not to be alone long. He ran lightly around the track, spiraled down the steps and reached her side.

"Come on!" he whispered excitedly. "Everything's ready!"

"Wasn't I to wait here?" Rising, she looked doubtfully toward the canvas wall. "You're sure it's all right?"

His hand urging her elbow, he swiftly persuaded her that it was all right; and a minute later they were both laughing as they tried to keep step up the spiral stairway. With a sense of adventure he led her to the feast.

"Why, how nice!" she cried softly

While they ate, the fused chatter of voices and shuffling of feet below seemed to come from a great distance; and Barber, guiding his fork by a sixth sense of direction, dwelt with intoxicated awe upon the rose-and-white smoothness of her cheeks and the profound blue of her eyes. During an interval of sanity, discovering something was wrong with the coffee, he suddenly slapped his side pocket.

"Don't you take sugar?" he asked, extending several lumps on his palm.

She held out her cup. "Two, please"

With infinite care he dropped them into the coffee. "I forgot all about sugar," he acknowledged. "Why didn't you speak up?"

The spoon at her red lips, she glanced brightly across the top of the cup. "I didn't know you had any up here."

He looked solemnly at her. "It wouldn't have been any trouble. Nothing"—his voice rose in a startling fashion—"nothing would be any trouble if I was doing it for you!"

At once she became absorbed with her spoon, and he, keenly embarrassed by the treachery of his voice, glanced down through the parted draperies.

In front of his club's booth, a cup in one hand and a plate of cream in the other, stood Stumpy Frothingham, looking stupidly at the empty divan. From the left, Jempson came into sight. He, too, balanced laden dishes and he, too, looked toward the place where Grace had sat. Catching sight of Frothingham, the freshman stopped, then moved toward him in the manner of one uncertain of his reception.

An expression of sheepish guilt came over Frothingham's face, and Lee Barber understood the effusive welcome with which he greeted the freshman as an equal. Side by side they sat on the divan; Frothingham tipped some of his soupy ice cream into

(Continued on Page 140)

MAKE THE NEXT 2500 MILES *LOOK* LIKE THE FIRST

Stand off and take a good look at your car, today, when you get out to open the garage door.

She *is* a little bit shabby looking, isn't she? Not the same kick in driving her as when she had her smart showroom complexion.

It's amazing what a couple of hours and a can of Murphy Da-Cote Enamel will accomplish. The cost is so small and you don't have to have any particular knack to do a first-rate job.

Murphy Da-Cote flows easily from the brush and levels out into a smooth, durable film—with as glossy a finish as you could ask for. And it dries *overnight*.

A fine selection of colors to choose from—you can match the old one or treat yourself to a change . . . And, of course, no experienced motorist has to be told of the way trade-in value jumps when the old bus is sporting a million-dollar finish.

Write for our free instruction book and color card or ask your dealer. Then get a can of Murphy and watch results.

Murphy DA-COTE AUTOMOBILE Enamel

MURPHY VARNISH COMPANY · NEWARK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO · MONTREAL

No more

The Third Great Advance

now eliminates this last great obstacle to complete riding comfort

YOU feel it every time you drive—today's last great obstacle to complete riding comfort.

"Galloping!"

Bobbing, jiggling, whatever you may have been calling it—that constant mushy see-saw bouncing up and down of your car on even the smoothest of roads.

An ever-present annoyance to you. An even greater annoyance to those who ride in the rear seat.

At night you see what causes "galloping"

What causes "galloping"? Tiny rises and depressions in concrete and asphalt. Little stones and ridges sticking out of the macadam.

Irregularities so small you don't see them in the daytime. Yet they are perfectly familiar to you. For bright lights at night reveal them plainly. And no road, however good, is free from them.

Not even balloon tires, not even the longer, more resilient springs built into the cars of today could overcome the discomfort caused by these little bumps—the discomfort of "galloping."

It needed a third great advance. A contribution as important as balloon tires and softer springs—those two great improvements which have brought an entirely new era in riding comfort.

The new Hasslers!

No more "galloping"!

Inexpensive, easily and quickly attached to your car, and completely eliminating the nuisance of "galloping."

Designed not only to cushion the major bumps in the road, but the minor ones as well. No irregularity in even the smoothest of pavements is too small to bring their corrective action into immediate play.

The new Hasslers are so swift in recovery, too, that they keep your car in constant readiness for the closest possible succession of bumps, large or small.

A special type for your car

And there is a special type of the new Hasslers for every popular make of car, including the one you drive. Scientifically designed and adjusted, not merely for a general type of spring, but specifically for the particular set of springs to which they are to be attached—for the springs of your car.

The harmony between the new Hasslers and the springs which they are to control is mathematically exact, set at the factory under the direct supervision of expert engineers. And they never need readjusting.

There is no chance of error. Each set is plainly marked. A Buick set for a Buick. A Nash set for a Nash. A Chevrolet set for a Chevrolet. And where the springs vary with different models of a single make, there is a special type of Hassler for each, specially designed and adjusted.

Enjoy "gallopless" riding

To rid your car of "gallop," the last great source of discomfort left in today's riding conditions, why not install a set of the new Hasslers now?

Learn how much they add to the pleasure of riding. How much play and movement they permit your car to retain while giving you a thoroughly smooth and perfectly rhythmic ride.

galloping

From seventy to ninety per cent of your driving is on roads like this—full of irregularities so small you don't see them in the daytime. These are the cause of "galloping," the only great source of discomfort left in today's riding conditions

The new Hasslers will give you an entirely new experience in motoring comfort.

Low cost

The new Hasslers are not expensive. Low price is made possible by large production in an enormous factory which for fourteen years has produced spring control devices exclusively.

And the first cost is the last. No belt breakage nuisance. None of the annoyance of running to service stations for readjustments. The new Hasslers will give you uninterrupted service for the life of your car.

Sold by the dealer who sold you your car, or at the Hassler Sales and Installation Station near you. If you can not find the new Hasslers, write us. We'll see that you are supplied. Hassler Manufacturing Co., Inc., Indianapolis, U. S. A.

In the new Hasslers the connecting belt never enters the case, but is attached to the outside. Further identifiable by the red label with the name Hassler boldly lettered on every device

No service troubles with Hasslers

The new Hasslers are water-tight. Their internal mechanism is sealed against destructive dirt, mud, grit and slush. This insures noiseless operation under all conditions. It eliminates the broken-strap bugaboo. It safeguards the precise adjustment necessary to give you perfect spring action and control and makes possible uninterrupted service for the life of your car. No readjustment is ever necessary.

Water-tight. Absolutely sealed against destructive mud, grit, slush. Noiseless operation under all conditions

Label of Hassler shock absorber on the outside of the case, by which Hasslers may be identified at a glance

Every Hassler is equipped with an Alemite or Zerk fitting for lubrication with Alemite chassis lubricant. This keeps the internal mechanism in perfect working condition at all times and protects it from excessive wear. Put on a set of Hasslers and give them a shot of Alemite whenever you lubricate your car. That is all the service they require. Except for the difference in riding comfort, you will forget that they are there.

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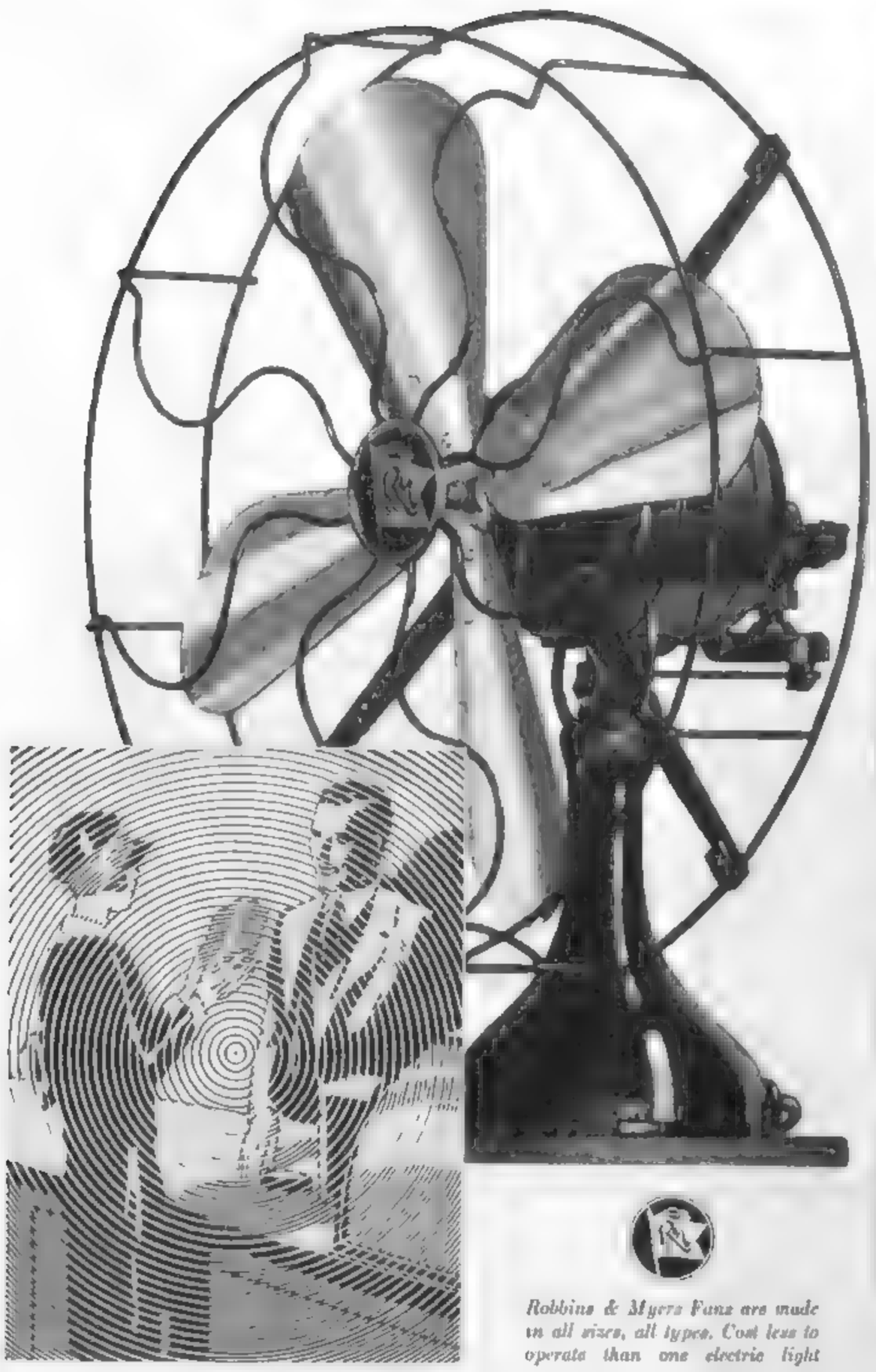
The NEW HASSLERS

NO MORE GALLOPING



Robbins & Myers Fans are made in all sizes, all types. Cost less to operate than one electric light

They'd rather buy in a breeze

Of course they'd rather shop in cool comfort. Why not? It's only human to appreciate thoughtful consideration.

For years Robbins & Myers ceiling and wall-type fans have been keeping company with good stores—bringing them business and costing them little. They're smooth, silent fans and usually outlast the building if they're lubricated every year or so.

Good dealers everywhere sell R&M Fans. We'll be glad to tell you why, and to direct you to the R&M dealer nearest you. Write—

The Robbins & Myers Company, Springfield, O.; Brantford, Ont.

Robbins & Myers Fans *and Motors*

(Continued from Page 137)

his coffee, and while he trained his monologue upon Jempson he found time to glance inquiringly at each girl who appeared in the doorway at his left. But Jempson himself obviously had no care beyond his present glory.

His attitude betrayed a self-conscious realization that he, a mere freshman, was sitting in the booth of one of the best upper classmen's clubs, and was listening, on a basis of friendly equality, to a member of that club.

After casually drawing the draperies together, Lee Barber took out his silver cigarette case, snapped it open with a flourish and held it out to Grace. She smiled and shook her head.

"I was pretty sure you didn't smoke," he said gravely.

"You were?"

"I can usually tell by a girl's face," he explained. "It makes them look sort of—sort of—you know what I mean."

She nodded brightly. "Yes, I know."

Delicately he tapped a cigarette against the closed case; and when smoke was rising he inhaled expertly, allowing the last tendrils to escape through his nose, while, with head tilted back, he looked down at her from under half-closed eyelids. He slung one thin knee over the other and thrust his hands deep into his trousers pockets. This completed an attitude of negligent ease which he admired; and, moreover, he was aware that, by throwing open his coat, it exposed to view the triangular golden emblem hanging on his watch chain—an emblem which she presently noticed.

"What a good-looking charm!" she exclaimed, leaning forward to lift it on her fingers. He glanced down inquiringly.

"Oh, that!" he said. "That's the Triangle Club—our dramatic club, you know."

"I saw the show at Christmas," she remarked. "Jemp took me, and I adored it. What part did you play?"

He identified his position in the chorus and was delighted because she distinctly remembered having noticed him. Encouraged by her cordial interest, he described the first desultory rehearsals, the opening night before a student audience, the many adventures on the club's Christmas tour of a dozen cities.

"The trip's a riot," he added enthusiastically. "The grads in each town throw parties for us."

"It must be loads of fun," she agreed; and for a time, his mind at work, he again looked inscrutably down at her from under lowered lids. Suddenly he leaned forward and regarded her intently.

"If I ask you a question," he began, "will you tell me the truth?"

"Don't I always tell the truth?" she said evasively.

"When you first saw me tonight," he continued, "just what did you think of me?"

"Oh, that's not fair!" she protested.

"Please!" His curiosity sharpened at this unforeseen reply. "I think first impressions are—are intensely intriguing, don't you? I mean to look back on, sort of, in after years. Please!"

"Well," she said, studying him gravely, "I thought there was something awf'ly patrician about you."

"Patrician!" He let the lovely word seep through him. "You mean my—my ——"

"The way you carry yourself," she explained slowly, "but especially your face."

"And you noticed it as soon ——"

"I'm not going to say any more!" She shook her head. "I shouldn't have said that much. What will you think of me?" And she seemed to be blushing.

Never had a conversation so delighted him, never had he so earnestly desired to continue one. How observant she was! Patrician!

A sudden thought checked the question forming on his lips. It would not do to keep babbling away like a child, as though he had never received a compliment before. He removed his elbows from his knees, conscious of a new obligation to suggest, even in small things, the quality she had so unerringly discovered in him.

"My mother came from the South," he said soberly. "Perhaps that's it. We're related to some of the oldest families down there."

He had a moment's lively appreciation of his mother; and he found now that he had always detested his last name. It was, he reflected sourly, all his father's fault

"Mother still loves the Old Dominion," he pointed out. "That's why she named me after the general, General Robert E. ——"

With a crash the orchestra leaped into throbbing life, and a pang of dismay went through him as he realized that now this was over—now, when there was still so much he wanted to tell her!

"Shall we just sit here a while," he asked hopefully, "and watch the others?"

She nodded brightly. "I'd love to."

Again, in the neighborhood of his heart, blossomed that warm, enervating sensation. How often he had made that overture to girls at proms, and how invariably had they preferred to dance! But now, while hundreds below danced away the vibrating hours, he sat there ignoring them; and while he ignored them, he talked; and while he talked, time and space for him were obliterated in a world of two people drawn together by meaningless murmured words and by enchanting, significant silences.

At last, during the most significant of all silences, he felt the warm hand, like some small sleeper who had just waked, stir within his. Reluctantly he released it and saw that she was smiling at him with a disturbing quality which he knew must be wistfulness.

"I suppose we had better go down now, hadn't we?" she asked.

Rising, he looked at his watch. "Gosh!" he exclaimed. "It's after four o'clock!"

"Good-ness! It didn't seem that long, did it?"

"It seemed like five minutes!"

As they walked around the track, arm in arm, he looked down at the silver slippers she wore; and thinking of the bulging tennis shoes to which this runway was accustomed, he marveled that such tiny slippers could proceed with that air of trim preciseness. He stopped near the stairs and faced her.

"This has meant a lot to me," he said gravely—"a great deal more than I can ever express to you." She looked up with an air of faint embarrassment. "And I suppose you know," he added, "that you are the most beautiful girl here tonight."

But at this she did not fall into the pretty confusion, the shyly blushing denials he had expected. Instead, she was regarding him with an expression of suspicion. "You say that to every girl you sit out with!"

"I never said it to another girl—honest I didn't! And you are the prettiest girl—you are, Grace—I think you're simply wonderful!"

"I hope you keep on thinking so!"

She had not really been displeased, he decided, for with a new friendliness she pulled him gayly to the steps; and when their feet touched the waxed floor below she turned and put up her arms in the manner of a baby—a lovely, trustful baby—who wants to be carried; and he, holding his cheek against hers while they danced, felt once more that tingling paralysis which spread, this time, to the very tips of the fingers that she was faintly squeezing.

"There!" he whispered suddenly. "That's one of the Triangle Club songs I was telling you about. It's from an old show, but it still hangs on."

His cleared his throat slightly, waited for the chorus and then, *con amore*, sang the pleasantly mournful melody into her ear:

Oh, the ships that pass in the night
To havens far and lands out of sight,
Like maidens we have known of yore ——

"Welcome home, stranger!" cried Stumpy Frothingham to Grace; and while

(Continued on Page 143)

This amazing new model Small Grand

by GULBRANSEN

Exquisitely beautiful—with tone quality to match. Also made with double legs, $25 extra

AN outstanding achievement by the world's largest maker of pianos.

At last—the true grand tone in an instrument only 4 feet 6 inches long. Volume that will amaze you . . .

Produced under the personal direction of Mr. A. G. Gulbransen—grace and beauty that will delight you. Finished exquisitely in mahogany or walnut, in the modern, durable Du Pont Duco that is so easily kept clean.

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Visit a near-by Gulbransen dealer and note its dainty proportions, the superb cabinet work, the perfect construction of every part. Visualize this beautiful instrument in *your* home!

All the joy this wonderful Grand will bring you and your children, all the beauty it will add to your home, can be had so easily! Delivered upon a reasonable cash payment. Subsequent payments to suit your convenience. Send the coupon now for floor pattern and complete description of the Gulbransen Small Grand.

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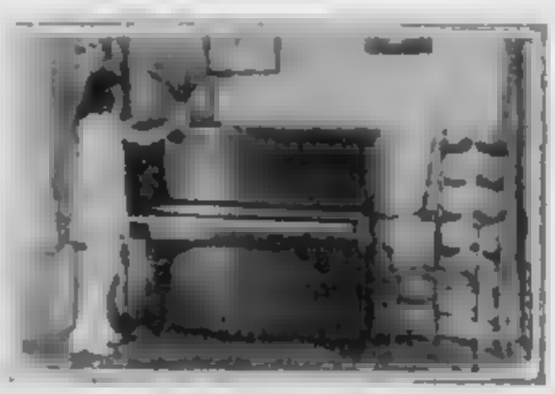
Suburban Model, $530

One of the famous Gulbransen Registering Models that you can play by roll-and-pedals with all the naturalness of hand playing



Minuet Model, $295

This charming piano for hand playing is only 3 feet 8½ inches high, with an amazing fullness, richness and volume of tone

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(Smallest peas packed)
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11 sizes! . . . from the famous Hart Brand Little Dot (French style) Peas to the popular Hart Brand Telephone Peas. All are packed in Hart Brand cans, well known to American housewives for more than a third of a century. All are uniform, first quality. All are moderately priced.

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W. R. ROACH & COMPANY
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

For better Desserts and Salads

VEGETABLES HART AND FRUITS
THE BRAND YOU KNOW BY HART

(Continued from Page 140)

Barber watched his roommate dance away with her, he heard another voice at his shoulder.

"Like to meet your girl, Barber."

Thrusting his arm familiarly through the arm of Heff Kincaid, he was pleasantly aware of the glances that pursued them through the crowd. Overtaking the couple, he caught hold of Frothingham's elbow. "Grace," he said, "I especially want you to meet my friend, Mr. Heff Kincaid—Miss Hall, Heff."

With a little feeling of dread he followed them; you could hardly blame any girl, he thought, for being swept off her feet by attention from the most important man in the senior class; and he was distinctly relieved when he observed that it was Kincaid who did all the talking.

Grace, he saw, was listening with no more than polite interest—plainly not in the least impressed! A warm geyser of gratitude rose in Lee Barber. God bless her! And he had been afraid that she was going to look up at the senior with one of those worshiping smiles he had so often seen on other girls' faces, every glance and movement exuding a flattered adoration. God bless her little heart anyway!

When an unknown stag replaced Kincaid, Barber, seeing by his watch that it was a few minutes of five, hurried forward and cut in. "I just wanted to say au revoir." He marked time in small semicircular shuffles. "I'll see you here tomorrow night."

He was glad that Heff Kincaid, standing near, observed the dazzling look she turned up to him.

"Don't forget!" she whispered.

Frothingham, with a slide, reached them; and Barber, with a feeling of almost paternal indulgence for his roommate, had just time to return the firm pressure of the little hand in his. Over Frothingham's shoulder she met his eyes in a glance of farewell—and again knighted him with that smile of intimacy.

"You and I!" he read in the smile. "You and I!"

Swimming in fathomless pink vapor he reached the locker room before the stampede had set in; and bounding up the stairs, he met Kincaid coming down. In answer to Barber's hail the senior's face lightened in one of the smiles which his thoughtful preoccupation so infrequently permitted.

He crossed the campus under a dark sky, and saw, above the black silhouette of his own dormitory, the pale grudging light of dawn. In his room he hurried while he undressed and set his alarm for ten o'clock; but with his hand on the chain of the electric light, he lingered by the mirror, gravely observing the person who, in turn, was regarding him with solemn interest.

Patrician! He turned sidewise to get a view of his profile. It was funny, he reflected, how other people sometimes noticed things about you before you noticed them yourself. Patrician! He threw back his head and looked from under partly lowered lids. Just the word too. Unconsciously now he was nodding, and the black-haired person in the glass also nodded, as if in solemn confirmation.

He snapped out the light and stood by his open casement. At his left, in the bay window of Heff Kincaid's room, he saw that a lamp still glowed. Straight away from him stretched the street of eating clubs, deeper blots of shadow already taking vague shape. On the intersecting road running past the dormitory, a car from the prom whirled by, bequeathing to the darkness the memory of a girl's laughter and a scattering of orange sparks from a thrown cigarette.

In delicious weariness he crawled into bed. Closing his eyes he saw, with startling clearness, a small grave face from which eyes of blue were regarding him tenderly, wistfully. Just before he sank deep into slumber a shiver went through him that made the bed spring creak; and his voice, thrilled, and a little frightened too, echoed ghostily in the silent room.

"Love!" he whispered happily. "After all these years—true love!"

II

THE alarm clock rang back the memory of it all, and while he blundered into his bath robe his pulse sang that he would see her at the dance tonight. On his way to the showers, he stopped at Frothingham's door and saw that the sophomore lay snoring in a room littered with bits of formal dress.

"Come on, Stumpy!" he shouted. "It's ten o'clock!"

Frothingham, as always, slept peacefully on; and Lee Barber, as always, pulled off his covers and shook him by the hair.

"Come on, old man!" he urged. "You can't take a cut!"

More piteously than usual Frothingham moaned in unconscious protest; but at last,

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Both: "My Dear, You are Positively Getting Thin"

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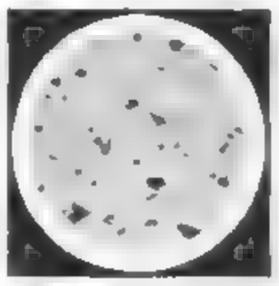
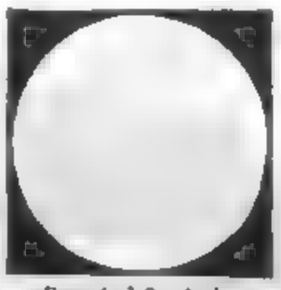
Lustrous . . .

Washable as tile



Ordinary Flat Finish White Paint



Barreled Sunlight Gloss Finish

The microscope shows the difference!

These photographs of paint surfaces were made through a powerful microscope. The astonishing contrast shows why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keep clean. Smooth, unbroken and non-porous, it resists dirt and washes like tile.

DISCRIMINATING users of interior paint and enamel are often surprised to find that Barreled Sunlight will do the work of both—and do it *better*.

This free-flowing paint enamel "levels itself" into a lustrous surface free from brush marks and so smooth it washes like tile.

Concedes nothing to the finest enamel in beauty—yet costs less and requires fewer coats!

Guaranteed to remain white longest.

Any tint can readily be obtained by adding oil colors to Barreled Sunlight. Ask your dealer about the new Barreled Sunlight Tinting Colors in handy tubes.

Quantity for quantity, Barreled Sunlight covers a greater area. And the extreme ease of application with brush or spray saves many labor-hours.

In Gloss, Semi-Gloss and Flat finishes. Cans and drums. Where more than one coat is required, apply Barreled Sunlight Undercoat first.

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Barreled Sunlight

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Please send me information on the use of Barreled Sunlight in—
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This, substantially, is the experience of many golfers who have put their game for the first time on a sound and consistent basis with the help of Grand Slam golf clubs.

No matter your game—whether you play in class "A" or "E", you will find keener enjoyment in your play and make a steady reduction in your score if you use these expertly designed and made clubs.

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If you have trouble getting proper distance; if you "choke" or "under-club", causing "pulling", "slicing" or "topping"; if you find it hard to keep an easy, uniform swing—try playing with a set of Grand Slams, *just once*. Because the weight and balance of these clubs are scientifically accurate, they all "feel" alike; each one is graded for a certain distance, and is played in exactly the same way. The result is a standardized game, correction of your faults, improved scores, and *happier golf*.

The Grand Slam line affords you a complete assortment of woods, regular and special faces, at $7.00 to $12.50, steel and hickory shafts; six fairway irons, two trouble irons and four putters. Irons are $5.00 each; $2.00 additional with steel shafts.

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with reluctant grunts, sat upright in the bed. Then, his eyes meeting those of his roommate, he seemed to recall some grievance and a change came over his face.

"You mind your own business," he said evenly, "and get out of my room."

Shocked, Barber stared. "What's the matter with ——"

"And after this," continued Frothingham implacably, "stay out of here—and leave that towel before you go."

Glancing at the towel as if it had stung him, Barber hung it over a chair. On the threshold he paused. When he turned, his bewildered manner had given way to an air of cold resolution.

He went to the foot of the bed and from the floor picked up a pair of black lisle socks; from a hook on the closet door he plucked a wrinkled dress shirt. With these on his arm he swung around in the doorway.

"I would prefer," he said icily, "that for tonight you buy your own "

"I suppose," droned Frothingham, "you smoked up that pack of cigarettes you bummed off me last night. See that you return a pack today."

In his own room Barber scowled thoughtfully, while from his laundry bag he selected the least soiled of his own towels. Recalling something he stopped once more outside Frothingham's door.

"I want that two dollars you borrowed yesterday morning," he announced. "And after this try to make some other arrangements for your pocket money." Frothingham's snore ceased long enough for him to issue a brief and impolite command. "And I would much prefer," added Barber with crushing formality, "that from now on you leave my razor and brush alone."

Hurrying out he slammed the door and in the entry met Jempson, fully dressed

"Hello, Lee," hailed the freshman, as one equal to another. "Say, Grace wanted to be remembered to you."

"Remembered?"

"Yeah. I just put her on the 9:44. Her mother's sick and she had to go home. Said she specially wanted to send you her best."

Barber nodded thoughtfully. "Why, thankee," he said, the necessity for new plans already occupying his mind.

It occupied his mind during a hasty shower and during a furtive interval in which, after a glance toward Frothingham's door, he took writing paper from a box that he himself had not bought.

The problem followed him as he sprinted, notebook under arm, to the recitation hall and sidled to his place just as the student monitor began listing the numbers of the vacant seats. It was still the sole topic of his thoughts while he kept a countenance of bland interest trained upon the platform, where a young professor with scholarly shoulders diverted himself by some speculations upon the character of the man who lived at Stratford.

"And The Tempest, gentlemen," the professor, after a long time, was saying, "is still another of the dramas wherein we find the quality of forgiveness playing a vital part in motivating the action."

Two hundred heads drooped over pens and pencils; and one pen, upon white linen masked by a notebook, wrote:

It will be warm weather by then, and I can show you all the sights of the campus.

"It is especially worthy of note," continued the professor—"it is, indeed, something more than coincidence, that all his forgiveness-motivated dramas were written during the last years of Shakspere's life."

Heads bent, pencils scribbled, and one pen wrote:

I know the house party is a long way off yet, but I am asking you now so you will be sure to come with me.

"Therefore, gentlemen"—the professor gathered up his papers—"this evidence, I contend, in default of more purely autobiographical data, justifies us in assuming that the Bard, during his last years, was a man of a mild forgiving nature—a man with his eye no longer in a fine frenzy rolling, but one whom life had tamed to a proper appreciation of mercy, that quality which is not strained."

Two hundred juniors accepted the logic, and one of them waived it:

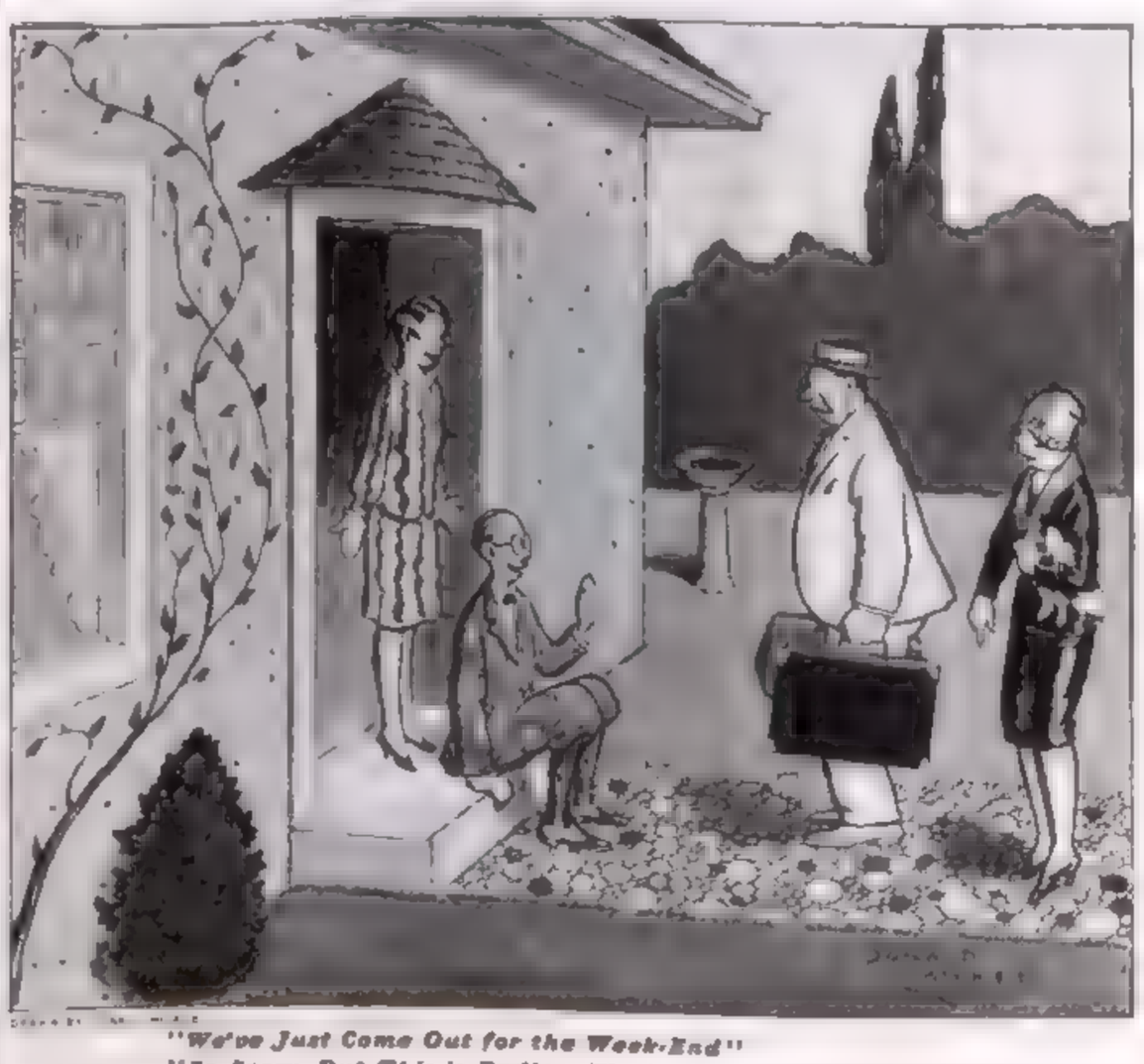
Please write soon, for I am sure I can show you a most enjoyable week-end.

The distant bell was clanging musically, books were snapping shut and feet shuffled toward the door. Only one student remained seated. With the air of a man discovering an oversight, he hastily added beneath his signature:

P. S. Sorry to hear your mother is sick. Let me know about the house party right away.
LEE.

At the post office he mailed the letter, and amid the cheerful clamor of the dairy lunch broke his fast upon a bowl of cereal and cream. He kept a watchful eye on the wall clock while he enjoyed the last cigarette from his silver case. With a margin

(Continued on Page 147)



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"So Sorry, But This is Endless Week All Over the Country"

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MOONLIGHT and roses—the fair, fleeting years of romance and youth. Courtship time, when eager lives are made or broken . . . . Can parents ever again give their daughters a gift so rich as a home in which they can entertain with pride?

Berkey & Gay style creations capture the fancy of exacting American youth. Lighter, airier, more colorful and charming than the heavier modes of other days, these modern suites interpret the smart, living spirit of the moment . . . . and there are more than a hundred new patterns to select from!

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GETS THE DIRT

SEE THIS AMAZING TEST AND BE CONVINCED . . .

"HIGH-VACUUM" literally *washes* with a blast of air—that's the famous Eureka principle of electric cleaning. It does its work like magic, yet is gentle with delicate fabrics, as only air can be.

Eureka "High-Vacuum" applies powerful suction, harmlessly, to floor coverings, upholstering, mattresses, curtains—covering every inch of surface, reaching every thread and fibre—an air-bath that "washes" away the deeply embedded dirt that can't be touched by ordinary cleaning methods.

It is the simplicity and sheer efficiency of "High-Vacuum" that have brought world leadership to Eureka; have made the Eureka first choice of more than 1,700,000 women; and have won for Eureka seven Grand Prizes or Highest Awards in international competition—the latest at the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition, Philadelphia.

The "High-Vacuum" principle of cleaning is easy to understand. But only by a demonstration in your own home can you fully appreciate the lightness and operating ease of the Grand Prize Eureka, the thoroughness with which it cleans, and the load of household labor it will carry.

Phone the nearest Eureka dealer; arrange for a trial—at no cost. Low first payment and convenient terms leave no bar to immediate ownership.

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A

Largest Manufacturers of Vacuum Cleaners in the World

The Grand Prize

EUREKA

VACUUM CLEANER

(Continued from Page 144)

of fifteen minutes before the next class, he set out for his room to get the necessary book.

In the study he discovered Frothingham, clad in pajamas and absorbed in writing a letter which he kept covered with a blotter as he proceeded. Barber dropped into a chair and picked up the campus daily, over the top of which he watched his roommate. Tiring of this he tossed the paper aside, yawned loudly and achieved a smile in which he strode to convey amusement shaded with contempt. "No use, Frothingham," he said pityingly. "I've already asked her to the house party."

As though there were no one else within a radius of ten miles, Frothingham blotted the last line and drew back his head to regard his work with unmistakable satisfaction.

"That'll clinch matters," he mused aloud, rising. "Now to get it off by special delivery."

While his roommate dressed, Lee Barber anxiously reflected that Grace would not be the first girl who snapped up a house-party bid from a fellow who meant nothing to her; and with sudden annoyance at himself, he wished that he had settled the whole thing while he was sitting out with her on the running track. At least he had shown enough foresight to copy down her address. Apparently Stumpy had, too.

"Better save your dime," he advised cynically. "You saw last night she won't handle you."

"After all"—Frothingham soberly addressed himself—"Jempson prepped at the old school, and I'm glad to help her out for his sake. Good old Jemp!"

Barber's smile vanished. "I guess you'll shut up now about your sex appeal," he said viciously, "after the way it fizzled on you last night."

Humming cheerfully Frothingham locked the writing paper in a drawer of his desk, put the key into his pocket with great ostentation and sauntered from the room.

When the entry door slammed Lee Barber was rapidly composing, on a sheet torn from his notebook, another message to Grace. In it he adopted an airy tone, one taking for granted that she would share his tolerant amusement at Frothingham's antics; carefully avoiding anything that impressed him as undignified scrambling, he managed to make clear that he had, by a margin of at least an hour, extended the first invitation; and he implied that there was an unwritten campus law of etiquette in such matters which she, of course, would understand.

As he trotted toward the post office the class bell roused in him a new grievance. If he had to cut this preceptorial, because of Frothingham's interference, he would be called up before the Dean. The thought whipped him into a run that had him perspiring by the time he darted into the post office, where he mailed the letter by special delivery, bolted out again and started headlong for class. At the curb, ten feet away, he stopped short. He stood there, glaring incredulously through the glass front of the telegraph office.

Stumpy Frothingham, he saw, was handing a yellow sheet to the clerk behind the counter. Money passed between them, and the sophomore, reaching the sidewalk, fell into a grudging trot. Within an arm's length of Barber, he looked up. Then, either because the class bell had just stopped, or because he was startled by the expression on his roommate's face, Frothingham veered to one side and ran wildly across the street.

Slowly, ominously, Barber walked to the shelter of the nearest doorway. He wanted, for a moment, to be alone. An interval followed during which all things blurred to a red haze, until, with a conscious effort, he thrust Frothingham from his mind and tried to think. He could not telegraph now. That, he reasoned, would make him seem too eager. Instead, he would phone—would phone her casually the minute she got home. When would she get home?

He was already on his way to the railroad station, where he gave the time of Grace's departure and plied the bored ticket agent with searching questions. Occupied by mental arithmetic, he hurried back through a sprinkling rain to the main street of the town.

As nearly as he could determine, she might have arrived home any time during the past half hour. He would therefore phone her at once, before she could answer that telegram.

Counting his money in the booth he discovered that he had four cents less than the cost of a person-to-person call. He decided grimly that he would have to gamble; and after a long delay he learned, from an almost inaudible woman's voice, that he had gambled and lost.

"Well," he asked, "when will she be in?"

"I said Miss Grace ain't home."

"I see, but when do you expect her?"

"No"—the faint voice seemed to draw farther away—"Miss Grace ain't home."

"Well," he shouted, "just tell her Mr. Lee Barber called—Mr. Lee Barber! She'll know."

"Miss Grace, she ain't home."

Standing on the doorstep he stared into a heavy downpour of rain and found, in his bitterness, that Stumpy Frothingham was the source of every trouble he had.

He was penniless now until the first of the month, and he would be called up before the Dean for overcutting. He had left his room in such a hurry that he forgot his slicker. He had lost, somewhere in his travels, a copy of the Complete Works of William Wordsworth.

And Frothingham's telegram, he realized with a new rush of hate, had been paid out of the two dollars borrowed yesterday morning from Lee Barber.

III

THE rain had at last stopped, and it was across a campus drying, two days later, in a strong March wind, that Lee Barber, released from his last class, strode hurriedly toward his room. In the entry, his heart played an *arpeggio* when he saw, protruding from the slot in the door, an envelope of soft blue. A small moan of relief left him upon discovering that it bore his name, and this thankfulness broadened when a hasty survey of the floor just within the dim hall found no mail for Frothingham beyond the announcement of a spring showing of haberdashery.

Sniffing the blue envelope as he went into the study, his nostrils dilated at the same intoxicating fragrance that had drugged him the night of the prom. "Ah!" he breathed in ecstasy, crushing the prized message to his lips. "Ah-h-h!"

His arms, impulsively outstretched in the gesture of a sun worshiper, suddenly froze there as he observed, with a thrill of horror, that he was not alone. Sitting motionless in a corner, still clad in pajamas, Stumpy Frothingham had interrupted his perusal of a letter written on paper of the same celestial azure. "If you're going to be sick," he chided gently, "I wish you'd go in your own room."

Barber scowled. "A wonder you wouldn't go to class now and then," he said sourly.

The sophomore, with emphasized reluctance, again removed his eyes from the letter, and there was infinite patience on the round red face. "Please don't interrupt me," he begged. "Can't you see I'm busy?"

"I wish you would overcut and get fired," said Barber. "I'd like to room with a gentleman for a change."

"Fine! I'm making arrangements to live with Bud Du Peal next year. They tell me Bud buys his own razor blades."

"Better room with Jempson," advised Barber coldly. "He's the only man on the campus as wet as you are."

"I might, at that." Frothingham nodded thoughtfully. "He always carries cigarettes of his own."

In spite of his irritation Barber retained his aloof manner—the manner of the conscious aristocrat who does not bandy words

(Continued on Page 149)

WANTED:

Open minded MEN with *Closed* eyes to make this SHAVING TEST!

ACCEPT a gift from us of 7 cool Shaves. We promise you will find this:

1. A SHAVING CREAM that cools and soothes as you shave.

2. You can *feel* the difference the instant you lather.

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187,776 jars in 1925
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Going even better now

Just Do This!

Write us for your 7 Free cool shaves. Lather one side of your face with your *usual* shaving preparation—the other side with the *unusual* INGRAM'S. Then shave. INGRAM'S cools and soothes the tiny nicks and scratches you *don't* see, but *do* feel . . . and leaves you a whole skin for the next shave.

It takes a lot of confidence to make this offer to compare shaving creams on your own face—but we KNOW what INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM will do—and what it did for nearly a million men in 1926.

Write us today for your 7 Free cool shaves. Your skin will thank you. Or to save yourself time—ask your nearest druggist for 120 of these cool INGRAM shaves. The jar costs only fifty cents.

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COOLS *and* SOOTHES *as you shave*

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HICKOK
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK
New York Chicago Los Angeles Toronto

(Continued from Page 147)

with one of the herd; but he reached for the deadliest verbal rapier that came to hand. "A proud chance you had of getting in the club," he said coolly, "if I hadn't fought them. Half the Bicker Committee wanted to blackball you."

"At least," said Frothingham genially, "I didn't cry during Bicker Week."

This calloused reference to a Gethsemane Barber preferred to forget—this inhuman casting up of the occasion on which, under the torturing uncertainty of club elections, he had given way to tears—swept from Lee Barber all except that which was primitive. "You're jealous of me," he cried, "because I beat you out with Grace. But don't try any of your ——"

"You beat me out with Grace?" Frothingham put a limp hand to his forehead, and his perplexed chuckle showed that he found this almost too droll. "Why, with my sex appeal, the girl and I are as good as married right now!"

Barber snatched a lacrosse stick from the wall above the fireplace. He moved menacingly toward his roommate. "Damn you, Frothingham!" he shouted hoarsely. "I won't hear such a thing as that said about her! I won't have ——"

He stopped, frightened by the expression on the sophomore's face.

"Oh, you won't, won't you?"

Half the room between them, they stood glaring into each other's eyes. Without warning Frothingham sprang toward the phonograph; and Barber, understanding, whirled and fled. Instinctively he ducked just as a phonograph record shattered the hall light a foot above his head. He darted into his bedroom and slammed the door. After a second's panic with the key, he got it turned an instant before the door bent and rattled under Frothingham's rush.

His consciousness of rank, encouraged by a protective two inches of varnished oak, promptly returned; and with it came his old desire to remind Frothingham of the social gulf between them. "Even if you aren't a gentleman," he called frigidly, "you might try to act like one."

There was no answer; so he sat down on the bed and drew the blue envelope from his pocket.

She had arrived home, she wrote, only a few minutes after he telephoned. Her mother was already much better, and it was nice of him to call. She would just adore to go to the house party with him.

Thrice he read the letter, reverently folded and consigned it to the privacy of his breast pocket. For a long time he sat motionless, pondering upon the miracle. How could she care this much?

The mirror gave him what he concluded was the answer.

IV

THE hall light was repaired; and spring, arriving on the campus one morning, gradually healed the scars that winter made. But despite the warm magic of the outer world, the rooms of Barber and Frothingham remained stubbornly a place of chill. No longer were they a scene of high-hearted gossip, of careless sharing of all belongings; for the roommates shared nothing now but their contemptuous silence and their study. And even the study, as April bowed herself to the wings amid rustling applause of all the trees, saw less and less of Frothingham, who spent all his leisure in Bud Du Peal's room, whither he planned to move at the close of the term.

Lee Barber openly rejoiced at the new order of things; and when at times he found the old study lonesome, there was consolation in the blue letters which arrived regularly, and which he read over many times in a corner of the window seat while the afternoon sun lay across the colored cushions

Not even the rigid economy he endured in preparation for house-party week-end, not even the approaching menace of final examinations, could cloud the sunny sky he saw through his open casement as he lounged, on Thursday afternoon, and dreamed about Grace's arrival tomorrow.

The sun yellowed the smooth breadth of lawn before him whereon a cluster of shouting students defied regulations by playing touch football; it threw shadows from the elms along the gravel walk; and when these shadows were longest, it flashed upon the spokes of a bicycle, from which a boy in uniform dismounted at Barber's window and handed up a special-delivery letter of a familiar cerulean. The message was the most nearly affectionate he had ever received from her, and it contained one sentence with which he lingered:

But as I have promised somebody else I won't be able to come with you this time, Lee, and I do hope you will forgive me for the misunderstanding and also for not letting you know sooner.

Like a man who realizes he is about to faint, Barber got to a chair and collapsed: and the giddy revolving emotion in his stomach was not made more endurable by the entrance, a little later, of Stumpy Frothingham. The sophomore's manner, as he threw his Tuxedo into a suitcase, was one of swaggering triumph; and his left hand, as he swept to the door, conspicuously clutched an opened envelope of a familiar shade.

From the stairs above came a descending clatter that brought Barber to his feet. He stood by the window and watched Frothingham and Jempson, each swinging a suitcase, run joyfully across the campus toward the railroad station. They were going up to meet her in New York, he decided numbly; would probably take her to a show tonight and all come down together on the train tomorrow afternoon. And then his mind, selecting among a chaotic plenty, dwelt impersonally upon one question: Would they tell her about the time he cried during Bicker Week?

But this worry, as the hours dragged on to Friday evening, was displaced by a problem he considered far more vital. Shunning his club for fear of seeing Grace there at supper, he dined in solitary gloom at the dairy lunch and weighed the matter dispassionately. He came finally to his decision: He would go to the house party just as if nothing had happened, would show them all how little it meant to him.

He dressed with infinite care, and as he walked slowly toward his club he rehearsed the details of his greeting. He would be polite, he would be even gracious; but he would display, at their encounter, a noticeable perplexity which he would hastily cover up by a little rush of courtesy not unmixed with condescension.

"Oh, yes!" his manner would say. "Of course—Grace Hall! I've only a minute, but how are you?"

When he stepped inside the front door a burst of music and voices, as if realizing that he was an outcast, buffeted him with an effect of hostility. He yielded his gray felt hat to the colored boy and quickly sought an inconspicuous corner, whence he furtively scanned the scene, inspecting the couples who vigorously danced in the disguised dining room, couples ranked upon the wide stairway and couples wandering in frank quest of unoccupied nooks.

He was nonchalantly tapping a cigarette against the silver case when a glance toward the opening door sharply reinflicted upon his stomach that giddy upheaval. For, just inside the threshold, dressed all in shiny green, stood Grace, seeming smaller than ever, because at her elbow, with an impassive, proprietary air, towered Heff Kincaid. She looked inquiringly around the room. Suddenly the blue eyes met his, and he saw that she was hastening toward him—was smiling warmly, glowingly, while she squeezed his hand.

"I made Heff bring me over for a second, Lee," she whispered. "I wanted to apologize for not letting you know sooner. And thank you ever so much for the last flowers you sent—and for everything! Thanks just loads, Lee!"

"That's all right, Grace," he stammered miserably. "You're welcome, I'm sure."

A wave of farewell from the door, a bright smile on the rose-and-white face, and she

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was gone. And Lee Barber, five minutes later, was walking slowly back to his room.

Along each side of the street stood the clubs among their trees and shrubbery. Every window of every club shone yellow with festive light, and the mildly fragrant air of the May midnight pulsed with the music of many orchestras ushering in the university's biggest social week-end. But Barber walked unheedingly on; and his thoughts dealt not with Stumpy Frothingham, nor with Jempson, nor yet with Grace.

"Dirty double-crosser!" the hanging branches heard him mutter. "With a smile on his face, he knifed me in the back."

V

THE afternoon sun, as though it too would observe the Sabbath, hung above the motionless elms and laid tempered warmth across a quiet campus. Some rays fell upon clubs, strangely hushed now, where couples lingered in wistful memory of the past two nights; some shone upon the railroad station, where gloomy men said farewells and pretty girls repeated promises; and other rays, slanting through a casement in the first floor of a brick dormitory, stretched themselves across the thin legs of Mr. Lee Barber.

On his knees lay an opened copy of Milton's works in prose, but his eyes stared into the cold blackened fireplace; and he was still in that position when Stumpy Frothingham arrived with his suitcase.

Barber looked at him out of the corner of his eye. "Hello, Stumpy," he said tentatively, and saw the other jerk his head around in surprise. But he made no answer as he carried the suitcase to his bedroom.

Lee Barber waited nervously, uncertain how Frothingham would react to the note that lay on his bureau. The note bore a message which Barber's misery had wrung from him when the lonely hours of the night had worn down his pride; and upon it lay a peace offering in the form of a carton of cigarettes and a new package, large size, of safety razor blades.

At last, crumpling the note, Frothingham emerged from his room. His round face was writhing with embarrassment. "All right, let's call it off," he said hastily. "Guess you bought as many as I did, at that." For another moment the room was uncomfortably constrained. Then the sophomore impulsively swung around. "Say, Lee," he exclaimed, while spring, unperceived, billowed in through the casement, "you ought to've been with us—with Jemp and me!"

And moving about the study, he enthusiastically explained why.

As Jempson's guest he had just spent in New York such a week-end as never was before. There had been vaudeville, there had been a *revue*, but especially had there been a night club.

"Lee, that boy sure does know his New York! You should've seen the hostess he introduced me to—he calls her by her first name, Arcille! She wore a sort of a red Spanish shawl, and you talk about the old sex a—— I mean you ought to see that woman dance, Lee!"

"Yeah?" Barber sat up slightly, a faint desire for life incredibly returning to his veins.

"She held me like this, see? Then she'd let go and back away, and then sort of dance toward me again—like this."

His eyes rolling wickedly, his ample hips and shoulders describing rapid circles, Stumpy Frothingham brought into the room the unmistakable clank of castanets, the glare of a garish spotlight wherein a señorita, lithe, young and cruel, closed in upon her prey.

"Then she made a face and grabbed me again, and everybody at the tables laughed. I thought I'd pass out!"

"Yeah?" Barber sat up a little more. "Suppose I could meet her?"

"Sure!" said Frothingham generously, pulling out a crushed pack of cigarettes "The three of us'll go up sometime and give her a play."

Barber, extending his silver case, selected a cigarette from the sophomore's pack. While each held a light for the other, a knock sounded on the door.

"*Entrez-vous!*" shouted Frothingham.

Jempson, beaming, but a bit diffident, too, entered with a paper bag in each hand. "I just purchased some edibles," he announced brightly, "and I sure do hate to eat alone."

"Fair enough, Jemp!"

"You came to the right address, oldtimer," added Barber, sitting fully upright now.

"I'll get some glasses," promised the freshman, darting off.

When the door slammed Barber looked up at his roommate. "You know, Stumpy, he's not such a bad little guy."

"Lee, he's one of the best!" agreed Frothingham warmly. "When he gets over being scared of people like us, he opens up—and then he's the funniest little sketch you ever saw."

"I like him." Barber frowned thoughtfully. "Stumpy, what do you say we ——"

"Lee, I was going to ask you about it. We could put a double-decker bed in my room."

"He'd brighten up the old place," said Barber. "And next year when Bicker Week comes along we can ——"

"You're sure to be on the Bicker Committee!" said Frothingham enthusiastically.

"Well"—Barber modestly waved a hand—"with the two of us working, we can squeeze him into the club, all right. You know, his ears aren't so darn bad."

"No, Lee, not when you look at them from the side."

The door burst open to admit Jempson with a leather case the shape of a tumbler. From this he produced three silver mugs which, Barber observed with growing respect, were engraved with their owner's initials, and which, filled from the quart bottle of milk, were each soon held in a right hand; and each left hand clutched a toasted-cheese sandwich, while the three men, between sips and bites, laid plans for an early descent upon the night life of New York.

"By the way"—Barber obviously had just recalled an item of casual interest—"I saw Grace Hall at the house party."

"Come with Heff Kincaid?" asked Jempson, nodding. "He was at her house last Sunday when I blew in, and I figured then he'd bring her down."

"Yah—he beat your time, Jemp!" hooted Frothingham gayly. "No nice girl would have you, you terror of Broadway!"

Blushing with pleasure at the insult, Jempson was unable to achieve speech.

"You made your mistake when you brought her down here in the first place," added Frothingham.

"Don't you suppose I knew it?" The freshman grinned mysteriously. "Gosh, I knew I'd be disqualified the minute she got with men like you two and Heff Kincaid!"

After a pleased silence Stumpy Frothingham, in spite of a full mouth, sighed hugely.

"For a while," he confided cheerfully, "I thought I had that girl feeding out of my hand—especially when she told me at the prom I was the most plebeian man she'd ever met." He shook his head, puzzled. "I thought it was a compliment, from the way she said it, but I looked it up in the dictionary. The best break I could give myself out of the definition was sort of a rough diamond. I suppose she meant my clothes needed pressing—which I certainly hope to say they did."

"Now take me, for instance," said Jempson, brightening. "Look at this pan of mine—a face that makes horses shudder in their harness. And yet," he added, not without pride, "Grace always claimed there was something awfully patrician about me, about my face and the way I carry ——"

"Patrician!" exclaimed Frothingham, thrusting out an arm so abruptly that milk sprayed on the rug. "That's the word she used—not plebeian! All I remembered was it had something to do with Roman history."

There was a smile on Lee Barber's face, the sick smile of the prize fighter who wants to show how little the last blow hurt. "She tried that patrician stuff on me," he said tolerantly, "and I spotted it right then for a gag she worked on everybody."

He achieved a light laugh, but something within him, something bruised but still alive, cried out in pain: "She meant it about me. She meant it—she must have meant it!"

Frothingham extended the mug for Jempson to refill. "I suppose she's working it on Heff Kincaid, too," he said. "I bet she had her eye on him all along. At the prom she asked me about Heff -said a girl at her school knew him—but I changed the subject right back to myself. Well," he added admiringly, "she was a lucky girl when she landed Heff."

"Yes," conceded Barber, "but he's no collar ad for looks."

"Heff won't hold her long."

The two roommates stared at the freshman. "He won't?" asked Barber incredulously.

"Why, Heff's the biggest prize in college," Frothingham pointed out. "And Grace knows it darn well."

But Jempson was slowly shaking his head. "When I was going up to get this grub," he said, "I saw Grace out driving with some fellow. Heff was with them, too, but I could tell from his face that it wasn't his party any more." He pointed through the open door of Barber's bedroom. "The car's parked down on the street now," he concluded, "and believe you me, it's some boat!"

The three men filed into the bedroom and from the casement looked out upon the wide, quiet street of the upper classmen's eating clubs. At the curb, in front of a club on their right, stood an unoccupied automobile which drew the three pairs of eyes.

"It belongs to a fellow who was in '26," said Barber thoughtfully. "I forget his name—he works in his father's bank up in New York—but I remember he didn't amount to anything on the campus."

"He was down for the house party," suggested Jempson, "and I'll bet my left sock he drives Grace home."

"Nobody ever heard of him," murmured Barber. "Why, I don't even remember his ——"

The sentence ended with a little breath of pain; and Barber, looking across Frothingham's shoulder, watched Grace come down the brick walk. At her side stepped a man who supported her elbow in a manner both solicitous and possessive.

"Gosh, Lee!" breathed Stumpy Frothingham. "What can she see in that little squirt?"

But Lee Barber did not answer. For his eye had caught a movement of the curtains on the bay window bulging at their left; and a little ease came to his own torn heart as he saw that Heff Kincaid, from behind those curtains, was staring out toward the car with something like death in his gaze.

"At least," said Jempson, "you've got to admit that's a patrician roadster."

And then, with a worldly wisdom that astounded them, the freshman added: "Kincaid's the big noise here, but the girls all know it's the men out of college that mean business."

With a rising whine of motor, the roadster was coming toward them. Its driver, in raptured attention, leaned close to his blue-hatted passenger; and the passenger, her head a little tilted back, looked gravely up at the driver. The beautiful rose-and-white face wore a thoughtful expression—as though she were, possibly, searching for just the right word to describe some elusive quality about her companion.

At the corner, flashing with golden sunlight, the car slowly turned; and then the three men, standing in a silence that seemed reverent and a little sad, too, watched as the roadster, with an effect of triumphant flight, carried the beautiful lady out of their lives forever.

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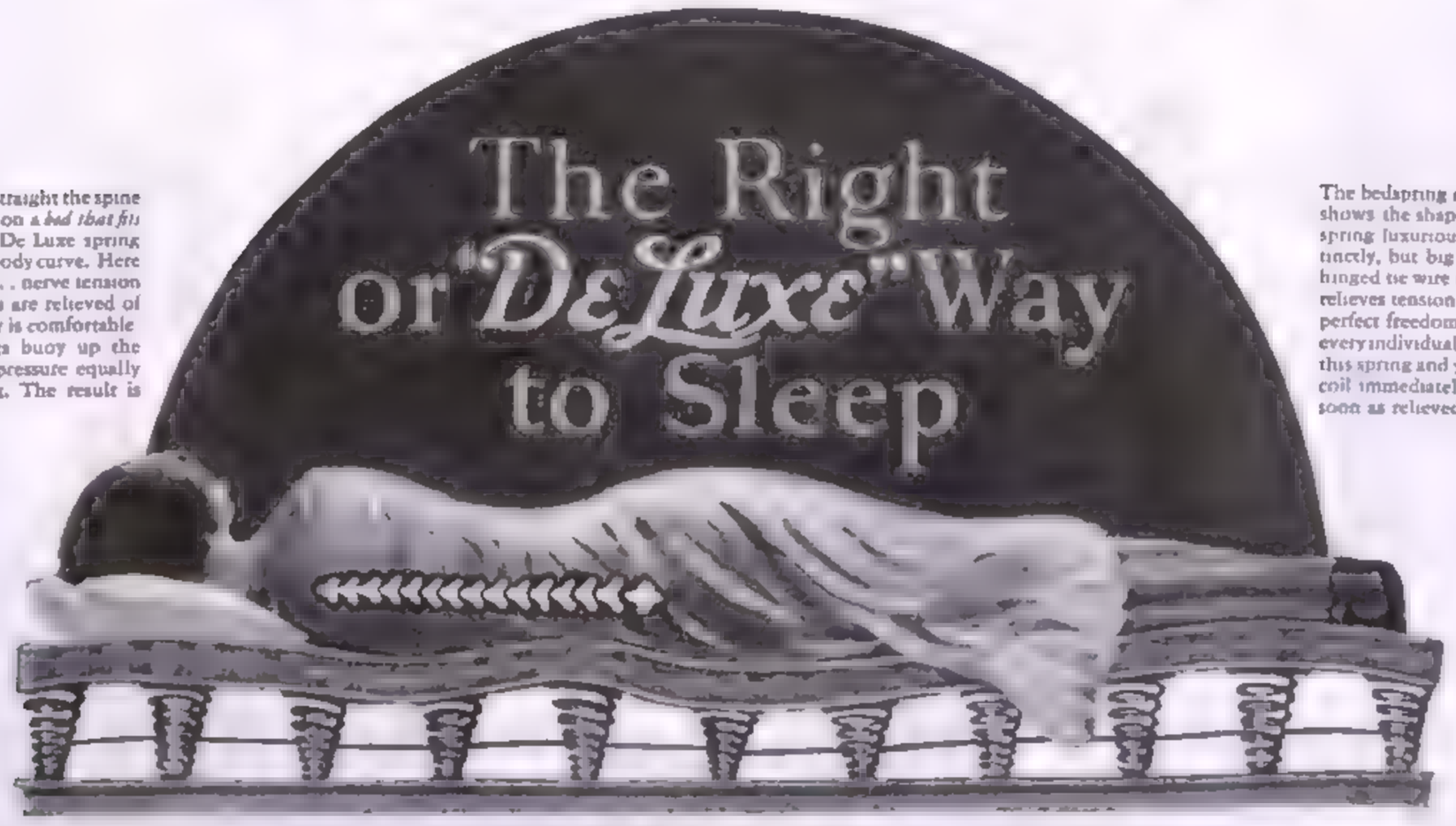
(5133)

This bedspring is built to *rest* your body!



At the right you see how straight the spine remains when you sleep on a *bed that fits the body*. Note how the De Luxe spring adjusts the bed to every body curve. Here every muscle is relaxed . . . nerve tension is released . . . the bones are relieved of weight . . . and the body is comfortable. Numerous spiral springs buoy up the body with gentle, even pressure equally distributed to every part. The result is *deep* sleep.

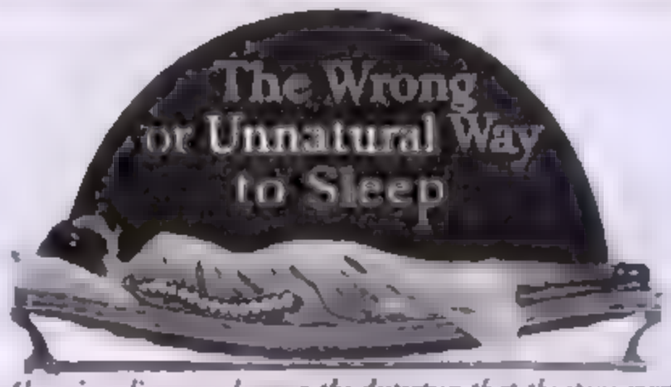
The bedspring at the bottom of the page shows the shape and design of the bed spring luxurious." Too small to see distinctly, but big in its importance is the hinged tie wire that connects the coils. It relieves tension on the spirals. It permits perfect freedom of action on the part of every individual coil. Roll a weight across this spring and you will notice how every coil immediately resumes its position as soon as relieved of the weight.

LOOK at these diagrams. They show the right (De Luxe) way and the wrong way to sleep.

The right way is with the spine straight . . . muscles relaxed . . . nerves released. This condition is possible only when the *bed fits the body*.

When the body has to fit the bed, as in the wrong way, complete comfort is impossible. Sleep is therefore fitful, restless, disturbed.

Every day thousands of people are learning that the one way to make the bed fit the body is to put a De Luxe bedspring on it. This spring is designed so as to shape the bed to every body curve. Muscles and nerves in the shoulders, back, hips and legs relax immediately . . . so mental activity ceases and you drop off into *deep sleep*.



Above is a diagram showing the distortion that the spine must endure when you sleep on a bed that sags. Muscles and nerves suffer accordingly and comfort and deep sleep are impossible.

If you have never slept on a De Luxe spring you have a delightful experience ahead. Arrange for a trial at once.

The furniture or department stores where you usually trade sell De Luxe springs. For your protection ask for them by name. There are scores of bedsprings on the market, made in every conceivable type of construction. We ourselves make many different types of springs. But the comfort and lifetime wear that a De Luxe spring gives are found only in bedsprings that bear the De Luxe label.

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A BAD YOUNG MAN

(Continued from Page 38)

Larry started, clenched his fists, and the color left his face. "What?"

Seeing that the shot had hit, Morton Larrabee followed it up.

"Yes, I know. I'm not bluffing. I saw you leave in my car. I made up my mind to teach you a lesson. I phoned to the police post at the town line—for I saw you head in the direction of Pine Valley—to stop you and bring you back here. This morning Officer Quinlan made a report to me. You passed him going at least fifty miles an hour. Quinlan pursued you on his motorcycle, but could not overtake you, and he lost your trail. However, he made investigations and was able to ascertain where you went. He found that a person answering your description appeared at the Red Roof Inn in an advanced stage of intoxication. You there became involved in a drunken brawl with another man over a girl. Unfortunately, the officer could not get the names of the man or the girl, or even a description of them, for he got to the Red Roof Inn some time after you had left with, so he was informed, the woman. Well?"

Larry Larrabee consulted his knuckles for half a minute.

"If you knew all this," he said, "why did you ask me?"

"Because I had the foolish hope that you would make a clean breast of it. Instead, you tried to pretend that you had been doing something praiseworthy. Well?"

"I stick to what I said. I'm glad I did what I did."

"Lawrence, I am a just man ——"

"So you said."

His father's glare would have fractured a stone. "Because I am fair, I stand willing to give you a chance to prove the truth of your assertion," said Morton Larrabee.

"I can't."

"There were witnesses," said Mr. Larrabee.

"Who?"

"The other man and the girl. They could substantiate your story, if it is the true one."

Larry examined the knuckles of his right hand, minutely inspected the place where they were a bit barked. Then he looked up at his father.

"You've got me cornered," he said. "I've been a chump to think I could outsmart an old fox like you. I can't prove my story. I don't know who the man was, or the girl. Never saw them before. No idea where they came from or who they are. Guess I might as well come across and spill the works."

"At last," said his father grimly.

"I craved a party last night. Felt like a big bust, that's all. So I helped myself to one. First, I tightened up on some of your rye. Then I pinched the car and the ten, and blew out to the Red Roof Inn, looking for fireworks. There I ran into a fellow and a girl. Total strangers. I was pretty steamed up by then. Felt like a fight, so I picked one. Told the fellow I thought he had obscene ears, or something playful like that. He told me to go back to my cage in the zoo. One word led to another. I socked him, and he socked me, and then we socked each other. Finally he hit me a wicked wallop on the fist with his chin."

Larry grinned reminiscently.

"He went out like a light. I grabbed the girl and tried to carry her off. I don't know why. It seemed like a sound idea at the time. Maybe I thought I was Sir Galahad. Anyhow, she squawked, so I put her out of the car before we'd gone a hundred yards, and I suppose she went back to her boy friend. I felt homesick and came home. That's all."

"H'm," said Mr. Larrabee. "H'm."

He wagged his head. "This," he said, addressing himself, "is my son speaking."

"I am willing to resign as your son."

"You have already done so. After your scandalous conduct last night I owe nothing more to you."

"I want nothing more. I'll leave the house today, and get a job in Bellemere, if it is only delivering groceries or driving an ash cart."

Mr. Larrabee's frown deepened. "Not so fast, young man," he said. "I can't have that."

"You've disowned me?"

"Yes."

"Put me out?"

"Yes."

"Then it seems to me," observed Larry, "that I am free to do what I please. I," he added, "have always wanted to drive the city sprinkling cart."

"I approve," declared Mr. Larrabee, "of honest toil in any form. But I have my position in the community to consider. I cannot have my son pointed out to visiting bankers, on top of the municipal sprinkling cart."

"Will you make me a vice president of your bank, then?"

"No!" Larrabee fairly shouted. "And please refrain from levity."

"Nearly everybody nowadays is the vice president of a bank," remarked Larry.

"Wait. I must think."

Morton Larrabee corrugated his brows. "You must leave Bellemere," he announced.

"But I don't want to, now."

"I see no reason why you should stay here."

"I have one."

"What?"

"A private reason."

"There's no chance for you here."

"Perhaps."

"With your reputation I doubt if you could find employment even on a sprinkling cart," said Mr. Larrabee.

"You don't have to be a saint to get a job as a whitewing," said Larry.

"I'll not have it," said Mr. Larrabee with vehemence. "Now if I were a young man"—Mr. Larrabee's voice held a persuasive note—"I'd be interested in the opportunities that exist today in ships and shipping ——"

"I will not join the Navy and see the world," said Larry firmly. "You know I don't care a hoot about ships or shipping."

Mr. Larrabee, Sr., turned on that combination of scientific cajolery and coercion which he used at directors' meetings to get his way.

"I am willing," he said, "to help you, Lawrence, to start on a career which, I am sure, will prove attractive to you. After all, I am your father. I think—think, mind you—that I might be able to secure a place for you with Nicholas Penhallow——"

"Building yachts?"

"Mr. Penhallow, as you know, is the foremost designer and builder of yachts in America," said Mr. Larrabee, "and a splendid fellow too. It will not be at all easy to get you into his organization. But if you do get in, and work hard, and behave yourself, a very successful future is assured you. Come now, Lawrence, you've drifted long enough. Here's your chance."

"It means going to Maine, doesn't it?"

"To Kayport, Maine," said Mr. Larrabee.

"I don't want to go to Kayport, Maine," said Larry. "I'd rather stay here."

"You cannot stay here," said Mr. Larrabee, beginning to seethe again. "That's final. With such influential citizens antagonistic to you as Commodore Bangs, Mr. Dort ——"

"And Mr. Morton Larrabee," put in Larry.

"Yes, and Mr. Morton Larrabee," said that gentleman, "you would find life in Bellemere extremely difficult. I warn you, Lawrence, unless you go, I'll be compelled to take drastic measures."

Larry peered darkly into his cup of coffee, long grown cold.

"Oh, very well," he said resignedly. "As usual, you hold all the aces. Can't buck the whole blooming town. Kayport it is. Banished to Kayport. Oh, well ——"

"That's settled," said Mr. Larrabee. "Come to my office in the bank before noon. I'll go there now—and I shall be twenty minutes late too—and send off suitable letters of introduction to Mr. Penhallow on the morning express. There will be a ticket on the northbound local at the bank for you, and likewise some money. Please understand that it will be the last money you can expect from me."

"All right," said Larry. "But look here, will it be necessary to send letters about me?"

"It will. Mr. Penhallow must be told about you. Jove, it's after nine. I must be off."

Mr. Larrabee, Sr., was off. He wore the air of a satisfied Spartan. Larry sat awhile at the table, abstractedly gulping cold coffee. Then he went up to his room and began to crowd shirts and socks and odds and ends of personal belongings into an ancient suitcase.

Toward noon he left his father's house and started down the street, bearing his suitcase. He was dressed in his only presentable suit and his solitary necktie. Three blocks away from his father's house he passed the imposing residence of Commodore Bangs, which boasted of a cupola, a porte-cochère, an expanse of lawns and gardens. He averted his gaze and increased his pace as he passed the commodore's house; for, out of the corner of an eye, he caught a glimpse of a figure, curled up around a book on a porch hammock, and the figure wore a zebra-striped sweater and blond curls. It cost him an effort not to stop. He did want to say good-by to Poppy Bangs.

He had been thinking about her—on the way home the night before, and a large part of that morning. He had been putting to himself this question: "Why did I butt in and yank her away from Freddy Trask? Why did I do it, really? Can I kid myself and say it was just plain nobility on my part?" He had to admit that when he planned to do it and while he was doing it, his motives seemed to him altruistic enough. Were they, though? He looked hard at his hand, which clutched the handle of his suitcase. It was, he remembered, the hand she had kissed. He let slip a word of the sort the board of governors of the yacht club disapproved. It was uttered in despair. Asinine of him to feel the way he did. Why try? Why knock his head against a granite wall?

"A funny-looking bum like me, and banished too," he said to himself, and plodded on faster.

"Hey! Larry!" Poppy Bangs had spied him, and she came racing down the path and along the street after him.

"Morning, Poppy. Handsome day, isn't it? Well, I've got to gallop along."

He started to move again.

"What's the rush?" Miss Bangs asked. "Where are you going with that bag?"

"Carrying it for exercise," he said. "Bag carrying, splendid exercise. Develops biceps, triceps and pectoral muscles."

She looked at him doubtfully. "But why the snappy blue serge and the necktie?"

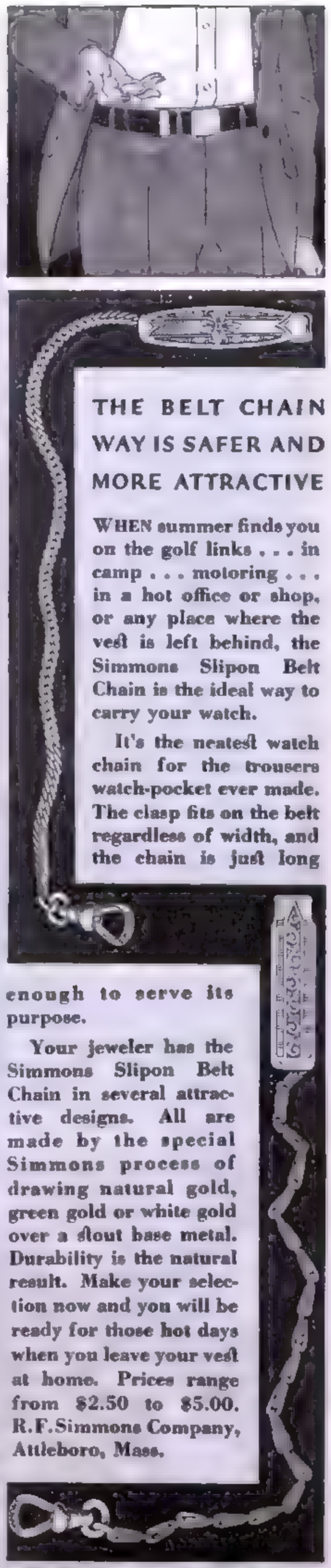
Larry set down his suitcase. "This is hardly the time or place, Miss Bangs, to play twenty questions."

"Larry Larrabee, stop cracking wise, and tell me what you are up to now."

"Let me remind you that you are apt to get your young neck twisted if your father catches you talking to me. I seem to detect him yonder looking for bugs on the rosebushes."

Poppy glanced hastily over her shoulder. "He won't notice," she said. "He's a one-idea man. If it's bugs, it's bugs and nothing else but, with dad. Besides, his back is turned to us. What's up, Larry?"

(Continued on Page 157)



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WHEN summer finds you on the golf links . . . in camp . . . motoring . . . in a hot office or shop, or any place where the vest is left behind, the Simmons Slipon Belt Chain is the ideal way to carry your watch.

It's the neatest watch chain for the trousers watch-pocket ever made. The clasp fits on the belt regardless of width, and the chain is just long enough to serve its purpose.

Your jeweler has the Simmons Slipon Belt Chain in several attractive designs. All are made by the special Simmons process of drawing natural gold, green gold or white gold over a stout base metal. Durability is the natural result. Make your selection now and you will be ready for those hot days when you leave your vest at home. Prices range from $2.50 to $5.00. R.F.Simmons Company, Attleboro, Mass.

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Get more for your money!

How does the car owner benefit by the United States Rubber Company's operation of its own Cotton Mills?

COTTON CORD is the backbone of every tire. So no tire can be better than the cord used in it—and the quality of United States Tires benefits greatly by these cord mills.

They were established ten years ago solely for the purpose of producing an adequate supply of uniformly high grade tire cord, made strictly according to the specifications laid down for United States Tires.

The establishment and operation of these mills, like every other United States Rubber Company development, leads directly to longer tire life and greater value for the car owner's dollar.

UNITED STATES

ROYAL CORD

BALLOON

UNITED STATES TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES

Built by the FLAT BAND METHOD

Answering some further Questions about "Getting More for Your Money" in tires

Q. Does the United States Rubber Company carry the policy of producing its own materials further than the spinning of its own cord?

A. A great deal further. It owns and operates the largest producing rubber plantation in the world. There are 136,000 acres in the U. S. Rubber Plantations and over 7,000,000 rubber trees. This development dates back to 1909.

Q. Is the rubber from these Plantations any better than other rubber?

A. The Plantations have an international reputation for the improvements they have made in the scientific culture of rubber trees and for the uniformly high quality of their product.

Q. You say "Made by the Flat Band Method from Sprayed Rubber and Web Cord." What have these to do with getting more for your money?

A. A great deal. The Flat Band Method builds tires in which every cord is under uniform tension. Sprayed Rubber is the purest and toughest rubber known. Web Cord gives a more intimate union between the cords and the rubber than is possible in any other way. All these United States Rubber Company developments work together for *longer wearing tires.*

United States Rubber Company

from SPRAYED RUBBER and WEB CORD

This Washer does the LAST HARD HALF —*rinsing and drying* as well as washing

To have complete relief from washday drudgery, you must have freedom from the Last Hard Half—hand-rinsing and all wringing. The wringerless Savage Washer and Dryer does this Last Hard Half for you!

ON washday do you labor with your hands in hot water? Do you use set tubs for rinsing and bluing? Do you handle the clothes piece by piece? Do you strain your back and risk personal injury feeding them through a wringer? If so, you are needlessly doing hazardous hard work.

If you do the rinsing and feed a wringer you yourself are doing the Last Hard Half. For at most, washing and bluing is only the first half of the complete job.

But remember, you can own a washer, the wringerless Savage with its "Spin-Rinse, Spin-Dry" that saves you the Last Hard Half—hand-rinsing and all wringing, as well as the work of washing. And it's safe!

Picture the Savage doing this for you! In a few minutes it washes everything thoroughly. Then without putting a hand in the water the clothes are spin-rinsed in the same tub by a flowing spray of fresh hot water direct from the faucet. In *two minutes* shut off the water; then, without any effort on your part, the Savage spin-dries the whole load in *one minute* more, ready to hang out.

Thus, the wringerless Savage, with "Spin-Rinse, Spin-Dry," not only does the washing for you but also the rinsing and drying—the Last Hard Half!

Already over 100,000 women are letting the Savage, with its "Spin-Rinse, Spin-Dry," do the *complete job* for them.

Your local Savage dealer will show you how the Savage does the complete job—washing, rinsing and drying—*in less time than you can do it by any other machine or method.*

Mail this request coupon for a free illustrated booklet, "Gone! Washday's Last Hard Half."

The Wringerless SAVAGE *Washer & Dryer*

FASTEST IN THE WORLD

with the exclusive "Spin-Rinse, Spin-Dry" *feature*

Made and Guaranteed by
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203 Savage Avenue
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Owners and Operators of
J. STEVENS ARMS COMPANY, Chicopee Falls, Mass.
Largest Manufacturers of Shot Guns in the World

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Savage Wringerless Washer and Dryer
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Send me free illustrated story of how I can end the Last Hard Half of the washing task.

Name.....

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(Continued from Page 153

"Not a thing. Can't I take a bag out for a walk if I want to?"

"Larry!"

"What?"

"Did you get into trouble with your father because—because of last night?"

"I did not," he answered promptly.

"Sure?"

"Sure."

"Where are you going then?"

"Away."

"Where?"

"Secret."

"You shouldn't keep secrets from me." She flushed a little.

"Sorry, but I must keep this one. It isn't of any consequence though."

"When will you be back?"

"I don't know. Sooner or later." Then he added, "Just a little trip. Important business. Doing it for dad. He's sending me to Honolulu to buy a ripe pineapple for him. Dad dotes on ripe pineapples."

"Larry, there's something more in this than meets the eye."

"There is in everything," he said, and to grin as he said it involved an effort on his part.

"I'm sorry you're going."

"I am, too, Poppy."

"You'll come back as soon as you can?"

"Yes."

"Larry, you do look peculiar ——"

"No comments on my personal appearance, young woman ——"

"I mean sort of blue and sunk."

"Do I?" He forced another grin. "I'm worrying, I guess, about dad pining for his pineapple, while I stand here bickering with you."

"Larry, I know there is something up. Don't you want to tell me?"

He looked at her soberly. "Poppy Bangs," he said, "there is just one thing I want to tell you—oh, the devil, here comes the ice-and-coal king with his hair on fire."

Commodore Bangs was stumping down the path, his face the hue of one of his own prize giant-of-battle roses.

"Poppy!" he thundered. "Poppy!"

"Yes, dad."

"Go into the house."

"But, dad ——"

"I said go into the house."

"Oh, you wear me out," said his daughter. "Good-by, Larry."

Right in the presence of the commodore, Larry Larrabee took Poppy's hand and shook it, squeezing it so tightly she made a grimace.

"Good-by, Poppy," he said. "Good morning to you, commodore."

"Mumph!" said the commodore. "Mumph!" and led his daughter away.

Larry's freckles stood out in bold relief, and his eyes were snapping. Loudly, distinctly, he shouted at the commodore's retreating back:

"Mumph yourself, you purple-nose hoptoad."

Then he picked up his suitcase and marched briskly down the street. At his father's bank they told him that his father was out inspecting a new real-estate development on the edge of the town and would not be back until late that afternoon. Morton Larrabee had left an envelope for his son. It contained a one-way ticket to Kayport, Maine, fifty dollars, and a note.

"Watch your step." That was all the note said.

At the Bellemere station Larry Larrabee sank down forlornly on a bench to wait for his train. Inside him was the feeling of a man who has eaten a large number of concrete dumplings, with vinegar sauce. He was never going to see Bellemere again. That didn't matter so much to him. And he was never going to see Poppy Bangs again. That did matter.

"Hello, old sport."

He looked up sourly. Gil Duryea, idling about the station, was speaking to him.

"Hello, Gil."

"Going away?"

"No."

"Where are you going?"

"Sandwich Islands."

"Meaning Baltimore, I suppose."

The choir-boy face of young Mr. Duryea took on a knowing look.

"Say," he said, "I can tip you off to something pretty good there ——"

"Thanks. Save it for yourself."

"What a fine attack of dyspepsia you turned out to be," said Mr. Duryea.

"Oh, go grease for the channel."

The alert Mr. Duryea, spying a railroad ticket protruding from Larry's vest pocket, plucked it out deftly and examined it.

"H'm, Kayport."

"Give that ticket back, you yegg."

"So you're going to Kayport."

"No, Key West."

"I know Kayport," remarked Gil.

"Who cares?"

"You'll have one sweet time there," was Mr. Duryea's opinion.

"Anything will be better than this burg."

"You don't know Kayport. I spent a summer with the family there once. One of those jolly New England towns where everybody goes to bed at ten. You'll be as welcome there as a burglar in your old man's safe. Only live place within miles is Scarletti's Casino, out on Pigeon Point. Not bad for a hick town. Wine, women and song."

Larry pointedly yawned.

"What's eating you anyhow, Larry?" asked Gil. "Have you turned over a new leaf or something?"

"Starting a new book," said Larry.

"Simple life forevermore?"

"Did I say so? I'm going to tell you something, Gil Duryea. I've had a bad reputation pinned on me in this town. It's got so now that when I do a decent thing, all I get is a bust in the kisser. Well, I'm going to a town where they don't know much about me, and I'm going to make a reputation for myself. It's going to be a bright red one too. Gil, I'm through with the golden-rule stuff. I'm going up there to Kayport and hit the high spots. People here have tabbed me as a bandit, when I wasn't one. Now I'm going to be a bandit. I'm going to shock those Maine natives knock-kneed. Hereafter, no matter what bad things you hear about me, they'll all be true."

Gil laughed. "Good luck, old sport," he said. "Here comes your train."

Over the small-sized town of Kayport, Maine, hovers an atmosphere of repose and respectability. The houses about the green have elderly white faces, and the windows are eyes which look with well-bred aloofness at passers-by. Everything in Kayport, from the churches to the fire hydrants, seems to be saying: "Kayport was Kayport when Chicago was a bog and Detroit was populated exclusively by porcupines." A gentle prosperity with nothing new or gaudy about it is reflected by the trim, tree-lined streets, the sedate stores, the venerable dwellings. From Lighthouse Hill the great house of Nicholas Penhallow looks benignly down on lesser dwellings.

The first Penhallow chased the last Indian out of Kayport, and the Penhallows are still there. About the miniature harbor cluster the Penhallow works. Over the door, in old-fashioned script, are the words:

N. PENHALLOW, SHIPBUILDER

It does not refer to the present N. Penhallow, but to the first owner of that name, who fashioned clipper ships when the country was still in swaddling clothes. It has weathered winds and storms, just as the first Penhallow ship weathered them on its trips round the Horn, loaded with ice for China. Over the modern works, which specialize in the making of fine yachts, the current N. Penhallow proudly presides.

He was in his office that morning, very busy. This made it like most of the mornings of his life. He was a short, square, staccato man of sixty, who moved and talked in a series of energetic jerks. He looked like a sailor just home from a six months trip to Java, for his face wore that red-bronze, coffee-tomato hue which comes from treading sun-beaten decks, and his nautical blue eyes seemed always to be scanning, quizzically, some horizon. He was the sort of man who instantly suggested that if he was on a ship he was sure to be the captain of that ship.

"Miss Shaw. Oh, Miss Shaw. Look here, Miss Shaw."

"Yes, Mr. Penhallow," answered his secretary.

"That young man now. Outside. Waiting. Ask him to come in, please."

Into the presence of Nicholas Penhallow was ushered Mr. Lawrence Larrabee, formerly of Bellemere. Larry looked at Mr. Penhallow nervously, almost suspiciously. Mr. Penhallow bounded at him, gave him an incisive handshake with a leathery hand.

"Good morning. Glad to see you. Sit down. There. Want to build ships, eh?" said Nicholas Penhallow.

"Well, yes, sir," Larry admitted.

"Good. Good. You've come to the right shop. Delighted to have you. Need young blood. Right sort, of course. What?"

Larry looked at him uncertainly.

"Character," went on Mr. Penhallow, speaking like popping corn. "Most important. Ships must have it. Ships are no better than the men who build them. What?"

"Yes, sir."

"Always very careful whom I take in here," said Mr. Penhallow. "Know all about you."

Larry reached for his hat.

"Unusual young man," said Mr. Penhallow. "For this generation, I mean. Know you and I will get on splendidly. Lots of work to do here. Outside the business, as well as inside. Boys' clubs. Night classes for workers. Boy Scouts. All need leadership. Know you'll want to pitch right in. What?"

Larry listened, bewildered. Was the man mad? That was Larry's first hurried theory. His second was that there was a grave error somewhere. Mr. Penhallow was at it again.

"Ready to go to work, what? Start you in the yards. Way I did. Only way. Put you through the mill, what? Know a fellow like you will make good."

Larry found words. "Mr. Penhallow," he said, "are you sure you mean me?"

"Eh? What's that? Who the devil else could I mean?"

"But, I mean—well, you see I'm Lawrence Larrabee, from Bellemere, you know ——"

"Didn't think you were the Sultan of Sulu," said Mr. Penhallow. "Of course, you're Morton Larrabee's son. Chip off the old block, what?"

Larry gaped at him.

"I—I'm afraid not, sir."

"Modest," said Mr. Penhallow, wagging his head approvingly. "Good trait, if not overdone. But you can't fool me, Larrabee. Everyone says I'm keen judge of people. I know you'll measure up to what I've heard about you."

Larry blinked. If Mr. Penhallow was not mad, then he was a sardonic humorist.

He saw Mr. Penhallow jerk a thumb at some papers on his desk.

"Letters," said Mr. Penhallow. "About you. From Bellemere. Your father. Commodore Bangs. Mr. Dort."

Larry took a firm grip on his hat. He was ready for the moment when Mr. Penhallow should tire of his jest.

"You really want me to go to work for you?" Larry faltered.

"Said so, didn't I? Good chance for young man like you here. Hard work. But you don't mind that, what?"

He seemed to mean it.

"Now," Mr. Penhallow said, "I'll turn you over to Captain Tyler, boss of the yards. Great chap. Knows ships. Listen to what he says, but don't mind how he says it."

Larry's face showed that he was mystified by this admonition.

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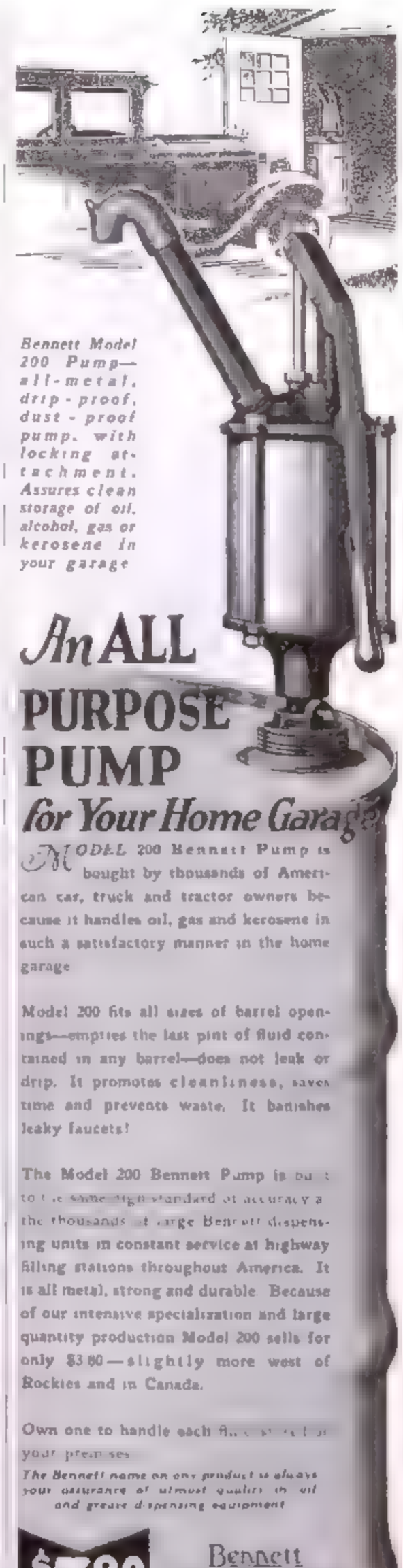

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Here is her formula. "Pancakes with Log Cabin Syrup." The mere announcement has the amazing power to transform the grouchiest "early morning grizzly" into a smiling human being. And when a man smiles before breakfast, he's off to a flying start.

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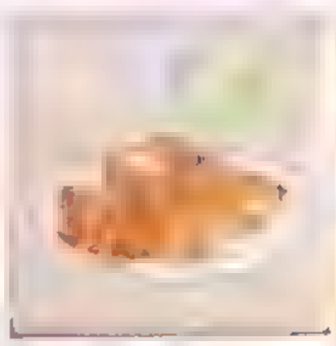
But be sure and use only Log Cabin Syrup. For it's the real secret of delicious pancakes and waffles. So many syrups fail—because they're merely sweet. And men want that tangy Log Cabin flavor of real maple that is only to be found in Log Cabin Syrup.

Why millions prefer

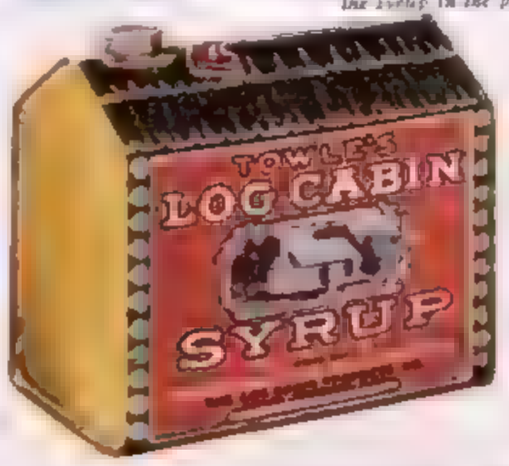
Log Cabin Syrup just naturally makes pancakes and waffles delicious. For it has the luscious flavor of pure maple. An enticing maple flavor that *permeates* every bite with rich goodness. That is why it is the most popular high-grade syrup in the world.

We use only the two choicest kinds of maple — New England and Canadian. These are blended with purest granulated sugar. By the famous 40-year-old Towle process. Nothing else is used. Hence, the delicious maple flavor—rare and melting.



French Toast—another popular Log Cabin recipe. If you've seen men say it is as good as pancakes or waffles. You should try it. So be sure to send for our "24 ways to vary the menu."

Log Cabin Sweet Potatoes—cut cooked sweet potatoes in half lengthwise and lay in buttered dish. Spread with butter and pour on Log Cabin Syrup. Bake in moderate oven, basting often with the syrup in the pan.



Make this test

We are so sure that you will be delighted with Log Cabin Syrup that we make you this offer. Order a can from your grocer today. Then have pancakes or waffles. If you do not agree that Log Cabin is the most delicious syrup you have ever used—that with it your pancakes or waffles taste better than any you have ever eaten—return the unused portion of the can to us. We will refund the *full* purchase price, including postage.

Log Cabin Syrup comes in three sizes. Order from your grocer today and make this test—*at our risk*. If he can't supply you, send us his name and we will see that you are supplied at once.

Free Offer: "24 ways to vary the menu." Write today for these new, delightful Log Cabin recipes. Send name and address. A postcard will do.

THE LOG CABIN PRODUCTS COMPANY
Dept. 18, ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA
THE CENTER OF NORTH AMERICA

Towle's **LOG CABIN** *Syrup*

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(Continued from Page 157)

"Old sea dog," explained Mr. Penhallow. "Scandalously profane. Curses fit to bend a spike. May shock you. Bad habit, picked up at sea. Try not to let it worry you."

Mr. Penhallow got up from his chair as if a bee had stung him.

"Wait here," he directed. "I'll speak to Captain Tyler about you."

As he bustled out of the door he threw over his shoulder: "Read the letters if you want to."

With hands which trembled somewhat, Larry seized the first letter. It bore, he saw, his father's precise signature.

Dear Penhallow: I am sending my son, Lawrence, to you in the hope that you can find a place for him in your organization. I wanted him to go into my bank, but Lawrence is deeply interested in mechanics and construction. So, reluctantly, I have yielded to his wishes in the matter of a career, and am recommending him to you. As his father I am not in a position to present, impartially, his qualifications. So, I am asking some of our leading citizens, who have known Lawrence well all his life, to write to you about him.

I'll greatly appreciate it if you will give him a chance to learn shipbuilding under you. I feel confident that Lawrence, in a short time, will demonstrate to you the sort of young man he is. Yours sincerely,

MORTON LARRABEE.

"Gosh," murmured Larry. "Gosh."

He anxiously scanned the next letter, for he saw it was on the letter paper of Bangs & Co., Coal, Ice and Lumber. State-wide Service.

Commodore Bangs had written:

It will be a real pleasure to write you about Lawrence Larrabee, so that I may help him secure a position with you in Kayport. Lawrence is a young man of exceptional character. Indeed, he has served as a model for many of the young men of Bellemere. I will not attempt to tell you in detail about his activities in our Sunday school, our church choir, our Boy Scouts, our Civic Welfare Work, or our Y. M. C. A. Nor will I dwell upon his habits or his industry. I feel sure that you will find out for yourself just how unusual a young man Lawrence is.

The unusual young man put down the letter with a whistle. Gingerly he picked up the next one—from Mr. Dort, who wrote:

I have known Lawrence Larrabee a long time. What a young man! I have seen him develop into a type of young American manhood which is rather rare. I think I speak for the entire town of Bellemere when I say that we are watching his future with the greatest interest, for we consider him capable of anything. We all hope that you will give him a position in Kayport.

"Gosh," said Larry, "they certainly did want to get rid of me!"

His face hardened.

"I'll show them," he said. "The mealy-mouthed stiffs! Capable of anything, am I? They'll see. They can't ship me off here to the end of the world away from everything—and Poppy—and give me the raucous ha-ha. Nobody can blame me for turning outlaw when I get treated like that."

He turned from the letters to meet Mr. Penhallow, who came chugging in followed by Captain Tyler—a tug towing a liner into port.

Captain Tyler's bulk filled the office—and it was no den of an office either.

"This is Larrabee, captain," said Mr. Penhallow.

Captain Tyler stuck out a hand like a catcher's mitt.

"How do?" he rumbled.

"Teach him the ropes, captain," said Mr. Penhallow. "He's a good one."

"Hope so," said Captain Tyler, and looked as if he were not convinced. He addressed Larry. "Look here, young man. The skipper has told me about you. Get this: Shipbuilding is a man's work. That gang I got working out there ain't no bunch of lilies of the valley. They ain't strong on pink teas and psalm singing, but they build ships that stand the gaff. They talk loose and play rough. You've got to put up with them. Maybe"—Captain Tyler leered playfully—"you can set them a good example. But mark this. I don't give a"—here the captain used words of more picturesqueness than refinement—"whether a fellow is a saint or a sinner, so long as he does his job. Come with me."

"Oh, Larrabee," called Nicholas Penhallow, as Larry started to leave in the wake of Captain Tyler, "I've taken a room for you at the Y."

Larry looked dismayed. "Thank you, sir, but—well, I sort of thought I'd get a room in some boarding house or somewhere ——"

"None of them would suit a fellow like you," said Mr. Penhallow. "Good luck to you."

Larry Larrabee followed the bright red neck of Captain Tyler out into the humming yards, into a pounding of hammers and a buzzing of saws.

"Start you on a paint job," said the captain, "under Pete Sales. Today you watch. Tomorrow you report at eight sharp in dungarees, ready to paint."

They found Peter Sales busily painting, and trolling out in a strong voice a ballad about a young lady named Lulu, obviously not a nice person.

"Stop that caterwauling, you fried-faced simian-nosed son of a gorilla," said Captain Tyler in effect.

Mr. Sales did so.

"Pete," said the captain, "this is young Larrabee. Friend of the boss. Going to work here. He's no roughneck. Get me?"

"Sure. Hello."

"I leave you to Pete," said Captain Tyler, and strode away.

Pete began to paint again. Larry looked on the rest of the day, rather morosely. He wished he could forget all about Bellemere, but it was hard not to think about it, and about Poppy. He decided he was a fool. He must concentrate on the art of Mr. Sales.

That evening when he went to sleep in his room in the Y his throat was hoarse. All evening he had been singing. He hadn't wanted to sing. He hadn't felt in the least like singing. But a hearty young secretary had pounced on him and had said:

"Mr. Penhallow phoned about you. We sure are glad to have a fellow like you with us. Tonight we have a sing in the gym. Good chance for you to get acquainted with the crowd."

So Larry spent the evening singing K-K-Katy and Didn't He Ramble? The crowd he met struck him as being a rather friendly lot—young men, mostly, who were employed in the Penhallow works. They seemed most cordial to him. Larry judged from what they said that Mr. Penhallow had spent at least part of that day telling people about him. Under the influence of the spirit of cordiality, not to mention ham sandwiches and grape juice, Larry found himself accepting invitations to dine at the homes of several of the men; also, rather to his horror, when he thought it over, he found that he had promised to take over a Boy Scout troop and to lend his plentiful if untrained barytone to the church choir. He accused himself of being a supine, weak-minded, easy-going fool, in his room afterward.

Next day, in dungarees, he reported to Pete Sales and was initiated into the preliminary mysteries of ship painting. It looked so easy—just sloshing on paint. He found it wasn't. He wondered why he stuck at it all that day, and the next and the next. He decided that it was because of Pete Sales' supercilious expression.

"He thinks," said Larry to himself, as he painted away, "that I'm a sissified, clumsy mutt. I'll show the weasel that he's not the only top-notch paint slinger in the state of Maine."

So he painted furiously, if inexpertly. When evening came he was too besmeared with paint and perspiration, too weary in mind and muscle, to be up to much beyond a bath, a great deal of food, and a mystery novel in bed, over which he drowsed until, at an early hour, imperious sleep closed his eyes just at so crucial a moment as when the detective finds the corpse of the duchess in the flour barrel.

"Funny!"

Larry was indulging in philosophic speculation. It was the twenty-seventh of September, and as it was also Larry Larrabee's twenty-third birthday, he considered it a proper moment for introspection. The adjective referred equally to himself and to his life during the past five months in Kayport.

He was in his box of a room, trying on a new suit he had bought out of his earnings as an apprentice shipbuilder. He was proud of that suit. It was not so expensive a suit as he had had bought for him by his father, but he liked it better than any he ever owned. He would wear it that evening when he went to dine with the Reverend Doctor Smallwood and his family. Afterward he would dutifully dance with each of the four plump and giggling Smallwood daughters, and then be back in his room and in bed by a little after eleven.

"Funny," he remarked again.

He examined himself in his mirror as if he were looking at a stranger.

"It can't be," he mused, "that I am getting middle-aged. You don't get middle-aged till you're at least thirty. Yet ——"

He ran a mental eye back over his career in Kayport. In bed practically every night by eleven. No buns; no wild parties; and no scrapes. Yes, he could not be entirely healthy. He couldn't understand himself. What he had intended to do in Kayport and what, in point of fact, he had done, were widely different. He carefully considered his life since leaving Bellemere.

Through Mr. Penhallow he had met the nicest families in the town of Kayport. They had been most hospitable to him; had invited him to dinner, to teas, to mild parties. That did not greatly surprise him; for, after all, he reflected, he was the son of a bank president, knew his forks, and had gone, if for very brief periods, to Princeton, Yale and Williams. Moreover, the great man of the town, Mr. Penhallow, was his sponsor. What did surprise him was that everybody in Kayport continued to be friendly to him. Only now, after months, was he convinced that there was no catch in it.

They actually seemed to like him. More astonishing still, they treated him as if he were a nice, normal young man who could be counted on to behave with a reasonable amount of decorum. Nobody, apparently, in Kayport expected him to perpetrate anything scandalous. Without really being conscious of it, he had fallen in with their opinion of him.

Another incredible thought struck him during his birthday meditations. He did not, apparently, mind working. That seemed unlikely, but the fact was that he had kept prodigiously busy at the works, first painting, until even Pete Sales grudgingly admitted that Larry handled a competent brush; then in the stock room, chasing parts; now outside, helping assemble the machinery and install it in the yachts.

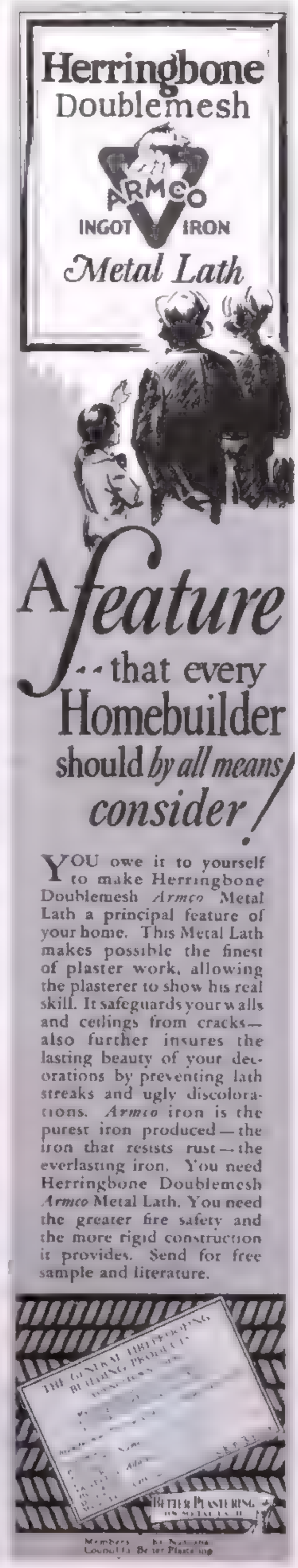
Only last week Mr. Penhallow himself had said, "Lawrence, I'm pleased with the way you've taken hold of your job. Of course, I knew you would."

It seemed as if Mr. Penhallow really meant it. He had given Larry some proof that he did by voluntarily raising Larry's pay. Ten dollars more a week. Yes, Mr. Penhallow could not be joking.

Larry peered at his face in the mirror. Every freckle seemed to be in its proper place. He looked well and he felt well. But was he well? Wasn't there something very wrong with him, if he led a life beyond reproach all summer and didn't seem to mind if he did? He shook his head with the air of a man confronted by a mystery. If there was any explanation of his exemplary conduct, he decided, it was this: He had been too busy to be bad. Circumstance, so it seemed to him, had forced him into playing a virtuous rôle.

"Funny," he said.

(Continued on Page 161)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As long as you wish You can keep the *sweet inviting* MOUTH of YOUTH

EVEN more important than brushing the teeth is caring for six little glands in your mouth.

If you keep them active, they pour out the fluids that counteract dangerous acids of decay and keep the teeth and gums sound, gloriously young and healthy.

But few of us have kept the Mouth of Youth.

From childhood on, soft foods have slowed up the mouth glands, the real guardians that prevent decay. Too little chewing does not keep them exercised, vigorous. Then decay begins.

That is why in Pebeco a formula was worked out especially to correct faltering mouth glands. As you brush your teeth you can taste the slightly salty main ingredient in Pebeco that does this so effectively.

With daily use, Pebeco renews the youthful vigor of the mouth glands. The important substance in it restores for you the gay and lovely Mouth of Youth. A tingling sensation after brushing tells you that your whole mouth is refreshed, kept vigorous, young.

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Lost sometimes even in our teens

Even while we are very young, soft foods gradually rob the important little mouth glands of their youthful vigor. The numbers show them, three on each side. Pebeco contains the important substance that restores their normal healthy action, keeping teeth clean and protected day and night.

Merry laughter and brilliant smiles are part of youth's good times

You know your teeth are lovely and charming when you have used Pebeco. Your breath is pure and sweet, your whole mouth wholesome and fresh.

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Send me free your new large sample tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste. PRINT PLAINLY IN PENCIL

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(Continued from Page 159)

Then he walked over to the Reverend Doctor Smallwood's house.

They were at dinner.

"Have another chop, Lawrence."

"Yes, thank you, though I'm afraid that makes the fourth."

"You need it, I guess," said the Reverend Doctor Smallwood. "Nicholas Penhallow tells me you work like a beaver."

"You come from Bellemere, don't you?" asked Celia, the second of the Smallwood girls.

"Yes."

"I know a girl from there," said Miss Smallwood. "I went to school with her. A perfect dear too."

"Yes?" said Larry.

"I wonder if you know her."

"What's her name?"

"Poppy Bangs."

Larry stopped worrying the chop. "Oh, yes," he said, and he was glad he had freckles then, for they camouflage a flush, "I know her—slightly. Bellemere's a small place. You more or less know everybody."

"I had a letter from Poppy last week," said Miss Smallwood.

"Did you?" he asked quickly. Then, striving to appear casual, "How is she?"

"Well. And she wrote she is coming to Kayport soon," said Miss Smallwood. "Next Friday, in fact."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

A RETIRED BUSINESS MAN LOOKS AT BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 33)

The average American citizen is enough of an individualist to walk through the hotel lobby and out to a quick-lunch counter if he feels like it.

If I have any criticism to make it is that business does not try to encourage this individualistic quality. Rather the tendency seems to be for business to discourage it. I guess I can best illustrate what I mean by telling of the situation in a small town out in the Northwest where I spent a couple of months. Like most other towns nowadays, this one is trying to cash in on the automobile-tourist business. The chamber of commerce has set up signs, "Welcome to Blankville" and "Good-by. Come again," on all the roads leading into Main Street, and also maintains a free information bureau and rest room, with writing materials and picture post cards, for the use of travelers. The municipality operates a first-class tourist camp. There are two reasonably good hotels. In spite of these things, there is general complaint that the town doesn't get its share of the travelers' money. All summer long a stream of automobiles full of prosperous-looking people whiz in by the Welcome sign and out again past the Good-by sign, with hardly a pause. The chamber-of-commerce president told me his members couldn't understand it and were inclined to think the tourist business is overrated.

To an outsider it was easy enough to see why the chamber-of-commerce workers were disappointed in results. Instead of trying to give their town individuality they had gone out of their way to do precisely the same things that a thousand other towns were doing. For one thing, they had rechristened some of their streets that had Indian names, and changed them to First, Second, Third Avenue, and so on. Probably this was done in order to make tourists feel perfectly at home. But people go touring for the express purpose of getting away from familiar surroundings! The name of a former local Indian tribe on a signpost might give pause, but Second Avenue certainly would not.

No Great Inducement

Something of the same condition existed on the town's Main Street. There are two blocks of stores, all nice brick buildings with plate-glass show windows; and here, if anywhere, would be the place to ensnare the nimble dollars of touring citizens. But Main Street also seemed to be doing its best to look like every other Main Street. Four show windows out of five appeared as though they had been trimmed with the same incentive that had dictated the removal of the Indian names from the residence streets.

The tourist with half an hour to spare while getting his tires changed could see the same cardboard cut-outs, the same factory-printed advertising signs, the same arrangement of goods, even, that he had seen in a hundred other show windows.

There was little on Blankville's Main Street to give the thrill of novelty that inspires to spending money. Blankville was losing business because it was doing its best to appear precisely like other places.

What difference does it make, someone asks, whether or not tourists stop and spend their money in the particular town of Blankville? What if all Main Streets do look alike? The money is spread out just that much more, and everyone gets a chance at it.

Advice From the Buyers

Well, the answer is that poor selling makes poor business. Originality, even though crude, inspires more spending than ordinary canned efficiency. Suppose, for instance, that I am in the hardware business, handling something like 4000 different items in my store. One of the items is brass candle snuffers. The representative of a candle-snuffer factory comes along and persuades me to let him fix up my front show window with a magnificent display of candle snuffers, arranged in thoroughly professional style, with all sorts of window cards and booklets as selling helps, the display to remain one week. Of course it does stimulate my candle-snuffer trade, and the factory that makes them profits just that much; but meanwhile I lose a certain amount of prestige as a purveyor of shovels and garden hose and enamelware and carpenters' tools, the staples on which I have built my business. During candle-snuffer week I do not sell as many of those staples. Moreover, my store loses a certain amount of individuality by reason of the very expertness of the window trim. It has such a sophisticated touch, such a patness of arrangement, that everyone in town knows it was done by an outsider and can by no means represent the genius of me or my clerks.

Everyone knows that Paris, France, is the greatest tourist city in the world; and the main thing that makes it so is the fact that the Paris business people, more than any other, use simple and direct means to attain their ends.

One day last year I was in Paris and chanced to be passing one of the big department stores, when I saw a crowd collected in front of one of the show windows. The excitement was caused by two clerks who were fixing up a display of imitation flowers—the kind that are made of different colored shells; one of the young fellows was inside the window, while the other, who seemed to be kind of sub-boss, stood on the sidewalk outside. The inside man would set a basket of his flowers at a certain angle and then look at his superior for approval. Before rendering his verdict the latter would consult with different people in the crowd. Some would nod and others would shake their heads. If there were more noes than ayes, the director would have the basket moved about until he got a unanimous vote. In one case there was criticism

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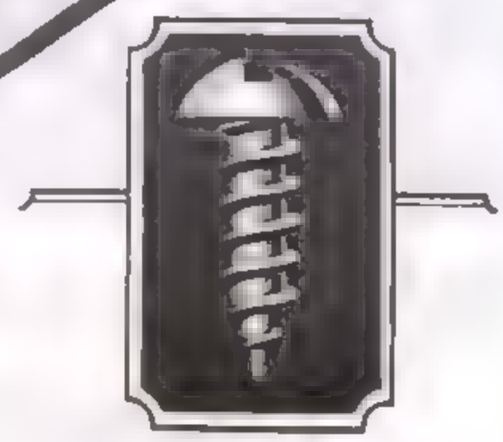

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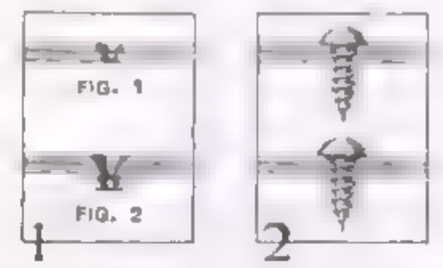

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Before you wax or varnish Resurface!

SHABBY floors—worn places about the doors and in front of the fireplace, crooked little furrows made by the castors of heavy furniture—deep scratches telling the tale of romping children.

Unsightly floors—marring the beauty of the whole room—making everything else look shabby—

What to do with them? A new coat of varnish only emphasizes the worn spots—cleaning or new wax won't help. Resurfacing is the only remedy—and now—for the first time resurfacing is possible without muss or dirt—without tying up the room indefinitely—and at small expense.

Resurfacing, the American Universal Way, is speedy, cleanly and inexpensive. And the result is a soft glowing new surface that casts a charm over all surroundings.

One man with the electrically operated American Universal Floor Surfacing Machine, will resurface the floors in your entire house in a couple of days and make them new again, no matter how badly worn they may be.

There will be little inconvenience—and no dirt—as that is taken care of by a vacuum bag attached to the machine.

New floors for old are easily and quickly within your reach.

Do not delay longer. Call an American Floor Surfacing Contractor and let him give you detailed information. If you do not know how to reach him *write to the factory.*

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To contractors, builders and carpenters who want to add substantial profits to their present business—or to men who want to go into business for themselves as Floor Surfacing Contractors, the American Universal offers an opportunity of unusual attractiveness. No special training necessary. Clean steady, inside work—no dull seasons—substantial profits—Ask for details.

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of the color of ribbon with which a bunch of flowers was tied, and the director went inside the store to find a color that met with more general approval. Of course from the standpoint of absolute efficiency the affair was pretty deplorable, because it took twice as long to trim the window as would have been the case if the display men had worked from a prepared chart; but when the job was done it had an air of spontaneity about it that sold the goods.

A year ago I should probably have thought the merchants and chamber-of-commerce workers of Blankville lacked energy, in giving up their individuality to their own detriment. But now, seeing business from both sides of the fence, I begin to realize what pressure the Blankvilles of the country have been subjected to.

Let me describe it in a way that will be understood by the average corporation executive. I am, let us say, the general manager of the factory making the candle snuffers that occupied the hardware dealer's show window for a week. For several years past we have shown a healthy increase in sales. I study the population statistics and bank clearings of the country and see no reason why the increase should not continue. I figure that a 5 per cent annual increase is a reasonable ambition.

The time comes for our annual convention, and all the branch managers and leading salesmen are brought in to the factory for a three days' session. We spread ourselves quite a bit on this affair, because we pride ourselves on being a human and democratic sort of organization, and there is a theater party and a banquet and perhaps an inspirational address by some well-known speaker. When we get down to the main business session there is an optimistic spirit in the air. It is announced that we are after a 5 per cent increase for the coming year, and the branch managers are asked to express their opinions. Perhaps the Seattle man has some new business already in sight and so, under the inspiration of the moment, he jumps up and announces that 5 per cent is too little, and he believes he can easily make a 20 per cent increase in his territory. The Dallas man, not wanting to be outdone, says he can see a 30 per cent advance in his sales. Others follow suit, encouraged by the general sales manager, who sees his burdens lessened by this exhibition of confidence; and without realizing it, our whole attitude toward business changes. Where a 5 per cent increase seemed a healthy mark to shoot at, that figure now appears altogether too low. Almost before we know it we have set our quota 20 per cent ahead of last year.

Volume Without Profit

The branch managers and salesmen go back to their territories, committed to this figure. They can have no legitimate complaint if, on sober reflection, they feel it is a bit high, because ours is a democratic organization and they themselves encouraged it. But things go harder than anticipated. Crop conditions are not ideal. Other industries are going after the public's spending money with unexpected activity. The branch managers begin writing back to the factory that they must have help if they are to make their quotas. They want more salesmen so the territories may be covered oftener. They want experts sent out to persuade the merchants to loan their show windows for magnificent displays. They want squads of door-to-door missionaries to leave literature and persuade householders to buy our product from the local storekeepers. In short, they want the factory not only to make candle snuffers but also to perform the functions that ought to be performed by the merchants of Blankville!

Back at the factory we know we ought not to do all these things, but if we refuse, it looks as though we were lying down on our own loyal workers. Perhaps we hedge by acceding to part of the demands and refusing the rest. But firms in other industries see that we have speeded up our selling efforts, and not knowing how far we intend to go, they speed up their efforts to keep pace with us. In the end we go the limit.

Perhaps we make our 20 per cent increase, and perhaps we do not. In either case, it is a safe bet that we do not make any money. Neither do the other firms that have raced with us make any money. In going about the country I am constantly told by bankers in industrial districts of concerns that have sacrificed profits for volume by just the methods I have described. In one case I saw the balance sheet of an importing firm that last year did a business of more than $1,000,000 and earned less than $2000. Another case was that of a manufacturing corporation that did $3,000,000 of business with a net profit of $961. Many bankers have expressed the opinion that the principal menace to the continuance of our present prosperity is the tendency to work for volume rather than legitimate profit. In the light of my recent experiences, as one looking at business from the outside in, I would add to this the danger of big business doing things for people that they ought to do for themselves.

Standardized Pep Injectors

On my travels I have talked with a lot of traveling salesmen, and a good proportion of them had a certain complaint—to wit, that the home office wants to do their selling for them, instead of encouraging them to use their own resourcefulness, and that, in the desire for volume, many houses employ artificial stimulants to spur salesmen on to superactivity. Having done some traveling myself in the early days, I know the tendency of the man out on the road to grumble; but there was a lot of this talk that had undoubted sense in it.

One of the main complaints was against the sales contests that seem to have become rather a fad in recent years. I confess that I dabbled in these affairs myself occasionally while in business, but I didn't realize before how flat some of them must appear to the men out on the firing line. It is hard, for instance, to see how an intelligent, conscientious salesman is going to be inspired greatly by being told that he is a member of one of the two competing baseball teams organized among the company's travelers; that a five-case order will be credited as a base hit, a ten-case order means a two-bagger and a twenty-case order a home run; and that he should mightily strive to be on the winning team!

On a train out in Wyoming I met a traveling man who told me his firm had recently subscribed to some bureau that specializes in pep plans, and each week he was getting by mail from his sales manager some token designed to spur him on to superefforts in selling. He showed me several of the articles that he had received. One was a little feather duster with a tag attached that said it was a reminder for him to dust his territory thoroughly. Another was a fine-tooth comb, suggesting that he fine-tooth his territory. A third was an imitation giant firecracker with the accompanying hint that he should make a big noise in the trade.

Maybe under certain conditions these souvenirs would have inspired to bigger and better selling; that I can't say, though from the high-class appearance of the particular traveling man I would guess he felt they were a little childish. But there was a certain complication that spoiled whatever efficacy it possessed in this case. It seems the traveling man was covering his territory in company with a couple of others representing noncompeting houses, the three making about the same towns and usually stopping over Sunday at the same hotels, where they got their mail. Every Saturday night, regularly, the traveling man told me, each of the three got from his sales manager an identical souvenir with an identical message attached. It got to be quite a joke among them, guessing what the forthcoming Saturday's mail would bring in the way of standardized pep material.

(Continued on Page 165)

To be well dressed begin with Florsheim Shoes and dress up.

MOST STYLES $10

AMONG the good things in life that every well dressed man wants . . . FLORSHEIM SHOES. Quality-built and reasonably priced to give long service at low cost.

Booklet "STYLES OF THE TIMES" on Request

The FRAT—*Style S-196*

For the Man Who Cares

Manufactured by THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY *Chicago*

The FLORSHEIM SHOE

California's newest playground

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Russian River—Sonoma County

Miles of Seascape—Mendocino County

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Only $18 more for complete tour of the Pacific Coast

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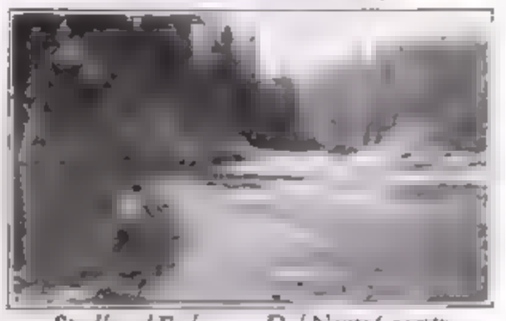

Steelhead Fishing—Del Norte County

Entrance Oregon Caves—Josephine County

LOOK across the Golden Gate from San Francisco—that purple-shadowed mountain, Tamalpais, with the red roofs of suburban homes dotting its slopes, rises above a world-famous grove of Giant Redwoods.

It is the beginning of one of California's Wonder Tours. Within an area of over 400 miles in length, as you travel along the scenic routes following the Coast-line of the Pacific, you will find the last of a great chain of mighty Redwood forests, one thousand years old when the Christian era began.

Ninety-seven percent of all the redwoods in the world are here. Some are 350 feet high. Beneath their lofty branches now run the railroad and the Redwood Highway. For a hundred miles, altogether, you will be actually *in* the shade of one or another of these thirty-century-old groves on your trip between San Francisco, Grants Pass and Portland, Oregon, via the Redwood Empire. Lining your way are hundreds of different kinds of wildflowers, acres of azaleas and rhododendrons, giant ferns seven to twelve feet tall. Yet it is never far to a fine hotel; and camping places are everywhere.

Come Out This Summer!

And bring your fishing rods, your golf clubs, everything that means vacation-time for *you*. Here are streams that have never been fished until the last few years—green-and-white rivers where lusty broad-backed trout lie in the eddies. Stay until Autumn if you can—then we'll show you the leaping, fighting steelhead trout of ten and twenty pounds, and salmon that weigh sixty!

Marvelous as the Redwood Empire is, it is still but a part of California's vast vacation land. A thousand miles of mountains and a thousand miles of seacoast hold vacation opportunities so bewildering that even we who live in San Francisco, the center of it all, know only a few of them—the wonders of Yosemite, Lassen Peak, mighty Mount Shasta, Tahoe (the Lake of the Sky), Monterey Bay, the countless tumbling rivers, glacial lakes and stud meadows of the High Sierras.

SIGHTSEEING
San Francisco
Golden Gate Park Ocean Beaches
Chinatown
GOLF—*Everywhere*
CAMPING
MOUNTAINEERING
Lake Tahoe Yosemite Lassen Peak
Mount Shasta 4 National Parks
30,000 Square Miles of National Forests
FISHING
Sierra Nevada Mountains
Redwood Highway
SAILING
San Francisco Bay Monterey Bay
TOURING
Big Trees The Great Valley

Start at San Francisco

San Francisco itself, the coolest summer city in America, will delight you with its Chinatown, its many golf courses (two municipal), its beaches and Golden Gate Park; the strange and interesting sights along the harbor-front of this great metropolitan seaport.

Start here for your California vacation! The newly completed Victory Highway from Salt Lake City, in conjunction with the Lincoln Highway, will bring you direct to San Francisco at a comfortable road speed all the way, crossing the Sierras at picturesque Lake Tahoe and showing you the mining country of '49 as you look down upon the broad orchards of the Great Valley. By train, the scenic trip to San Francisco has been shortened by one business day. And summer fares are low from your city.

Send for this Free Book

This vacation booklet, "California Wonder Tours," will help you plan your trip to see the most of California with the greatest economy of time. Send for your free copy today!

California's REDWOOD EMPIRE

Start your California tour at San Francisco—America's coolest summer city—gateway to Hawaii, Australasia and the Orient

MAIL *this coupon for* FREE BOOKLETS

Californians Inc.
& REDWOOD EMPIRE ASSOCIATION *Headquarters* **SAN FRANCISCO**
100 MONTGOMERY STREET, ROOM 204

Please send me your booklets

Name _____

Street, City & State _____

(Continued from Page 162)

I can't believe that canned efficiency, sold in wholesale lots, amounts to a great deal. The American people object to being bossed too much, whether they are hired employes or just plain consumers. If a firm has a salesman who takes seriously an order to "make a big noise" on his territory, like as not he makes such a big noise that he beromes offensive.

On another train out West one day I was sitting in the Pullman smoking compartment with some other men when a tall individual came in and looked around with an inquiring air. In one corner there was a dignified, middle-aged gentleman quietly smoking a pipe; after a couple of minutes the newcomer addressed him abruptly.

"I see you're smoking a pipe," he said. "What brand of tobacco do you use?"

Evidently the gentleman thought this was a private matter, because he answered evasively that he used several brands indiscriminately.

This reply went for nothing, however, because the tall individual immediately stuck his hand in his pocket and pulled out a package that he shoved at the pipe smoker.

"I travel for the Blank Tobacco Company out in San Francisco," he informed, "and we're putting this new brand on the map in this territory. Just knock out that stuff you're smoking and try this. It's a present from me!"

It was a bit of promotion work that fell flat. The gentleman said quietly, "Thanks very much, but I prefer to buy my tobacco."

I would like to have talked with that salesman to see if his peculiar sort of promotion work was his own invention or whether he was acting under the orders of a sales manager who subscribed to some wholesale efficiency bureau. Unfortunately, he left the smoking room shortly thereafter, so I didn't find out.

One thing I am sure of: The gentleman he approached will never, under any circumstances, buy a package of the tobacco that was being put on the map in that territory.

Livewires Severely Shocked

As far back as 1776 the American people outlined about the amount of bossing they would stand, and they have been holding approximately to the same ideas ever since. It manifests itself in surprising ways. On my journeyings I stopped in a town that has been growing quite fast; it seems that a couple of years ago the citizens got an idea they were entitled to a better railway station than the frame building that had done service since the town was an infant. The matter was taken up with the railway company; but such things move slowly, and after a while some of the livewires in the chamber of commerce decided they would put it over with a rush. A committee went before the proper government board with facts and figures to prove that the old station was inadequate for the business the town supplied, and asked for an order compelling the railroad to provide a bigger and better structure.

They got the order for a bigger station, which was as far as the government board could go. The railroad officials then proceeded to build an addition to the old frame building; and that, possibly, is all the town will have for the next twenty years. All too late the livewires learned that at the time they started to force the issue the railroad architects were preparing plans for a handsome stone station that would have compared with any other on the line. The railroad officials, being normal American human beings, refused to be bossed.

If I ever get into business again I think as a preparation I shall go to live for about a year in some small town. You find out more about human nature in such places. The man who lives in a big city, immersed in a country-wide business, has a hard time getting down to bed rock on what the people who use his product are thinking about His product seems the most important thing in the world to him, which, of course, is natural: he wouldn't be a first-class business man if he didn't feel that way. He gets in a dangerous state of mind only when he forgets that his product is only one of a thousand that go to make the commercial life of the country.

The bankers are right when they say prosperity is going to be permanent just in proportion to the number of business firms and corporations that put their efforts into earning reasonable profits rather than scramble for mere volume. The logic of the bankers is double-barreled. The retail storekeepers of the country hold the key position in the distribution of goods. It is across the retail counters that merchandise is actually turned into money. But if I, as a manufacturer, fight so hard for volume that I do the things for the retailer that he ought to do for himself—if I try to make him a mere factory agent instead of a merchant—then I am weakening my chain of distribution in the very place where it ought to be strongest.

Holding the Whip Hand

There is a lot of talk these days about the chain stores that have spread over the country so surprisingly. Some people have the idea that eventually there will be very few private retailers; that the chains will practically do all the retailing. A lot of manufacturers I have talked with are considerably worried, thinking that if the chains get hold of the retail end they will sometime complete the circle and take over the manufacturing as well.

Personally, as a plain consumer, it makes no difference to me who does the manufacturing or retailing, as long as prices are kept down to a reasonable figure. I would a little rather trade with an individual citizen who owns his own store than in an impersonal establishment owned by a corporation in some far-off city, but I wouldn't pay the individual storekeeper 5 per cent more for the privilege. Still, there is that inclination to deal with the independent man. Yet some of the manufacturers I have talked with who are worried about the chains are doing their best to take away the independent storekeeper's individuality, which is his main asset, and to standardize him to the point where he does everything just like someone else.

No matter what some manufacturers think, the independent storekeepers still hold the whip hand, and many of them know how to use it. In a village of 3000 out in the state of Washington the branch manager of an Eastern concern that makes a specialty sold through grocery stores decided he ought to monopolize the entire business in his line. His product had a good sale in the village but not enough to suit him; and on one of his visits he told the leading grocers how much of it each should buy. They objected to the quota he set, and when he insisted, something of a row developed. The grocers got together and said they wouldn't buy anything from him, to which he replied that he would make them buy.

Full of this idea, he sent a squad of high-powered solicitors from house to house, who gave out samples, shoved literature under front doors and talked in person with all the householders who would take time to listen. The grocers did nothing but use their prestige as citizens and neighbors. When calls were made for the product they merely said they could supply the product if the customer insisted, but they had other goods they preferred to sell and guaranteed to give satisfaction or money back. In a couple of months there was so little demand for the ambitious branch manager's product that the grocers packed up what of it was left in their stocks and sold it as a job lot to dealers in another town where no fight had occurred

After I heard this story I wondered if the branch manager had been to a factory

To keep food juicy in a refrigerator requires *some* moisture

EVERY well informed woman knows that to properly refrigerate food requires these three atmospheric conditions:

The air must be COLD ENOUGH *to numb the bacteria which cause decay, and thus stop their development.*

It must be DRY ENOUGH *to prevent mold.*

And, it must be MOIST ENOUGH *to keep food from drying out.*

Unless these three conditions are present in a right balance, your food suffers.

You can keep food from spoiling merely by keeping it cold enough. But that is very different from keeping it in good condition. What is fresh meat, for instance, without its savory juices?

Cold air is dry air, especially when it circulates, as it does in a good refrigerator. But, the drier it is, the more it absorbs the juiciness in food which makes flavor. Without enough moisture, flavor is lost.

Roast beef and cheese, especially, lose water content in very dry air. Vegetables lose their crispness. After a while fruit shrivels. Raw carrots never regain their succulence, even with expert cooking.

You can always depend upon the air being DRY ENOUGH in a well ventilated and well iced refrigerator. It is dry enough to prevent mold on the ripest berries. You can test it by striking a match on the walls of the food chamber. You can leave matches for days without affecting their ignition.

And, also, you can depend upon the air being MOIST ENOUGH to retard the evaporation of water from perishable food. For several days meat will keep its juiciness, cheese will remain soft and appetizing, and vegetables crisp.

Ice is the Ideal Refrigerant

The merit of ice lies in its perfect combination of these conditions. An even cold is maintained automatically by the ice's melting faster when the weather is warm and slower when it is cool. The cold circulating air prevents excessive dampness. The moist film on the melting ice regulates dryness, holds it in proper check for keeping food AT ITS BEST.

Ice is the NATURAL way to chill food; there is no other refrigerant like it

Get this booklet by Dr. Pennington, "Why We Refrigerate Foods"

The interior of an ice box, illustrated here, shows clearly how ice works in keeping perishable foods COLD enough, DRY enough, and MOIST enough

The arrows indicate the circulation of air Cold air, right off the ice, drops into the compartment immediately below the ice chamber and rises, on the other side, past the food shelves.

The circulating cold air extracts heat from the food—keeps it chilled. It also carries impurities and odors back to the ice chamber, where they are absorbed by the moist film on the melting ice. They then disappear down the drain pipe. That purifies your food. It is one of the great advantages of using ice.

Keep milk and butter ... comes pure and cold direct from the ice

The up-to-date housewife wants to know not only what to do about the care of food in her home, but also the scientific reasons. These are told in a readable way in an interesting booklet, "Why We Refrigerate Foods," by Dr. M. E. Pennington, Home Refrigeration Expert.

Sent free to anyone on request

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES 163 W. WASHINGTON STREET, CHICAGO

MAIL THIS COUPON

Household Refrigeration Bureau • Dr. M. E. Pennington, *Director* 51 Chambers Street, New York City

Please send free, your booklet, *"Why We Refrigerate Foods."*

Name_____

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Read what the critics
say of the new book

DOOMSDAY

"It is certain to be one of the most widely read and most talked of novels of 1927. It is a novel of powerful characterization, closely knit, skilfully developed."
—The Boston Herald

"The kind of novel that can be read by high and low, rich and poor, maid and widow, youth and grayheard . . . one in a thousand from the standpoint of artistic conception and execution." —Detroit News

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730 Fifth Ave. BORZOI BOOKS New York

convention and got excited into pledging himself to overmuch business, under the influence of the banquet, the theater party and the inspirational speaker's eloquence.

In one town I was in, the annual campaign for funds in support of the public library had just been finished, sponsored as usual by the woman's club. For five years it has been promoted with the assistance of an imported cheer leader, but it will not be so from now on. It seems the club women have been subscribers to an efficiency bureau that sends experts about the country to direct such campaigns, the expert organizing the committees, setting quotas for the various workers, and so on. This year the expert sent was pressed for time on account of engagements in other towns, so his work in Blankville was brief. He got in on the morning train, attended the luncheon of workers already arranged for, where he made a fervid thirty-minute address, collected his fee of $200 and left on the autobus at five o'clock.

Gratuitous Education

Thus left to their own devices, the ladies proceeded with their campaign, and discovered to their surprise that it went quite as well as usual, even though there was no high-powered professional at the clubhouse to issue sensational bulletins and cunningly to play one committee against another. From this a new viewpoint was evolved. Iconoclastic members pointed out that professional assistance really was not necessary, because it was they who did the work and their influence that drew subscriptions from Main Street merchants and professional men. It has been voted that next year there will be no imported efficiency and no fee to outsiders, a decision heartily indorsed by Main Street.

Though retail merchants have yielded considerably to standardization, a great many of them are restive under it. Many tell me they live under a pretty continual bombardment of educational material sent out by manufacturers, all of it unrequested and much of it useless. A good many manufacturers, the storekeepers complain, seem to think they don't know their business. Even some of the universities are starting courses in retail storekeeping.

I went into one important hardware store where the proprietor was directing his porter to carry a box full of handsomely embossed literature into the basement for kindling the furnace fire. The literature had been printed to encourage the sale of an electrical device, and sent unrequested to the merchant, with explicit directions as to its distribution among possible buyers. The merchant's reasons for throwing it away were twofold: In the first place, he didn't propose to be told how to run his business. In the second place, the elaborate literature didn't look like him or his store. As he expressed it: "These farmers and other plain folks around here would run me out of town if I sent them all that fancy stuff!" That particular hardware dealer's business judgment is hardly open to question, for the credit agencies give him a rating of more than $100,000.

Of course most of this gratuitous education arises from the fact that some manufacturers get the idea the retailers aren't pushing their particular product hard enough, forgetting that the storekeeper is engaged primarily in making a living and doesn't care a hoot whose product he sells just so it gives satisfaction and brings repeat customers. Outside of the tendency toward standardization, which has largely been forced on him, the average small-town store is run a lot more efficiently than it was thirty-odd years ago when I sold goods on the road. The stores are better arranged and lighted; there isn't the accumulation of dead stock; whether he wants to or not the storekeeper has to keep an understandable set of books against the time when he must make his income-tax report.

Being a business man, I suppose I should confine my observations strictly to business affairs, but I am going to risk one matter out of my line. It is about the newspapers. In my travels I couldn't get over the idea that often the journals in the small towns, and even in some of the big ones, are a bit infected with the standardization that is evident on Blankville's Main Street. Many of the editors who back up their chambers of commerce so loyally in all movements for commercial advancement and further the Buy-at-Home campaigns of the merchants and local manufacturers don't, it seems to me, quite practice what they preach. They buy so much of their own merchandise away from home, in the shape of syndicated material produced in New York City.

Perhaps it is cheaper to buy ready-made New York material than to develop home industry. Perhaps, merely, it is less trouble; and like the Main Street merchant who allows a manufacturer to fill his window with a canned trim, the editor takes the easiest way. But certainly it doesn't boost the tourist trade. The canned window trim intrigues no customers who have seen the same thing in every town along the route, and neither does the newspaper that differs mainly in the name on the front page. One thing is sure: Where the home-town newspaper buys quantities of material manufactured in New York City, there is just that much less chance for some ambitious boy or girl to go around dramatizing local events, learning the trade of writing, and perhaps in time learning it so well that the old home town will profit through reflected glory.

Solace in a Pretty Face

Out in West Texas, in a cow town of less than 1000 population, I read a weekly paper that was all news, and to me the most interesting feature was the correspondence from a still smaller settlement, twenty-five miles off the railroad. One week there was a vivid account of the arrest and trial of a youthful flivver hobo who had been caught in the deplorable act of appropriating gasoline to aid him on his way to the rainbow's end, and the local justice had sentenced him to thirty days' incarceration in the local lockup.

"The young prisoner did not seem even to hear the sentence of the justice," the correspondent wrote, "because at that moment his whole attention was engrossed by the sight of an attractive young lady in the audience."

Vernal Fall, Yosemite National Park, California

What tourist, reading this account, would not want to visit that remote village and see for himself what quality it possessed that made life so full of romance that a sentence to the lockup counted as nothing in comparison with the sight of a beautiful lady? The correspondent who wrote the story, I learned, is by regular profession a ranch worker with writing as a side line, and by sitting about the village stove of evenings he manages to fill three columns a week from a population of 1200 spread over a county the size of the state of Delaware.

It is a truism of business that every successful concern must have a definite policy and stick to it. A concern that has one policy this year and another next year never gets very far. In a broad sense nations are merely big business concerns, strung out along the world's Main Street, and each one has developed a policy that it has found to suit it best. The traditional American policy has been to encourage individual initiative. We became a big, prosperous concern in record time because our citizens were constantly trying new things, thinking up original schemes, going ahead regardless of what other people might say about us, walking out of the hotel and into the one-armed lunch room if it suited our fancy.

There is no good reason why we should abandon a business policy that has been successful for one that is problematical. The only thing at present that seems likely to curb our prosperity is a tendency of those on the producing end of business to do things for the selling end that the sellers ought to do for themselves. This is bad for the sellers because it takes away their initiative. It is bad for the producers because it cuts down the profits.

Smoothing Things Out

I asked the banker who told me about the corporation that did $3,000,000 worth of business and only earned $961, what was the trouble. He said it was a case of too great overhead expense; that the corporation was afflicted with the modern disease of trying to beat its own record each year. On $2,000,000 the corporation would have earned substantial profits. It was the race for the last million that cost the money. Big and prosperous as the United States is, there isn't business enough for everyone to break records every year.

A man needs only to go around the country with his eyes open to realize how willing the citizens are to coöperate in anything that promotes general prosperity. We have more luxuries than any other people, but underneath it is the pioneer spirit. Out in the Northwest there is a branch-line railroad running 124 miles across a desert country, connecting two transcontinental lines, and a mixed train leaves each terminal three times a week. It was scheduled to leave the northern end one Wednesday at one o'clock. Something like a score of passengers were on hand at that hour, but the ticket seller gave out the information that the start on that day would not be made until half after four.

The train really left at five, a straggling line of freight cars with a casual passenger coach attached, the conductor and brakeman dressed in the blue overalls of the freight service. There was some grumbling among the passengers at the arbitrary change of starting time, for to several it meant an all-night stay in the Nevada junction point on their journey to the Coast. But there was no grumbling after the conductor had officially announced the reason for the delay.

"It's this way, folks," he said chummily. "There was a carload of butter came down on the main line from Minidoka, and I had to hold this train for it. It's pretty important to get that butter into San Francisco for Saturday's market."

A perfectly satisfactory explanation for all concerned. None mentioned personal inconvenience. A carload of butter into San Francisco was business, a matter that called for cheerful coöperation.

The Most Talked of *Musical Instrument* of the Day

THE BRUNSWICK PANATROPE

Music by an electrical principle entirely different from that of any phonograph old or new

Mario Chamlee, tenor, Metropolitan Opera Company, a Brunswick artist who is heard to best advantage on the Panatrope

SCIENCE . . . which found in electricity the wonders of radio . . . has applied electrical principles to recorded music. The result is the Brunswick Panatrope, an instrument which gives *electrical* reproduction to the new *electrical* records.

When you hear the Brunswick Panatrope, you'll agree nothing compares with it. No phonograph, old or new, can give you music so rich, so colorful, so utterly true to life.

So far beyond anything the world has known is the music of the Panatrope that first demonstrations of this instrument in New York City a year and a half ago were the news of the day in the papers the following morning. Critics and press acclaimed the Panatrope one of the greatest musical achievements of all time. Its electrical principle, they agreed, is the one to which all reproducing instruments must come to survive.

The Brunswick Panatrope brings you the whole range of musical sound. Only the electrical reproducing method is able to do this. Thus only by *electrical* reproduction can the new electrical records, which *record* the entire musical scale, be heard in all their beauty.

The electrical reproducing method is the only one that brings you every note of the musical scale

Sigrid Onegin, Contralto, Metropolitan Opera Company, one of the many famous artists of Brunswick's New Hall of Fame

The Brunswick Panatrope may be had either alone or in combination, in one cabinet, with the famous Radiola Super-heterodyne. Thus not only recorded music but radio, of a new and astounding musical quality, is put at your finger-tips in this amazing instrument.

Your Brunswick dealer will gladly play the Brunswick Panatrope and Panatrope with Radiola for you. Buy no musical instrument or radio until you hear these inventions.

* * *

In the field of reproducing instruments using improved phonograph methods of reproduction is the Brunswick Prismatone, a new invention embodying advanced discoveries. Low bass, high soprano, are brought you by the Brunswick Prismatone with satisfying richness and beauty of tone. Prices from $115 up.

Latest Brunswick Records by the "Light-Ray" electrical method (musical photography) on sale every Thursday.

Four world leaders in acoustics and electricity . . . Radio Corporation of America, General Electric Company, Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, and The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company . . . developed the Brunswick Panatrope

[Showing detail of interior construction of Model P-11 illustrated above]

Brunswick

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., CHICAGO. IN CANADA, TORONTO

Branches in all principal cities

When your watchman's patrol is cut short ~

Faithfully your watchman makes his rounds through the black watches of the night, "ringing in" at each recording box. And then—something happens! A vagrant, routed from a warm corner, turns on him savagely. A thug's blackjack waylays him in a dark aisle. Or a mis-step on a slippery stair flings him headlong and leaves him prone and unconscious. Then your property is just as unprotected and exposed to peril as though he had not been on the premises.

A watchman, no matter how faithful, is only half the protection your property deserves. The other half—the *completing* half—is a system that gives prompt warning in that all-important emergency when *something happens to the watchman.*

That is exactly the service rendered far-sighted management by an Autocall Watchman's Supervisory System. Send for complete details.

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Watchman's Supervisory Systems

are one of three electric signalling systems (see coupon) perfected by the Autocall Company to protect your three business assets—*time, property* and *human life.* Write for descriptive literature—or have an Autocall Protection Engineer from the nearest of our 16 offices call on you at your place of business. Clip coupon to letter head or write.

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514 Tucker Ave., Shelby, O

☐ Send data on Paging System

☐ Send data on Industrial Fire Alarm System

☐ Send data on Watchman's Supervisory Service

Send special literature for architects and engineers ☐

BRASS TACKS

(Continued from Page 23)

night of the motor smash, when an ugly gash in Mortimer's head had to be sewed; going to pieces with such childish abandon the night after her first dinner party, when Po'tia had served everything all wrong.

Oh, Rod might take great pride in his modern privilege of making engagements occasionally independent of his wife; Celie might use her maiden name on their studio-apartment door and go out to lunch with other men; they might both be as smug and airy as they liked about their new and different kind of marriage, the truth of the matter is that they weren't nearly as different from other newlyweds as they thought they were.

People who are beating the game, though, are very trying to their friends. When Celie admitted tactlessly in Jamaica Heights that housework was no job for a woman with brains and that she'd die under a week of it; when Rod, with an equal lack of diplomacy, informed Mortimer that a man of his ability who turned out one commercial drawing after another, year in, year out—as Mortimer was doing—was committing artistic suicide, they did not endear themselves further to their relatives and friends. Celie's married sister and Mortimer had very little else in common, but they had shared for some time one fervent wish and had agreed in one dark prophecy.

"I'd like to see Rod and Celie with a baby. I'll bet they'd sing a different tune."

As this is a realistic account of what actually happened, there is no use pretending that Rod had come in one day to find Celie sewing on little things; and that they had sat down, hand in hand, before their hearth fire, and in joyful awe planned for the future of the little stranger. The truth is that the stork had appeared as about as welcome a bird to the young Vanes as the albatross was to the Ancient Mariner. An excellent bird in its proper place, but nothing to have, so to speak, hung around your own neck. Sometime, of course, but not right now. Celie's sister and brother-in-law had felt somewhat the same when they had first faced the coming advent of Junior; Mortimer and his wife had been no better pleased, but they had all forgotten this long ago, and would never have mentioned it if they hadn't.

Celie recovered her insouciance fairly easily, however. She was gayly optimistic.

"Oh, we'll manage beautifully," she assured Rod. "I'm going to tell Mr. Miller right away, and he's a perfect dear. Most of my stuff I could do just as well outside the office, and I know he'll let me, the last two or three months. Then, when I have to go to the hospital, I'll take my vacation. I may have to take a couple of extra weeks without pay, of course; but what's that!"

Rod admitted that if that was all there was to having a baby, they ought to be able to swing it all right.

"Oh, there'll be more than that, of course," Celie conceded. "We'll have to have a nurse to take care of the baby when I go back to the office." And after a few moments: "We'll have to have a bigger apartment too. If the nurse had to go home nights the way Po'tia does, we'd never be able to get out evenings."

"It's going to run up expenses like the mischief, a bigger apartment and a nurse," Rod suggested dubiously.

"Oh, it'll be a little more expensive," Celie admitted carelessly, "but mercy, you don't get anything in this world for nothing! Besides, I may get a raise the first of June, and Mortimer said it wouldn't be long before you'd be getting the drawings for bigger accounts."

"I imagine we'll get by all right, one way or another," said Rod, vastly reassured by the way Celie was taking it. After all, knowing how to manage for a coming baby was the woman's job.

Both Mortimer and Celie's sister, being apprised of the coming event, assumed that the young Vanes were at last ready to get down to brass tacks and to profit by a few sensible suggestions. Celie's sister had in mind the second floor of a nice little duplex in Jamaica Heights, only a block from her own.

"It's got an upstairs porch," Louise explained, "which is heavenly for a baby, and stationary tubs in the kitchen—that's an awful help when there's washing every day—and a peach of a gas stove. You'd find doing your own work a real pleasure in that apartment."

Celie said that doing housework even among stationary tubs and peachy gas stoves was a pleasure she was quite willing to deny herself. She explained, gently, their plan.

"You'll be out of pocket," said Louise bluntly. "You'll have to have a big apartment, and by the time you've paid the difference in rent and the salaries for two servants—not to mention what they eat and throw away—and bought every stitch for the baby ready-made, you'll find that it's actually costing you money to keep on working."

Celie giggled. "Well, Rod's quite keen about me, you know, really," she said. "Maybe he'll pamper me even to the extent of letting me earn my own living."

"Listen, Celie," Louise begged, elder-sister fashion. "You're up against something real now. Being smart and funny isn't going to help any. You don't seem to realize the seriousness of it. You've got a child coming. You can't go on acting like a child yourself. You and Rod will have to chuck the nonsense and get down to realities, the way Tom and I have."

"God forbid!" Celie thought. But she was fond of her sister and didn't say it.

Mortimer had a quite different solution worked out for the Vanes.

"You'll have to cut the comedy now, old fruit," he told Rod, "and get down to business."

"Yeah, I suppose so," Rodney agreed, moving his drawing board a little nearer to the broad north windows, selecting another woodcutter's chisel, an instrument as delicately turned as a dentist's tool.

"I've been keeping my eye out for you," Mortimer went on. "I showed Baker—he's the new art editor of the MacDonald Agency—some of your girl things and he thinks they're hot stuff. MacDonald's landed the Putney account—Putney's make all the Maytime powders and creams, you know—and they can use more girls than Ziegfeld. You can get a lot of work right there if you go after it right."

"Yeah?" Rodney studied his woodcut through narrowed eyes. "I'll bet I'm getting this too dark. What do you think?"

Mortimer ignored the woodcut. "You'll have to look alive, though, if you work for Baker. And handle him with kid gloves. He's a touchy bird."

Rod held his woodcut at arm's length to squint at it. "'S that Llewellyn Baker?"

Mortimer said that it was, and Rod grunted.

"He was in the Bridgman life class the first year I was at the league. He was figuring on being an artist himself. He was one rotten draftsman." Rod tried turning his cut upside down speculatively. "Elly Baker's a fine one to be choosy about drawings. About all he can draw is his own breath."

"Granted, Master Wilford," Mortimer agreed. "Nevertheless, he's handing out the checks and he's a gentleman to be handled with kid gloves."

"Fair enough," Rod agreed absently. It was evident that his heart was in the little woodcut; he was listening to Mortimer with an off ear.

Mortimer went on to other possible markets for Rod's black-and-white Celies. Rod could, Mortimer assured him, if he played his cards right, get all the commercial work he could possibly do. Rod's attention was engaged at last.

"I don't want all the commercial work I can possibly do," he protested. "I'd go mad doing nothing but pretty girls and still life from morning till night."

"Oh, no, you wouldn't," Mortimer reassured him. "People don't go mad half as easy as they think they're going to. I find I don't mind doing pretty much the commercial stuff."

Rod said nothing.

"I suppose you think I'm prostituting my art," Mortimer answered the silence.

Rod shrugged his shoulders. "Even your best friends won't tell you. I'll bet, though, when you were first figuring on being an artist you didn't see yourself devoting your life to painting two-page portraits of Haeckler trucks."

"You find yourself doing a lot of things you didn't plan on, when you've got a wife and baby," said Mortimer.

"Celie'd be the last one in the world to want me to get all sewed up with commercial work. She's as keen about my best stuff as I am."

"Oh, well, stay up on your perch if you want to," said Mortimer, "while you can. What you're keen about and what Celie's keen about is all very pretty, but wait till you try to pay it to the doctor. He'll be one of these crass-minded fellows that's keen about money."

Rodney said nothing.

"I'm no crape hanger," Mortimer went on bluntly, "but you're not realizing what you're up against. Having a baby in New York City is no joke. You'll never swing the proposition if you're going to act like a spoiled kid half the time. You're going to be up against a man's job from now on, and the sooner you get down to realities the better."

But you can't talk sense to young people who think they are beating the game. Celie spoke to Mr. Miller, and true to her prophecy, he agreed that things could be managed. The whimsical little jingles she had done for Buddie's Baked Beans had caught on surprisingly well and he was ready to agree to any feasible plan for keeping her on. Rod sold a woodcut for twenty dollars instead of fifteen, and he and Celie had a ten-dollar dinner at Fouquin's to celebrate the auspicious beginning of their pleasant and modern ordering of life.

Everything started off beautifully. If Celie found it a bit hard getting out every day, regardless of her own feelings and regardless of the weather—and it was a sleety, bitter-cold winter—she was warmed and sustained by the flattering sense that she was doing something very modern and even a bit dramatic. She and Rod had fun, too, in planning about a new apartment. They wouldn't need to move before October first, but they would spend their spare time looking about a little, a long time ahead. That was the way, everybody said, to pick up something especially good. It would have to be not too far from their present location; this was so convenient for both their work.

"And I don't think we ought to pay a great deal more than we do for this one," said Celie sensibly. "We're paying a lot here for style. What we'll need after October first is room."

Rod found an apartment one afternoon while Celie was at the office. A real bargain that would be vacant the first of October. Nothing very fancy, of course, but a remarkable combination—for New York—of practicality and economy. He was so delighted with the find that he nearly yielded to the agent's suggestion of cinching it on the spot. Fortunately, however, he delayed long enough to show it first to Celie.

Celie was aghast. "But it's so ugly, Rod," she protested. "Look at the stuffy little living room. And with gas logs! You know we'd hate gas logs after the wood fires we've been having. And that great

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"Crisper, better Corn Flakes"
Say those who make this test

A simple test, easily made at home, will show you why you must ask for Post Toasties if you want corn flakes at their very best.

We call this experiment the "Milk-or-Cream Test." It has demonstrated to millions of housewives the delicious flavor and lasting crispness that have won them to Post Toasties.

Hearts of white corn, flaked Double-Thick, Post Toasties *stay crisp in milk or cream.* See how their full flavor and crispness remain to the last flake at the bottom of the bowl.

Three wrappings guard Post Toasties' crispness and flavor until they reach your table: 1, an inner bag; 2, a cardboard carton; 3, a wax-paper seal.

Be sure you ask for Post Toasties. They're Double-Crisp and Double-Good because they're Double-Thick.

Postum Company, Inc., Dept. T-15, Battle Creek, Michigan. Makers of Post Health Products: Postum Cereal, Grape-Nuts, Post's Bran Chocolate, Post Toasties, Instant Postum and Post's Bran Flakes. Canadian Address: Canadian Postum Company, Ltd., 812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ont.

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Make the milk-or-cream test now

Order a package of the genuine Post Toasties from your grocer or send for free test package. Slit open the wax-wrapped yellow and red package and shake some of the golden, crisp flakes into a bowl. Now add milk or cream—as much as you like—and test for crispness and flavor. See if you don't agree with millions of others who have made this test that Post Toasties are the most delicious corn flakes you ever tasted.

...that carries passengers from the summit of Kohlererberg, in the Tyrol, to Eisack Valley, more than one mile below. These cables must be armored to withstand years of daily punishing service

ARMORED CORD CONSTRUCTION ~ a shock-resisting wall that defies road wear

BUMPS and road shocks that bruise and batter the ordinary tire to destruction, meet an impenetrable barrier in Cooper Armored Cord Construction.

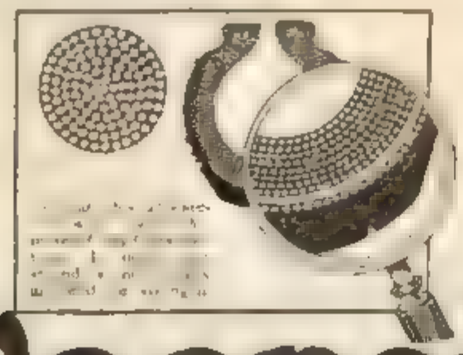
For in this new construction, Cooper has adapted to tire building the age-old engineering principle of armoring for super-strength.

Each individual cord in Cooper Long Service Tires is individually armored ....completely surrounded with a protecting cushion of live resilient rubber. Each cord is thoroughly impregnated with and shielded by this tough rubber armor. Cooper Armored Cord Construction builds an almost impregnable wall of cord and rubber, tougher than any bump.

This new construction repels road shocks that damage the ordinary tire.... smothers them into harmlessness. This heavy rubber armor eliminates internal friction..reduces riding heat to an absolute minimum. It reinforces the vulnerable point where tire havoc begins.

Cooper Long Service Tires ... Balloons and Heavy Duty ... are built for long wear. Your Cooper dealer is prepared to show you how they reduce your tire costs and tire troubles.

[DEALERS: The new Armored Cord Construction of Cooper Long Service Tires offers unusual opportunity for live dealers everywhere. Write for complete information regarding the valuable Cooper franchise.]



Cooper
LONG SERVICE
TIRES

THE COOPER CORPORATION
Founded 1904
General Offices, Cincinnati, O. Factories: Findlay and Cincinnati, O.

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long dark hall! And that awful, old-fashioned built-in sideboard. And the electric-light fixtures! And the neighborhood!"

Rod was decidedly taken aback by this marshaling of damning facts. "It's almost as handy a location as where we are now," he defended his find; "and it's bright and airy. It isn't so bad!"

"Bad! Rod, don't tell me you like those electric-light fixtures! You, an artist!"

"But you said we were going after room instead of style."

"This hasn't anything to do with style," said Celie loftily. "I'm talking about charm. This place has absolutely none. Why, even Louise's bromidic duplex has a real fireplace."

"Sure it has," said Rod "Out in Jamaica Heights"

"Oh," said Celie, "there are plenty of real fireplaces right in New York."

They let that apartment go by the board. The incident worried Rod. Celie had said—of course it was feminine to say one thing and mean another. For the first time, after a year and a half of marriage, it occurred to Rod that femininity in a wife might have its disadvantages.

You couldn't, for instance, make sensible plans with anybody who was always changing her mind. One day Celie would declare she was going to stay at home every evening and make every stitch for the baby herself; it was so much cheaper that way. But the very next evening, perhaps, she would be restless and demand to be taken to the theater. There was a new play that everybody was talking about; they simply must see it. They mustn't get to be dubs just because they were expecting a baby.

"Mary Mortimer says there's going to be an apartment in their building vacant next fall," Celie observed tentatively, after one of their unsuccessful bouts of home hunting. "It has a lovely studio and two regular bedrooms and a little one that would do for a nurse."

"You know what Mortimer's paying for that apartment of theirs," Rod reminded her.

"It isn't such an awful price," said Celie, "for such a lovely apartment."

"It may not be high for the apartment, but it would be high for us."

"Your home is such an important thing though," said Celie. "It might pay us to have the kind of home we like and economize somewhere else."

"Where?"

"Why"—vaguely—"on clothes and theaters and such things."

"We're going to have to economize on such things anyway," Rod reminded her, "in order to keep a nurse."

"I'd give anything," said Celie suddenly, "if we could have one of those English nurses. They look so smart in their street things."

"Listen, Celie"—Rod was beginning to be genuinely concerned—"we've got to get down to business on this deal." He drew an envelope from his pocket and began setting down figures.

"Here's what you and I make together. As we're living now, we're spending practically all of it. Now suppose we take on an apartment just as swanky and three times as large; a fancy English nurse at eighty dollars a month. Your doctor and hospital, and so on, will spoil a thousand—we can't skimp on that. Food and clothing for the baby." And two or three other items

He passed the column to Celie. Humming an air from a musical show they had seen the night before, Celie made a hasty total.

"Why, that's not bad at all!"

Rod took back the envelope and grimly figured over the sum It was a queer thing that a girl who could hold down Celie's job couldn't add! He passed back the corrected result. Celie, used to frank adoration on the subject of her mathematical vagaries, and her nerves a bit on edge anyway these days, resented the frank irritation in his face. Her eyes filled with tears.

"I suppose you think it would be cheaper if I gave up my position altogether and went out to washing dishes in Jamaica Heights."

Rod looked at the implacable figures. "Well, wouldn't it be?"

A tear trickled down beside Celie's little tilted nose. "Do you want me to do it?" she asked.

"No," said Rod, "I don't."

He really didn't, in spite of the implacable figures. He thought of Celie doing housework in a suburban bungalow; Celie with her quick mind and awkward hands; Celie, who had never learned to darn a sock or boil an egg—a clumsy and resentful amateur she would be at housekeeping. No, Rod really wanted Celie to keep on with the work she had begun so successfully; the work she loved and for which she had a gift.

Another tear trickled down the other side of Celie's nose and Rod remorsefully kissed it away. He loved her very much, even if she was feminine, even if she couldn't add. But he didn't try to reason with her any more. It was like reasoning with a butterfly.

The solution was more money. Fortunately Rod knew how to get that. One or two more commercial drawings a week wouldn't hurt him any, he told himself staunchly. It was a man's place to take care of his wife, most especially when she was expecting a baby. Mortimer was most approving; he was glad, he told Rod, to see him beginning to face realities, getting down to brass tacks

"You've got to cut out all the temperamental rot, you know," Mortimer warned him. "Drawing advertisements is a business, and in business you don't tell the man that's paying the bills what you think of his own technic. And you don't put off doing his orders while you finish up some pleasant little hobby of your own. Above all things, you never disappoint him. If you promise a drawing at a certain time, you get it there. Leonardo da Vinci couldn't keep the MacDonald Agency waiting twice."

By the end of the second month Rod was spending his entire working time drawing smart black-and-white Celies. He didn't know himself quite how this had happened. He certainly hadn't intended giving up his entire time to it; it had crept on him slowly, a little more each week. Each week it would be the next week when he would, he thought, get at an etching or a woodcut. But for one reason or another the time never seemed to come. He signed a lease for the large apartment in Mortimer's building. It was plain that Celie couldn't be happy in any other.

Then, too, Celie had to be humored as well as taken care of. Rod knew that men always had to humor their wives at such times as this. Most of the time he was genuinely sympathetic, protectingly tender. It was hard for her, he knew; the plucky way she tried to keep her office work up to the standard of other young-women copy writers, who were single and free as air. It was hard, with Nature pushing her all the time. No wonder she was unreasonable at times, childishly demanding

Take the matter of a model, for instance. Since they had been married Celie had posed for Rod's advertising work. An hour or so on a Sunday morning or Saturday afternoon, often fifteen minutes of an evening before they left for the theater had been enough. Now, of course, that Rod was doing so much more of this work he needed a great deal more of a model's time. Celie had no surplus strength for posing in her spare time now.

Celie, herself, had suggested that Rod get Mary Bullis. Mary was a slim, pretty youngster, enough Celie's type in looks to be a perfect model for an artist who had drawn Celie before he had even seen her. Rod didn't like Mary, which made her a still more perfect choice. He didn't dislike her either—even dislike might have augured a warmth of feeling which was, fortunately,

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KOVERFLOR
The LIQUID Floor Covering
What you should know about it
1. Although it is a floor covering, it is in liquid form, because in that form it is simply and easily applied, like paint.
2. It is a covering of extraordinary durability for all hard-used surfaces, especially wood and cement floors, inside or outside.
3. It creates a surface that resists the most rigorous wear, that is proof against water and weather, against oil and grease. This surface is tile-like in appearance. It is sanitary. It is fresh and attractive in color. And it is very easy to clean.
4. It is primarily designed for use on floors, such as those of bathrooms, kitchens, halls, porches, basements, garages, factories, hospitals, schools, etc.
5. It may be used with equal effectiveness on furniture, woodwork, metal fittings, linoleum, steamships, yachts and boats.
6. You can obtain Koverflor in beautiful colors and Clear, at hardware and paint stores.
7. Use Koverflor Clear wherever a super-durable varnished effect is needed.
If your dealer hasn't Koverflor, we will send, postpaid, a quart at $1.40, a pint at 75c, or a half-pint at 40c. (Pacific Coast points: quart $1.60, pint 90c, half pint 50c.) Koverflor comes in Clear, Cream, Spruce, Tile Red, Dutch Blue, Dust, Linoleum Brown, Mahogany, Green, Gray, Light Gray, Russet. State color. Write nearest office. Sample Book on request.
STANDARD VARNISH WORKS
NEW YORK: 441 Fourth Avenue
CHICAGO: 2600 Federal Street
SAN FRANCISCO: 562 Howard Street
LOS ANGELES: 116 E. Jefferson Street
LONDON
GOTHENBURG
BERLIN

Paging the Graybar Vacuum Cleaner

Boys will be boys and dogs will be dogs. And they will be the cause for frequently paging the Graybar Vacuum Cleaner.

Not only in the home but in business and in industry, too, "paging Graybar" is the simplest way to meet every electrical need—promptly, fully and efficiently.

Promptly, because Graybar's nation-wide chain of 61 distributing offices brings electrical supplies to every corner of the country. Fully, because Graybar's 60,000 items include virtually everything electrical.

Efficiently, because 58 years of experience have taught Graybar how to serve.

Graybar Electric Co., Executive Offices: Graybar Building, Lexington Avenue and 43rd Street, New York City

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entirely lacking. He regarded Mary with good-natured, indifferent contempt, as a hard-boiled little moron with no more charm than a well-proportioned teapot.

The MacDonald Agency had given Rod the order for a dozen drawings of bathing suits. Mary was a pretty, tireless model. Llewellyn Baker was delighted with Rod's first drawing. It is probable that the situation would never have occurred to Celie as anything but an excellent business arrangement, if Louise hadn't happened to stop in at the studio on one of her rare shopping trips to leave a tiny dress she had made for Celie.

Louise left this errand for last of a busy afternoon, in the hopes that she might find Celie returned from the office. It was a snowy, blowy, dark March afternoon, and she reached the Vanes' studio at the cozy, drawn-curtain twilight hour. Seeing a faint flickering line of firelight under the door, hearing the rattle of teacups, Louise congratulated herself on being about to see her sister. Instead Rod opened the door upon a scene which rendered her temporarily speechless—a feat which one must have known Louise's capacity for speech in order to appreciate fully.

Two easy-chairs were drawn before the fire. One of these Rod had obviously just left. In the other sat a beautiful young woman in a red bathing suit—a scarlet bathing suit, brazenly becoming, as brief as a commuter's kiss. The shameless creature was drinking coffee and smoking a cigarette in Celie's chair.

"Why, hello there, Louise! Come in and draw up. Have some coffee?"

Rod evidently didn't have the grace even to be embarrassed. Louise did.

"No, thank you," she said stiffly. "I can't stop. I just stopped to leave a package for Celie. I see she isn't here."

"No, she's working late tonight," Rod said. "She won't be along for an hour or so, I'm afraid."

Rod might easily have explained the situation—that this was a brief rest; you can't keep a model posing steadily for three hours—that the coffee was to keep them both going, in the hopes of finishing the picture that afternoon. Truth is that the advisability of making any explanation never occurred to Rod at all. The whole affair was so commonplace a matter of business with him that it did not occur to him to consider it through the eyes of a Jamaica Heights matron.

So sure was he of Celie's understanding and common sense, it would not have occurred to him to be concerned if he had overheard Louise's scandalized retailing of the incident to her sister, or had overheard even the tone of voice in which she finished:

"Well, if that's modern marriage—a woman who's expecting a baby, dragging herself out to work through a blizzard while her perfectly able-bodied husband loafs in front of a cozy fire at home, smoking and drinking with an undressed hussy—excuse me."

Rod didn't know, of course, that Louise's report had come on top of a day at the office when things had gone wrong and Celie had, for the first time, run up against the fact that so long as a woman is drawing her regular salary she can't always count on any special consideration. If Rod had given the matter any thought at all he would have counted on Celie's normal lack of jealousy; he would have failed to realize that jealousy can grow overnight, like a mushroom, on the unfamiliar feeling of being at a disadvantage. You see, Celie knew that her own allurement was at a low ebb, and that makes a woman touchy.

Her outburst, hurt, jealous, angry, caught Rod as unexpectedly as a lightning shower blowing up on a clear and lovely evening. The scene that Celie made—tears, tragedy as unreasonable and as violent as a child in a tantrum, then her sudden change to equally violent regret and self-condemnation—left Rod both hurt and bewildered.

He had tradition to guide him through—tradition which said that his wife must be humored; and he humored Celie to the extent of dismissing Mary and giving up the bathing-suit order altogether. This offended Llewellyn Baker, and Rod knew that was unwise. In spite of giving up all his time to commercial work, Rod was beginning to be worried about money. He ought to be making all that he possibly could now—he was almost afraid to look ahead at the coming expenses—and there was usually a dull time for advertising drawing in the summer. He loathed this thinking of drawing only in terms of money-making, but the money would have to be made; and Celie, instead of understanding and helping him, was only making it harder for him. It made him feel bitterly and resentfully alone.

He would have been incredulous, flatly amazed, if it had ever occurred to him that Celie, on her part, might be nursing a grievance of her own. But Celie did have a grievance too. She quite honestly believed that she was doing more than her share.

For Celie, on her own part, was having an anything but easy time of it. Her life had suddenly become an hourly fight against all the forces of inactivity. Paradise seemed to her just some soft warm place where she could lie down and not think—particularly not think. She wasn't actually working as hard as Louise had worked while Sister was on the way—Louise had kept up all the routine of her housework, with two-year-old Junior tagging her from room to room, easily tripling her tasks—but Louise hadn't had to think while she was doing it; Louise hadn't been afraid of losing her job.

Celie was desperately afraid of losing hers. She had worked four years to prepare herself for that job and she loved it. She knew that she did it well and was learning all the time to do it better. In four years more, perhaps, she would have been at a place where she could safely take a few months off, with a certainty of having her job or some other to come back to. But she was not there now. Now, at her best, she was, perhaps, a little better than the next in line. And the next, young, free, unhampered, was getting better all the time and was eager to push ahead. If Celie wanted a place later she knew that she must hold it now.

And she did want it later. Never for one weary moment was she tempted into denying this. So, day after day, she whipped up her brain like a tired horse. She wrote smart, chit-chat copy for Arch-Holder Shoes. When her very mind seemed heavy-footed she managed to achieve copy that danced like Cinderella's slippers. Too wearily indifferent to powder her own nose, she wrote bloomingly of Maytime Rouge and Mystery Eye Shadow; temptingly of Dunn's Ginger Ale, when she felt she would quite as soon drink Gruger's India Ink, of which she also wrote.

She was really making a pretty gallant fight of it. Even her doctor—an inhuman, scientific gentleman—was satisfied. The walk between the apartment and the office twice a day, a rigid diet rigidly adhered to, a few minutes stolen for hot-beef bouillon in the middle of the morning and afternoon, bed by half-past eight at night—Celie managed very successfully to fit his requirements in with those of the A. A. Miller Advertising Agency.

The one thing she could not fit in, couldn't seem to flog up the energy to do, was to humor her husband. The artistic temperament of which she had been so proud lost its appeal for Celie these days. She no longer had the surplus spirits to coax Rod back out of fits of gloom; she was too close to the edge herself to be amused and indulgent when he was irritable and unreasonable. She could not play with him of an evening now, after one of his off days, and win him back to sanity by the sheer exuberance of her own personality.

Rod seemed inexcusably childish to her these days. His unexpected, irritable rudeness, his irresponsible absent-mindedness, the way he resented Llewellyn Baker's occasional criticisms of his drawings. Suppose Rod did think Baker knew nothing of art and couldn't draw himself. A. A. Miller no longer wrote good advertising copy himself, for that matter, but Celie knew better than to waste precious energy brooding over what she would like to tell him every time he criticized a bit of copy she had written.

Rod's casual meeting on the street with the editor of the arty little magazine which had bought his woodcuts and etchings, the editor's horrified:

"You're not etching any more! Why, man, you're one of ten men in the country who have a real gift for it. You can't afford to give it up!"

"I can't afford not to," Rod's short bitter laugh. "I've found a better market for my gifts. I'm drawing legs in silk stockings and pretty babies in nice shiny bathtubs. And you ought to see my radiators! Oh, but I draw a mean radiator!"

He had been funny about it for five minutes with the editor and an impossible person to live with for a week afterward. It wasn't fair. Celie went through the week with a steadily deepening sense of hurt and injustice, of being left alone in her time of need. She didn't try to coax Rod out of the mood, neither did she laugh to herself indulgently and think, "Aren't men just great big kids, though!" It wasn't fair. She was sorry Rod wasn't finding time for any of the kind of work he loved, but it wasn't her fault. She wasn't having any fun herself, for that matter, these days, but she tried to be a good sport about it. After all, it was Rod's baby as well as hers, and surely she was carrying the heavier end of the load.

The truth is that, in spite of all their modern patter and their city-bred sophistication, in life's essentials Rod and Celie were a pair of immature children, and they were up against a problem immaturity couldn't solve, faced with adjustments immaturity couldn't make. Every day brought them closer to the inescapable climax—a climax as inevitable as a chemical reaction.

It came at last in August, a month before their child was to be born. Causes, both petty and profound, decided the day. The merest trifle served to set off the explosion. The trifle was the bassinet Celie had bought the afternoon before. A lacy, ribbony, pink-and-white nest for a baby. It was lovely and feminine. It was impractical and expensive. Celie had spent the morning in the apartment bedroom, writing copy for Sears Washing Machine. Rotten copy—Celie knew it was rotten—dull, heavy, unstimulating. It was proving very inconvenient for the agency to have her doing her work at home these past three months. Nothing had been said, but Celie knew this; knew that to justify the inconvenience her work should be brilliant, unique. She would read over the copy she had written and know that any girl right in the office could have done it better. She would tear up the sheet and try again. Each new attempt was more leaden-footed than the one before. She knew that she must turn out something good, and on the brink of discouraged tears, she would grit her teeth and try again, dogged and desperate. Spontaneous brilliance is seldom squeezed out that way.

At half-past three she gave up for the day. Suppose the ability, the little flair she had once had, had left her. She had heard of such things happening. Because she was frightened and tired she had forced herself to carry on, after the immemorial way of women. She had gone shopping for the coming baby; dull, prosy shopping—diaper cloth, rubber sheeting, pinning bands. It was hot and the clerks were tired and listless. A floorwalker misdirected her to the basement and the nearest elevator was out of commission, so she walked back up the stairs, every step seeming a titanic effort.

Rod had been hurrying to finish a drawing for Baker when she had left the apartment, and had not looked up from his work as he bade her good-by. Celie, plodding

(Continued on Page 175)

No. 1447

No. 1739

Years of exacting craftsmanship have won for Milano a reputation respected wherever men appreciate good pipes.

So sweet, so mellow, so *mild* is Milano that it makes the finest tobacco seem finer. Its bowl is hand-fashioned of fine Italian briar, a century old.

Scores of models. Smooth finish, $3.50 up—rustic finish, $4.00 up.

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Each Milano is "insured" for your protection by a special "policy". And the policy is "underwritten" by the little White Triangle on the stem.

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SO-CALLED Sanitary plumbing is both a protection and a menace to public health. A protection in so far as it permits the prompt disposal of waste from sinks, lavatories, toilets, and other fixtures; a menace in so far as it may allow noxious gases, usually called "sewer" gases, to enter the building. Hence, laws have been enacted regulating the installation of plumbing systems.

Formerly, lead and cast iron pipes with "calked joints" were used exclusively for building or "house" drainage. But the lead in such joints in time will be pushed out, due to vibration and physical stresses. These leaky joints are usually concealed behind walls or partitions, where they cannot be detected; and they may develop so stealthily that occupants of the building never suspect their presence.

Forty-two years ago, the Durham drainage system was introduced, consisting of genuine wrought iron pipe with special fittings, *screwed* together. Since then, the Durham system has gained steadily in favor due to its greater strength and the practical impossibility of screwed joints ever developing leaks from physical stresses.

Recent investigation of hundreds of buildings in New York, Chicago, and other cities, in which the Durham system was installed from 30 to 40 years ago, failed to reveal a single instance of leaky screw joints on wrought iron pipe, but leaky calked joints in the same buildings were frequently observed. The wrought iron pipe itself was found to have suffered so little from corrosion as to be almost as good as new. The investigators concluded that genuine wrought iron, as made by Byers, is the ideal material for house drainage systems, offering the greatest assurance of remaining tight and leakproof and thus protecting the public health.

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GENUINE WROUGHT IRON

Niels Esperson Building, Houston, Texas. *Equipped throughout with Byers Pipe for heating and plumbing, including house drainage system. Architect: John Ebberson. Consulting Engr.: E. D. Small. Plbg. and Htg. Contractors: The Warren Co.*

(Continued from Page 173

up the endless stairs from the department-store basement, decided that Rod didn't love her any more. She caught a glimpse of herself in a long mirror, beside a slim, red-cheeked girl who had come bounding up the basement stairs. Celie felt suddenly that there wasn't much use trying to go on. Then, arriving at last at the infants' department, she had seen the bassinet. It had looked so soft and pretty and feminine. It seemed to stand, someway, for cherished and beloved motherhood. They would have to have a bed of some kind for the baby. It was pretty expensive, of course, but Celie bought it. She thought she was buying a bassinet; she did not realize that what she was trying to buy was balm for the spirit.

All that Rod saw when it was duly delivered at the apartment the next morning was a bassinet—a foolish, expensive knick-knack. He had been drawing for an hour when it arrived, biting grimly at his unlighted pipe, working without a model. He was drawing a girl in front of a refrigerator, and it was the refrigerator, of course, that counted. Yesterday he had drawn the same girl mixing a salad, and it had been the mayonnaise bottle that had counted. Tomorrow —— If Rod had been a girl he would have dropped his pencil and buried his head in his arms and wept.

This was one of the days when Rod knew himself destined to be an artist. All creative workers know these days, though they may deny them, in politic modesty—days when they seem mystically able to tune in on a far and eerie station and catch some snatch of cosmic melody, truer in its harmony, more meaning in its rhythm, than those that play on instruments less sensitively tuned.

There were days—there had always been days, even when he had been a youngster merely puzzled by them—when Rod felt pictures. He had learned the psychic technic—an ardent waiting, the creation of a receptivity magnetic enough to draw these pictures out of the haze of feeling into the sharper realm of sight. Then, once he could see the pictures clearly, the infinitely exacting, painstaking craftsmanship of getting them down in black and white. Time stood still on these days and the idea of rating their results in terms of cash seemed too irrelevant even to be smiled at.

This was one of these days, and Rod was drawing a refrigerator. Tomorrow—as he drew on, one shiny wooden surface after another, he was slowly facing the fact that all tomorrows would be as today. He was nervous, worried about money today, and he always would be. He would do more and more work, but there would never be quite enough money. If there were any hope of catching up ever—but there wasn't; not with Celie's fastidious, ever-changing desires. He would draw refrigerators and pickle bottles day after day, year after year; always a little out of breath financially. He would feel pictures less and less often; at last, not at all. Perhaps some day the buyers would suddenly be tired of the way he drew refrigerators and pickle bottles. And then ——

"For Heaven's sake, Portia, do you have to screech while you're dusting?"

Po'tia, who had thought she was singing, stopped abruptly. Rod was instantly sorry he had snapped at her. It would make things unfairly hard for Celie if Po'tia should leave just now. A man must think of his wife, even when he is digging his own grave. Po'tia was a colored lady of spirit and she dusted on in ominous silence. She dragged the heavy etching press out of a corner and moved, clatteringly, the box of wood-cutting tools.

"Keep all dis hyah stuff jes' to ketch dust," she muttered angrily. "Don' neber use it. Ain't neber gwine use it."

Rod, drawing on at the shiny refrigerator, heard her words as a doom. Never! At this moment the bassinet arrived. Portia unpacked it in the middle of the studio floor, sweeping its excelsior padding into the yawning fireplace. Celie came out from her work in the August-hot bedroom to look at her purchase.

"Look at it, Rod!" she exclaimed, a little more vivaciously because she knew it was a bit extravagant. "Isn't it a perfect love?"

"It's very pretty," said Rod in the voice of a polite, unfriendly stranger. "I hope you'll find it worth the price."

Celie looked at him in surprise; she caught the expression on his face. "Rod," she exclaimed, frightened, "what's the matter?"

Before Rod could answer, the telephone rang. Celie watched Rod with frightened, childishly uncomprehending eyes. She shrank at the ominous overtones of his level voice. It was evidently Llewellyn Baker calling.

"I don't see how," Rod was saying coldly. "Not unless you want me to ruin the picture to do it." Some lengthy explanation from the other end of the wire. Then: "Well, if you value Mr. Schiffton's ideas on art so highly, why bother with an artist at all? Why don't you just hire some other mayonnaise manufacturer to make his drawings for him?"

Oh, Rod mustn't talk like that! What was he thinking of? Celie stretched out both hands in shocked protest. But she was too late.

"No"—horrified, she heard him say—"since you ask me, I don't. I don't think you know enough about art yourself to teach drawing in a girls' boarding school."

A pause—very brief this time—then:

"Thanks," said Rod savagely. "It will be a very great relief, I assure you."

He had lost the order! The order for a dozen drawings, at a larger price than he had ever been paid before! And at this time!

Silently Rod crossed to his drawing board, ripped off the half-finished picture of the girl and the refrigerator, crushed it between his hands and threw it into the fireplace. Then, in grim silence, he took his hat and strode out of the apartment.

Alone in the studio, Celie stood, staring at the ruffled bassinet. Po'tia carried the stiff paper in which it had been wrapped down the hall to the kitchenette; it crackled loudly in the sudden stillness. Celie did not hear the crackle or see the little ruffled bed. For the first time in her spoiled, successful young life Celie Vane was facing reality. She knew that her marriage was heading straight for disaster.

There was no misreading the stark suffering she had seen in her husband's face, nor the fact that, suffering, he had turned away from her, not toward her. Temper or temperament, jobs lost or held, orders filled or thrown away, a cocky gay front to the world or no pretense at all—all the important trifles were swept aside ruthlessly by one overwhelming, terrifying truth—she and Rod were losing each other

Celie was crying desolately into the pink and white ruffles when Rod came back two hours later. He was remorseful and frightened. He patted her shoulder in awkward penitence.

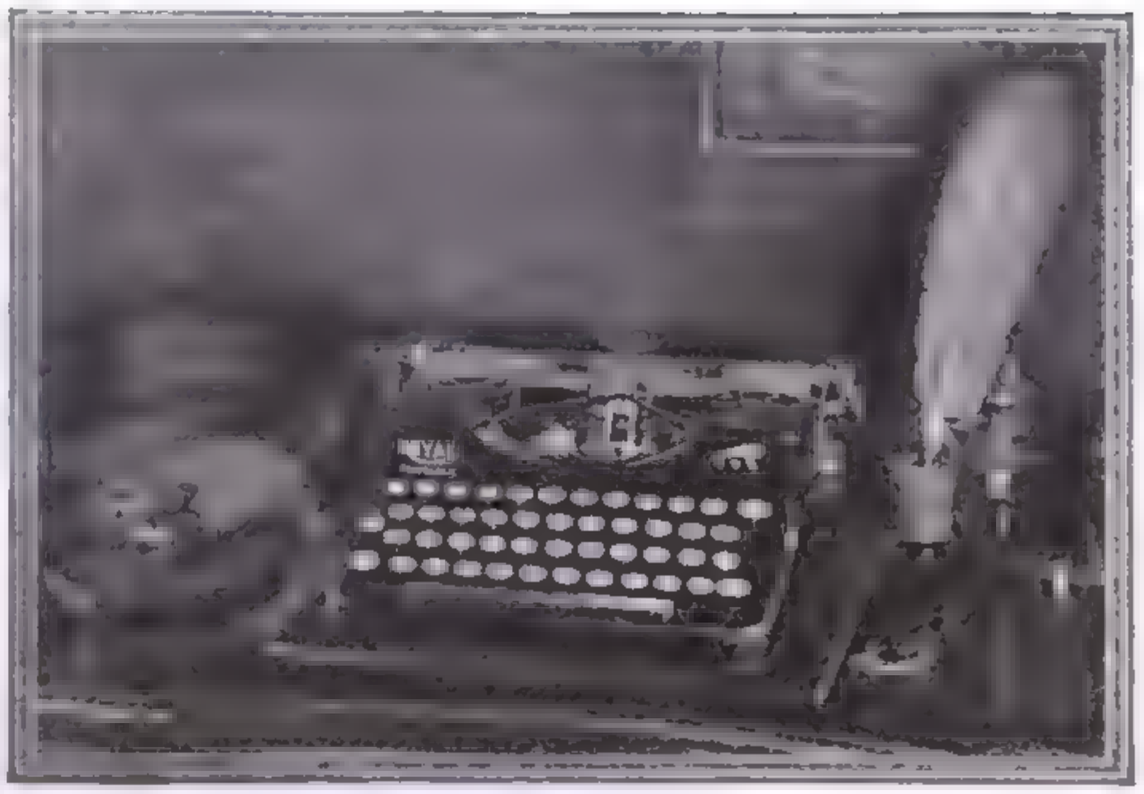
"I'll try not to let go like that again," he promised. And then in apology: "I get sort of panicky, looking ahead to doing that same sort of drivel for years and years—forever. Not that that's any excuse. I've no business making an ass of myself—now of all times."

Celie clung to his hand as though by the very desperation of her eagerness she could hold them fast together.

"If I give up my job; if we get a little place like Louise's—maybe I can learn to manage as well as Louise; I've been thinking since you left—you wouldn't have to do much commercial stuff."

Rod shook his head. "No," he said hopelessly, "that's no answer. Housekeeping and baby tending isn't the work you're cut out for any more than drawing refrigerators is mine."

"Then what can we do?" Celie cried passionately. "We can't go on this way! We'll stop loving each other! What can we do?" (Continued on Page 177)



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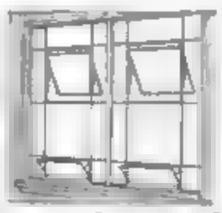

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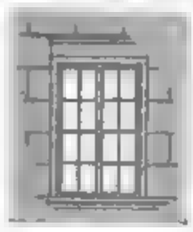
are moderately priced windows suitable for schools and office buildings. They provide ventilation without draft and give protection from rain even when open. The double unit P-39 here illustrated lists at $62.00



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The highest grade steel windows furnished to specifications for libraries, banks, clubs and office buildings. A typical size 4 0" x 7 0" as shown here lists at $9. 00 with bronze hardware.

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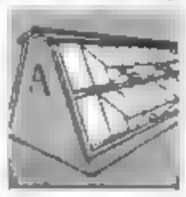

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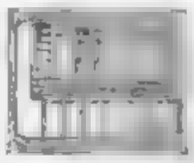

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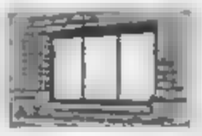

Basement Windows
Lupton Windows ensure a bright, airy basement. Made in five stock sizes. Unit HW-31 lists at $2.95

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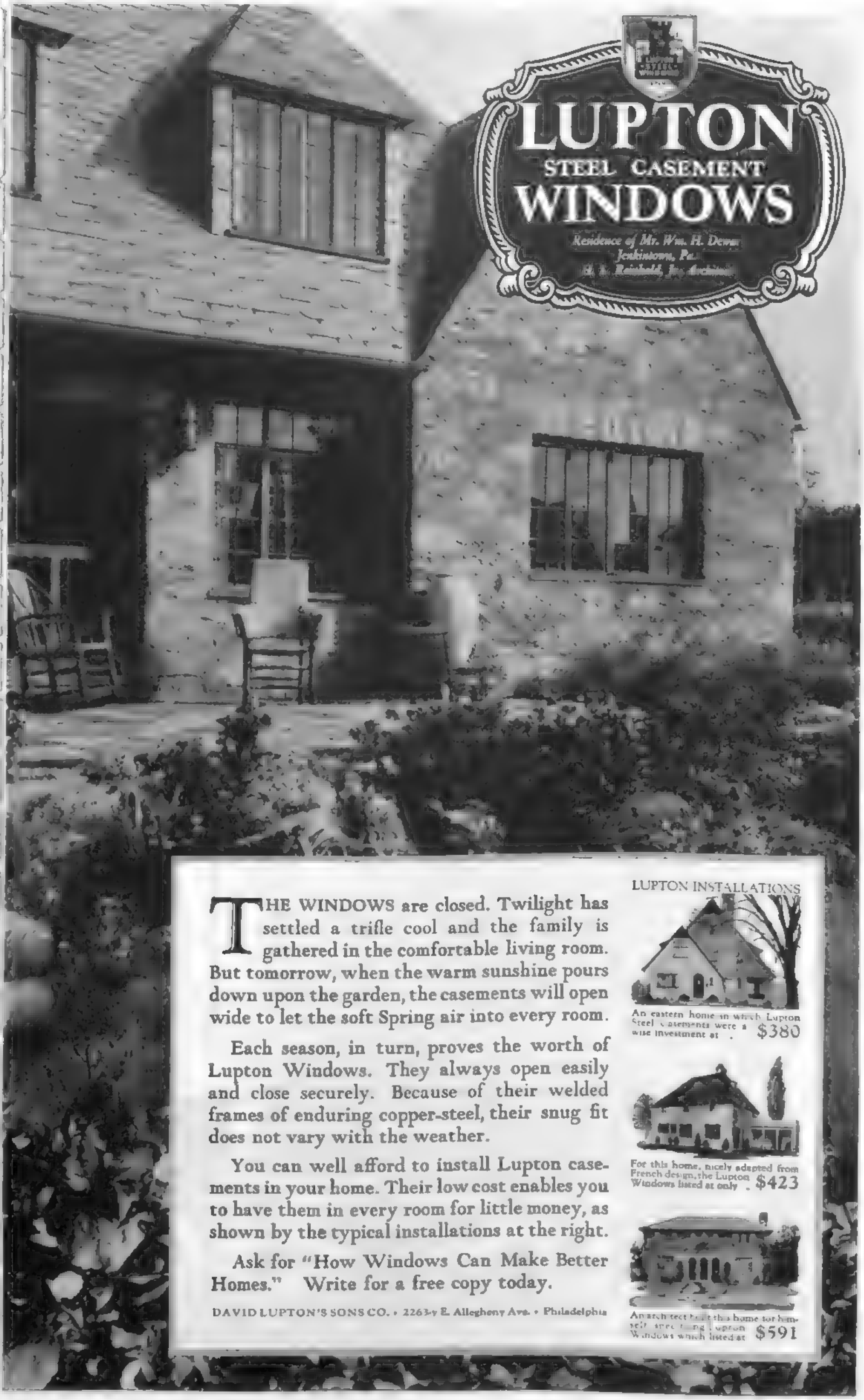

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Each season, in turn, proves the worth of Lupton Windows. They always open easily and close securely. Because of their welded frames of enduring copper-steel, their snug fit does not vary with the weather.

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An eastern home in which Lupton Steel Casements were a wise investment at . $380

For this home, nicely adapted from French design, the Lupton Windows listed at only . $423

An architect built this home for himself and specified Lupton Windows which listed at $591

(Continued from Page 175)

Rod did not answer. For the despairing moment there seemed to be no answer. But his clasp for Celie's hand was as eager, as desperate, as hers for his.

"There must be some way!" she cried. "Some way—any way! I'll do anything! Oh, there must be some way!"

"If we could figure out some way that we could live and have the baby," Rod said slowly, "on not so very much more than we were spending before; if we could stick it out a few years—it wouldn't be forever ——"

"We can!" said Celie excitedly. "I know we can. If we're willing to give up everything else. Most people give up the work they love first. Let's save ours till the very last—not even consider giving it up till after we've given up everything else."

Rod didn't believe she meant it, of course. But an expectant mother must be humored. Patiently he got out the old envelope with the old figures on it. They went down the list, slashing away at one item after another. Oh, so carefully Celie added up the total three times to make sure. There was a silence while they looked at the challenge of the figures.

Suddenly they both rose, put on their hats.

"I'm going over to the Mortimers' apartment house," said Celie, "and see if the landlord will cancel our lease on that apartment."

"I'm going down to apologize to Llewellyn Baker," said Rod. "The fathead!"

It was fortunate that they had something definite like that to begin on, because neither of them dared quite to trust the other.

For the next few weeks Rod would have to do all the commercial work he could. There was no dodging the drastic and immediate expenses. He might swear he did not mind this, so long as he was freed from the quicksand nightmares of being sucked under forever. He stuck gamely by, drawing three oranges and a bottle of milk through one off day, was preternaturally gentle with Po'tia and went off alone toward evening to walk off his grouch, coming back actually amiable. Reassuring this was, but Celie, desperately eager to believe, did not quite dare. The steadfastness of a temperamental artist is a doubtful thing to count on.

And Rod was even more afraid to count on Celie. Though she resolutely declined taxis, ate her meals cheerfully in a clattery cafeteria for two days when Po'tia failed to appear, and insisted on Rod's getting Mary Bullis to pose for a fur-coat drawing, he waited apprehensively for her to change her mind. It was reassuring, though, the way she stood up to Louise about the apartment they finally found.

"I can't afford the strength for commuting this year," Celie explained staunchly. "I've got to save all the energy I can for my work. This flat is sunny, yet it's got one room with a north light for Rod and a fire-escape landing that will be splendid for the baby's airing. It's really an amazing find."

"But it isn't homy!" Louise protested. "Horrid little rooms and a long dark hall. It hasn't got a single floor plug in the whole apartment, and no fireplace. Not even gas logs."

"It's convenient to the office," said Celie.

Louise snorted. "I believe you think more of that precious office than you do of having a nice home."

"Why, yes," said Celie, "I believe I do. You see, any home where Rod is will be nice enough for me."

Rod, though, did not quite dare to trust. He could not believe that Celie would really be able to stand up to it on her inconsequential little feet. And the vise was tightened uncomfortably by their need for money. Day by day the time of staggering expense was coming closer. Celie, of course, could not increase her income by a penny, and Rod, having thrown his chances prodigally to the winds, was now caught in the dull spell which hits advertising work in the late summer. Llewellyn Baker had ostensibly accepted Rod's apology, but the one big order had already been given to another man. Rod had let him down once before, Baker reminded him; on the bathing-suit drawings. An artist who couldn't be depended upon was pretty near a total loss. There might be something later, he said, but rather dubiously.

August dragged on, heavy and sultry. The city was intolerable. Celie's work went badly, Rod's came not at all. It was as though life itself were suddenly bearing down on the young Vanes, laughing at their young ambition, mocking at their rash new ways, trying to break their nerve. But the young Vanes managed to laugh back at it. Forced, uneasy, not so very mirthful laughter, but the only way they knew to keep their nerve from breaking.

At seven o'clock on a rainy September evening, Baker telephoned. An artist had let him down at the last minute, coming down with acute appendicitis. Just what you might expect, Baker's aggrieved tone implied, of a touchy artist. There was a big order. Rod could have the whole series if he could have the first drawing, completely finished, in his office by nine the next morning. Could he! Rod executed an elaborate Highland fling, the exuberance of almost unbelievable relief.

The first drawing would be a detailed and elaborate affair, a big night's work. Rod hung his watch up before his drawing board for its constant, nagging reminder. There could be no slipping up on this job. Rod knew that all future MacDonald orders hung on it. More even than that; he felt, solemnly, that all their future—his and Celie's—the success or failure of their plan, hung on this night. By nine o'clock he had the drawing blocked in roughly. Rain beat drenchingly against the broad studio windows, but Rod was deaf to it—deaf and blind to all that was going on around him. Working.

Suddenly Celie's voice cut through his absorption. She was standing in the bedroom door. Rod came out of his abstraction enough to note, puzzled, that she was dressed for the street. Po'tia, also, in hat and coat, was behind her, carrying the suitcase that had been packed and waiting now for several days.

"I'm going to the hospital," Celie said quietly.

Rod started up, dropping his pencil to the floor, snatching for his hat.

"Don't stop," said Celie. "Po'tia's going with me. Go on downstairs, please, Po'tia, and get a taxi."

"Good Lord, Celie"—Rod's tone was aghast—"you don't think I'm going to let you go—alone!"

"I think you'll have to," said Celie. "You can't reach Baker tonight. If you disappoint him again this time, no reason in the world will make any difference. You'll never get another order from him."

"What if I don't! Compared with you!"

"You can't help me one bit, darling. Not really, you know."

"But don't you want me there—with you?"

Didn't she want him! Celie went suddenly gray. She turned quickly back to the bedroom so that Rod shouldn't see her face. She caught at the edge of the dressing table, clung to it in a rocking world.

"Help me stick it out," she whispered brokenly, childishly. "Please, please, help me to stick it out."

A few black moments and the world steadied itself again. Back in the studio:

"Do you think I can sit here and draw," Rod asked shakily, "while you ——"

"Yes," said Celie steadily, "I know you can. If I can do my part, you can do yours."

Three sharp buzzes of the doorbell below indicated that Po'tia had secured the cab. The hand with which Rod tried to steady Celie down the apartment-hall stairway was not much for steadying. Rod's face for the moment was whiter than Celie's. For the moment Celie was furnishing the nerve for two.

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"Po'tia'll telephone you that we've got there all right," she said. "Then try not to think about me while you're working." A moment's pause. Celie clung to her husband's hand. "You'll come just the minute you've got the drawing to the office?"

"Oh, Celie, sweetheart, I can't do it! I can't!"

A moment's weakening and the cause would have been lost. But Celie didn't weaken. Even her flippancy stayed gamely by. In the taxi, she managed a shaky little laugh, and leaned out to whisper:

"Well, good luck, old darling, here's for a boy!"

In the hospital corridor outside young Mrs. Vane's room, a little group of nurses, waiting for the breakfast trays, discussed birth and death, after the casual way of nurses who daily deal with both. Number 16, it was reported, had checked out in the night; and passing lightly from the end of life to its beginning, one nodded toward young Mrs. Vane's closed door.

"What's yours? A boy?"

A friendly-faced, middle-aged nurse nodded.

"Eight pounds. I just took him in for the father to see." The nurse laughed. "They're funny ones," she observed. "Anyone'd think the child had been left on their doorstep in a basket, they act so surprised. 'Why, Rod,' she said to her husband, as though she'd never heard of such a thing before, 'we're going to love him!'" The nurse laughed richly. "And him! Say, from the way he's going on about her, you'd think she'd invented babies."

One of the other nurses, also middle-aged, but not so friendly faced, gave a little grunt of disapproval. "These kids having babies—they don't know what it means. Last one I had didn't even know that a baby gets a ten P.M. feeding. Probably this one doesn't, for that matter."

"She's going to keep a nurse," said the friendly-faced one.

"She would. Young people nowadays don't think of anything but having a good time. Catch any of them making any sacrifices to have children. Why, I heard"—she nodded toward Celie's door and lowered her voice dramatically. Birth and death were commonplaces; here was scandal—"I heard that he wasn't even here last night!"

"They've both got nice faces," said the friendly nurse.

"Just a couple of crazy kids. They don't know anything about the trouble that may be ahead of them."

"None of 'em do," said the friendly nurse, "when they go out of here with a baby in their arms."

But she was cheerful about it, under the spell, perhaps, of the pretty picture in the young Vanes' room. An awed young man and woman and their child, the despotic little courier of the years ahead, already drawing two hearts closer to each other with his helpless, all-unconscious baby hands. The old, old happy ending, as sentimental as a movie fade-out, as potential as a seed in the April earth. Ancient and authentic. What of this kind of brass tacks or of that? Every generation has its reckless young disciples and its own pet brand; and some way, wisdom, courage, reality live on, down the generations.

Commonplace enough, the nurse found Rod and Celie. A baby steadies them all, she was thinking.

INNOCENT DELUSIONS

(Continued from Page 7)

She was silent for a moment, then said shrewdly, "Doctor Final, the trouble with you is you're so tender-hearted that you can't bear grief, even in others. You won't deal with people unless they can keep their emotions under control. If they weep or if they thank you, you're embarrassed."

"I prefer the scientific atmosphere," he agreed.

"I think you're afraid you'll cry," she retorted.

He made a deprecatory gesture. "Tell Dr. H. K. Eliot that I will be unable to see him," he directed.

She shook her head. "I'm tired of standing between you and your duty," she said impatiently. "Can't see him? What else have you to do? If you want to say you won't see him, all right, but 'can't,' no. I'm through lying for you, helping you shirk and dodge. If you want that, get someone else."

"Very well," he agreed sternly. "Tell Doctor Eliot I will not see him, if you prefer."

"You ought to see him," she insisted. "You ought to take this appointment."

He shook his head. "To do so would be to put myself at the call of every house officer down there. If a patient came in with an appendix they'd be as like as not to send for me. At inconvenient hours. There should be a certain dignity in life, Miss Bird."

"I've always been too busy to bother about it," she retorted.

"Ah, yes," he agreed. "That is a matter of preference, to be sure."

"If I tell Doctor Eliot you won't see him, and he says what he's sure to say, I shall forget my dignity," she promised grimly.

"What is he sure to say?" he inquired in mild curiosity.

"That you're a shirker, too lazy to work," she told him flatly.

"And what will you say to that?"

"I'll probably slap his face," she confessed; and then abruptly urged, "Doctor Final, why don't you see him? You could be the biggest man in your field if you'd take the place that belongs to you. But as it is, no one ever heard of you but your personal friends, and a doctor here and there."

"I have no desire to loom large in the common eye," he reminded her.

"I know," she agreed resentfully, yet pleading too. "I know what you're thinking. You think fame is undignified, that there's something vulgar about it. You'd be pained to see your name in a newspaper. You're proud of being proud! I read somewhere the statement—I forgot where—that pride is a symptom of decay. It's the only symptom you've developed yet, Doctor Final. There must have been a great surgeon among your ancestors somewhere. You've inherited that, along with your pride. But, Doctor Final, you think too much of what you owe your ancestors. You owe yourself something too."

He shook his head. He was not accustomed to speak of his ancestry, and his tone now held a certain diffidence. "There were no surgeons among the Finals," he corrected her.

"Then, you don't owe your ability to them," she said eagerly. "You don't owe what you are to them. It's you. They had abilities, if you like—and exploited them too. Why won't you exploit yours?"

He was struck by the fact that she was, as she stood before him there, curiously vital, with a vitality that had in it a certain beauty.

"There's a fine spirit in you, Miss Bird," he said in a friendly tone. "Something that cannot be subdued."

"They call me Bumps, because I've had my share of them," she told him bitterly. And then, appealing to him again: "Do see Doctor Eliot, won't you?"

He would not confess, even to himself, that she had shaken him. "Impossible!" he replied, hiding his uncertainty behind a resolute tone. And after a moment, to close the discussion: "What else have you, Miss Bird?"

She made a weary gesture, turned away from him.

"Doctor Albert is to see you at two."

(Continued on Page 181)

Keep a Kodak story of the children

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Compare his watch with the one his father carried at his age—both cased by Wadsworth

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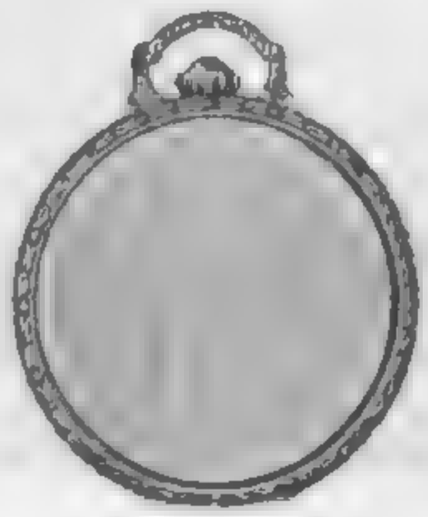
And, of course, in his watch. Gracefully slender, light in weight, elegantly simple in design. Compare it with the ponderously ornate watches of a generation ago!

And note, by the way, that he owns two, a strap watch and a watch for his pocket. He knows that one is often appropriate where the other is not. He would



no more think of wearing his strap watch to the theater in the evening than of wearing his pocket watch on the links.

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(Continued from Page 178)

He nodded. "I know the case. It is not pressing. Put him off till tomorrow. I will not be here. Are there others?"

She shook her head.

"I mean to spend the afternoon with those papers," he explained. "I am curious to know why my great-grandfather should be interested in the genealogy of a family named Pursee."

"You would be," she agreed.

He hesitated, willing to placate her if he could find a way; but none occurred to him, and in the end he rose and took his hat and coat. When he reached the door she was busy at the filing cabinet.

He said gently, "Good afternoon, Miss Bird!"

She turned to look at him for a long moment with an appraising eye. "If you weren't one of the Massachusetts Finals," she said soberly, "you'd be a great man."

He colored faintly, with a quick resentment. "It is not to be expected that you would understand such matters," he said in a tone like ice.

Her eyes were bright. "I'm quite content to be—merely—one of the Jamaica Plain Birds," she assured him. "If that's what you mean!"

"Exactly!" he exploded. "Hence the difference in our points of view."

So she saw he was angry, and laughed at him a little, and he went away full of fury at her laughter there.

During his solitary luncheon at the club his thoughts dwelt upon Miss Bird, weighing what she had said, devising retorts he might have made to her. But any retort, he knew, must have been wasted; she had not the background necessary to enable her to comprehend his point of view. He remembered, with a certain comfort, that he was to dine at seven with Alicia Case. Alicia saw eye to eye with him in such matters; they had long agreed together that the most precious thing in life was leisure. When he interrupted his sporadic practice in February and March to go South for golf, Miss Bird protested violently, but Alicia encouraged him in these excursions. When in July and August he spent week-ends, or even fortnights, away from the office, he was apt to find Miss Bird on his return as gloomy as a lowering cloud; but Alicia agreed that he was in danger of working too hard, that these intervals were wisely seized. At luncheon today he set Alicia against Miss Bird in his thoughts and so succeeded in silencing what regrets he might otherwise have had. Alicia, for instance, would be interested in these old letters with which he meant to spend his afternoon.

An annoying interruption delayed the felicity he expected from their perusal. Doctor Albert, in an obnoxious fashion, refused to be put off; he communicated with Doctor Final at the little man's home, and so insistently that Doctor Final was compelled to yield to him. The resulting consultation entailed the usual delays, and it was not till near five o'clock that he was at last free to turn to the mass of papers which he had left in order on the desk in his library. There he encountered a further irritation, for Mrs. Hodge, who had a passion for order, had undertaken to wipe the dust off the yellowed letters, with the result that the order in which he had left them was disturbed and they were all confusion. Thus he was unable to complete his investigations among them before Hodge warned him that he must dress.

At dinner his thoughts were still full of these matters, and he spoke of them to Alicia and her mother; had, as he expected, an understanding interest.

"I do not remember the name Pursee among Bostonians," Mrs. Case commented. "My father knew everyone in the city; it seems I must have heard him speak of them."

"They did not live here," Doctor Final explained. "The whole affair is very curious. I found first this genealogy, this incomplete record of four generations of the family. It was inverted—that is, it began with an individual and worked backward. The individual's name was Robert Pursee; and his parents were named, and three of his grandparents, and five of his great-grandparents. The maiden names of some of the female ancestors were apparently obscure or undiscoverable." He smiled faintly. "In another quarter I discovered some further history of the family. Robert Pursee's father and mother appear to have lived in a small town in New Hampshire near Nashua, and the father was a veterinary."

"How extraordinary!" Alicia remarked

"Precisely," Doctor Final agreed. "That is what provokes my curiosity. Why should my great-grandfather have been interested in the family of a person named Robert Pursee, whose father was a veterinary?"

"I have heard my father say that your great-grandfather was a curiously stern, secretive man," Mrs. Case suggested irrelevantly.

Doctor Final nodded. "My great-grandmother was rendered an invalid by the birth of their only son," he explained "My great-grandfather must have felt this very keenly. He attached a great deal of importance to the family; must have wished to have more children. He loved my great-grandmother very devotedly, however; they had a long life together."

"How touching that is!" Alicia suggested in her level tones.

"He collected and preserved a considerable number of family records," Doctor Final continued. "I have them all. He took great care that they should be in order. That is why this secret collection appears so remarkable."

"I remember he died very suddenly," Mrs. Case commented. "I was a little girl at the time, but his death cast a shadow over us all. No doubt he meant to transmit these things to your grandfather, but death prevented him. Came upon him unawares."

Doctor Final smiled. "Even so, why this solicitude over the son of a veterinary?" he insisted.

"How mystifying," Alicia agreed.

"No doubt the solution lies in the papers themselves," Mrs. Case reminded him; and Doctor Final nodded at this.

"I have no doubt of it," he assented. "I had expected to finish with them this afternoon; would have done so but for an interruption. I'm afraid I shall sit late with them tonight."

They rose presently and moved into the drawing-room, and after a time Mrs. Case left them there. Doctor Final sat an hour or so with Alicia, finding in her that leisurely understanding which he valued so. She was a tall, fair young woman with a pale beauty about her eyes and her fine hair, and her voice was gentle and low. This was an excellent thing in woman, he reminded himself tonight; but Alicia had so many excellences. Her mother was of one of the oldest families; her father, who had been aggressively successful in the practice of law, had thus atoned for the inadequacy of his birth. He was, tactfully, some years dead. Alicia herself had her mother's poise, had no suggestion of her father's somewhat offensive energy. Doctor Final found her habit of agreeing with his opinions curiously reassuring, after the violence of Miss Bird's disagreement. Though he talked gravely with Alicia now, he was smiling inwardly at the contrast between her and Miss Bird; thought how utterly out of place his office nurse would be in these surroundings.

Alicia permitted him to say good night when the evening was half gone. "I shall want to finish with the letters before I retire," he reminded her; and she said gravely:

"Certainly, Roakes."

He hesitated. She had been charming this evening; attracted him in an unusual degree. For a moment he considered voicing the hitherto unspoken suggestion that they unite their lives. The matter was already decided in his own mind; it awaited only the appropriate time. This time might

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well serve. But she had rung for the butler; the man appeared with his hat and coat and the opportunity was gone.

Doctor Final said only, "I shall want to come and tell you what I find."

"I shall want to hear," she assured him.

So they parted, and Doctor Final set out to walk the two or three blocks to his home. The night was fine; there was a half moon, illuminating the delicate fretwork of new green upon the tall branches of the elms in the public garden. He turned aside to see the tulips there; went on his way, his mind engaged in certain scientific speculations. Why was it, he wondered, that at this season of new life the very blood in a man quickened with the general swifter pulse which stirred the world? He found no answer; and before he reached his own door his thoughts turned once more, and eagerly, to that mystery which awaited his investigation; that curious record of the antecedents of the veterinary's son.

Two hours later the whole was plain to him, but the tale had been long unfolding. In fact, the solution did not unfold at all, but burst upon him in a single appalling instant, when he opened a sealed envelope near the end of the pile.

Before that he had delved through a mass of material wholly concerned with the Pursee family. It had for the most part no apparent relation to his own forbears. There was first of all the record of the generations. There was that more complete account which included the fact that Robert Pursee's father had been a veterinary. He came next upon a sheaf of letters written by the same hand the hand, he discovered, of Robert Pursee's grandmother. They appeared to be replies to questions addressed to her; they were filled with details of her own life, of that of her husband, and of her son's. She confessed to an honest pride in this son of hers.

"He was a good hand with a sick cow," she wrote. "Or a dog, or the like. And there wasn't anyone like him to drench a horse."

By which Dr. Roakes Final found himself amused.

He read the letters through. He was in no haste. The night lay before him, and he could sleep late if he chose. When he discovered that one envelope among them all was sealed—a plain envelope, without address, and so the more provocative—he laid it aside. He guessed that it must contain the answer to the questions all these matters had provoked in him; and he was willing to postpone the pleasure of that revelation. So he amused himself with the letters of old Mrs. Pursee, and with the other papers here.

A scrap of newspaper bore a record of the birth of Robert Pursee; another appeared to be a paragraph from the same paper. It read.

Mrs. Frank Pursee died last night, four days after the birth of her son Robert. Dr. Frank Pursee, the well-known veterinary, died ten weeks ago from the kick of a sick horse on his head. Mrs. Pursee's many friends will be grieved to hear of her demise.

Doctor Final half smiled. "Exit veterinary," he murmured. "Exit wife. Rather hard on young Robert."

And he found a curious letter from the chairman of selectmen in the town. "—— Pursees were always good neighbors, and industrious; and I never heard a hard word about them."

Other letters in the same tone, attesting the virtues of the dead. One, three or four pages in extent, recounted the measures Doctor Pursee had applied in the case of a particularly sick cow which had eaten too largely of green apples. The case had responded to treatment. "And she's the best cow I've got in the tie-up right now," the writer concluded.

Doctor Final had observed, before this, that these letters were addressed, not to his great-grandfather, but to a Doctor Featherstone. The name was vaguely familiar to him; he remembered hearing it spoken by persons of an older generation. From one of these letters he gathered that Doctor Featherstone had been a native of the town in which the Pursees dwelt; that he had come to a wider practice in Boston. It appeared that he was an obstetrician; and it became clear to Doctor Final at last that Doctor Featherstone had officiated at the birth of Robert Pursee. The physician must occasionally have returned to his native town for some small practice there.

There was even a brief note from him, attesting the many-times-attested virtues of the Pursees. "Frank Pursee was one of my boyhood friends," Doctor Featherstone wrote. "He was some years older than I was, but I think the fact that he embraced the profession of veterinary was at least responsible, by inspiring me to emulation, for my own choice of a career. He was an able man."

A single line at the foot of this letter fixed Doctor Final's attention. "I can hold myself personally responsible for the silence of the family," Doctor Featherstone wrote; and this letter, unlike the others—as Doctor Final discovered by consulting the salutation—was addressed to his great-grandfather.

By this single sentence Doctor Final's reflective consideration of the material before him was whipped to a sharper pace; his thoughts, which had been contemplative, leaped forward. He sat for a long minute with the letter in his hands, groping blindly; and in this moment one curious circumstance forced itself upon his attention. The date of the birth of Robert Pursee was May 8, 1837. There had been from the first something familiar about these figures; he recognized now that familiarity. The date was also the date of the birth of his own grandfather. His grandfather and Robert Pursee had been born upon the same day!

The sealed envelope, thus far laid aside, was at his right; he caught it up quickly, ripped it open. The envelope was blank, without address; but within there were half a dozen sheets of paper, closely covered with his great-grandfather's hand. His eyes, racing now, darted along the lines; and the pulse in his throat clouded his vision, so that he had now and then to run his hand across his eyes. Here and there, words were for the moment meaningless, but the story told in this manuscript impressed itself indelibly in half a dozen passages.

"—— my wife's condition so grave Doctor Featherstone felt that if she knew the truth, her death would ensue ——"

What truth? Doctor Final looked back along the lines to see.

"—— a boy baby, born to my wife at nine in the morning on the eighth of May, was dead."

The little doctor's glance hurried on. "—— was my suggestion. Doctor Featherstone had said that even if she recovered, my wife could not again become a mother. He did not at once agree with me, but on the fourth day circumstances made it possible to do what I had proposed. Doctor Featherstone reported the death of Mrs. Pursee, the fact that her son, born in mid-afternoon on the eighth, was a healthy child; and motherless ——"

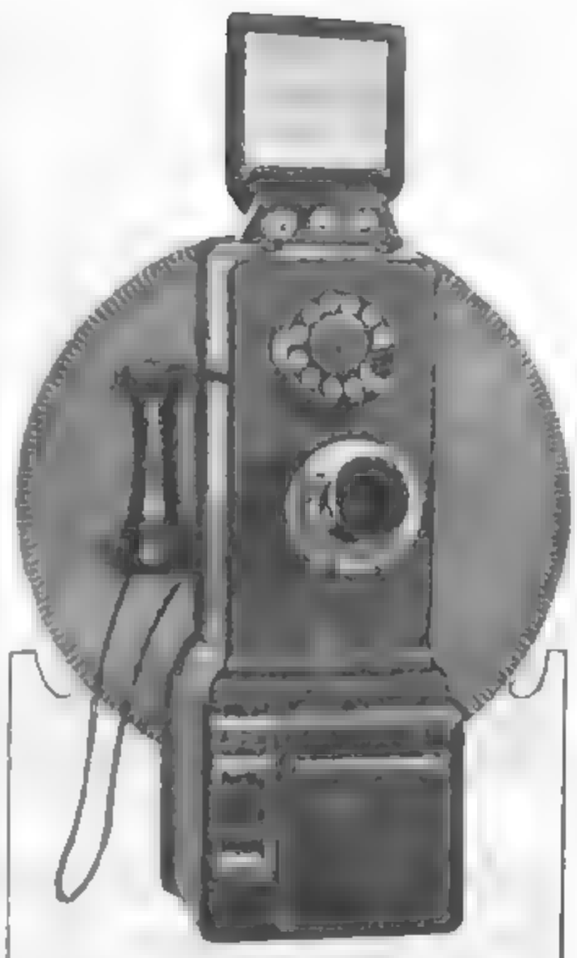
Long pages of detail, then the sentence: "When I put Robert Pursee into my wife's arms, she smiled and from that moment mended."

And at the end a formal recapitulation. "I never brought myself to tell my wife. Hence there was no formal adoption, but you always held the place of my own son in my heart. I bestow upon you my son's fine heritage ——"

Doctor Final was, by the time he came to this phrase, benumbed and drained of all emotion; he thought automatically that his great-grandfather must have intended this document for his son's eyes, but had forgotten or neglected to address the envelope. And then the little man shuddered with a sudden violence. But not his son! The son, rather, of a veterinary.

So the thing drove home to him. That veterinary, than whom there was none

(Continued on Page 185)



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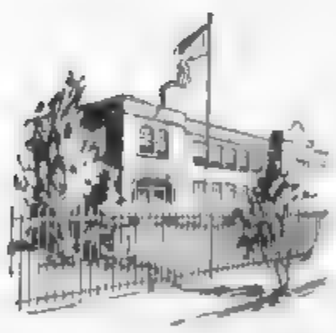

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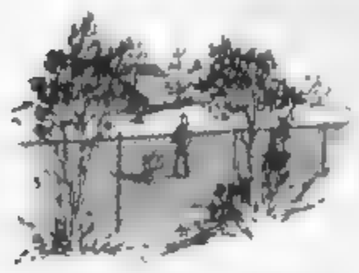

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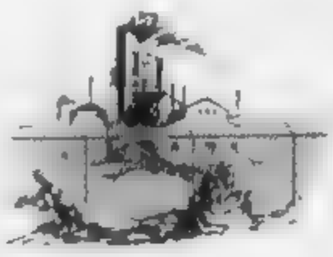

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And Ipswich has even outdone its own past records for style. Among the new numbers are several styles that we have called "conservative fancies" that just exactly meet the desire for color without wildness.

Whether your mind is set on silk, lisle or mixtures you will be struck with the entire reasonableness of Ipswich prices. You can buy an ample supply of Ipswich Socks and have some unexpected money left over.

STYLE 3119—A *new Ipswich Fancy for Spring and Summer. Cross-bar effects in various color combinations. Made of Celanese Brand yarn plated over mercerized yarn.*

IPSWICH HOSIERY

IPSWICH MILLS, Ipswich, Mass.

LAWRENCE & CO., *Sole Selling Agents*

(Continued from Page 182)

better at drenching a horse, was, then, his own great-grandfather! Of the Final blood, in which he had known such pride, there was no single drop in his poor veins. And his world collapsed about the little man.

Morning brought peace to Doctor Final—a curious peace, clarifying and instructive. The world about him wore, he perceived, colors not hitherto within his range of vision. He had slept not at all, but when daylight was fully come he stood for a while at his window, looking out across the Common, seeing for the first time the streams of people. Some of them probably had veterinaries for their grandfathers, and Doctor Final was conscious of a kinship with them in this hour.

He was as capable of precision in thought as in speech; and after the first turbulence of his emotions was passed he had thought of many things. It did not occur to him, as it might have, to destroy the documents which had come into his hands; he had too much respect for what he had lost to seek to keep it by defraudment. Mr. and Mrs. Hodge would have to be told, and his acquaintances in general. Alicia and Mrs. Case, for example.

He could almost hear Alicia say, "But how extraordinary!" And he was a little surprised to find that the faint insolence in her tone had no power to hurt him. And Miss Bird would need to be told.

He refrained from confiding in Hodge at breakfast. That would come later. The matter must be handled in an orderly fashion. He left the house after breakfast, and turned as a matter of habit toward the hospital, and pursued his routine there. But afterward he went directly to his office, arriving thus an hour or so before his usual time. Miss Bird was, of course, there before him, but his coming thus early was so surprising that she looked up at him with quick attention. Because from some eyes such matters may not be hid away, she saw that some great thing had come upon the man. He wore the curious look of one surprised to find himself alive.

"He looks," she thought, smiling to herself—"he looks the way Daniel must have looked when the lions didn't eat him!" And she watched and waited to discover what it was that had come to pass.

Doctor Final sat down at his desk with no other word save one of greeting, and he pretended for a little to be busy there. But he was torn by that need of a confidant which is so keen in every man, and after a moment he looked across at her and said:

"Miss Bird, will you be so kind as to ask Mr. Stone for an appointment?"

Mr. Stone was his attorney; Miss Bird nodded and crossed to the telephone. He listened inattentively to her conversation there.

When she asked him, "Will three o'clock do?" he nodded indifferently. A moment later she said, "He wants to know what's on your mind?"

He looked at her then, and after a moment he said, "Tell him I want him to begin the necessary proceedings to change my name to Robert Pursee."

Miss Bird stood very still, but she told Mr. Stone nothing of the kind. Instead, with a slow and deliberate movement, she returned the receiver to its hook and set down the instrument and came and leaned upon the desk, looking down at Doctor Final.

"What is it?" she asked. "What has happened?" Her voice was very low.

He met her eyes, and there were such deeps in them that speech choked him. He shook his head to clear his throat, and he said: "I read those letters and papers last night, Miss Bird. I find that my grandfather was Robert Pursee. He was substituted for a Final baby who died at birth; grew up in the Final name. So you see, I've been under false colors all my life."

She did not speak at once; only her eyes searched him through and through. And he said at last, chokingly, "Robert Pursee's father was a veterinary. It appears that he was expert at drenching a horse!"

She nodded. "What are you going to do?" she asked gravely.

"Take the name that is rightly mine; give up what isn't mine," he said abruptly.

She shook her head. "Who cares for names?" she whispered in tender scorn. "I didn't mean that. What are you going to do?"

She was like an arm across his shoulders, full of comfort there; she was like a bosom upon which his head found peace; she was like a heartening hand in his. And he stared at her, and this day at last he saw her clearly.

"Work!" he said huskily, and inattentively, as though he did not know the word he spoke. And looked into her eyes. She was like a welcome home for a weary one ——

"I wish I could marry you," he muttered.

Miss Bird did not smile. "I wish to heaven you would," she told the little man; and he rose and came blindly fumbling toward her there.

Sometime later—oh, they had talked for long—he said thoughtfully, "You know, I'd like to look up the Pursee family more thoroughly. Find out their history."

She smiled, but she said gravely, "I'm sure you would. That is, of course, unless you're going to be too busy to spare the time."

The Findash Safety Pea Knife

Why Not Eat in Comfort?

EVERY pea on the blade of the Findash Safety Pea Knife is sure to reach its destination. When eating peas with the ordinary table knife the peas will slip and slide in spite of the most expert handling, which is most untidy and also very annoying.

A PEA ON THE KNIFE IS WORTH TWO IN THE LAP

No refined home should be without the Findash Safety Pea Knife.

YOU CAN DROP YOUR H'S, BUT WHY DROP YOUR P'S?

A testimonial from John Applegate, Blankville, Vermont:

THE FINDASH SAFETY PEA KNIFE CO.,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: I have been troubled with palsy and find it very hard to get a good knifeful of peas up to my mouth. I was compelled to use a spoon, but somehow they don't taste the same. I saw your advertisement in the Blankville Echo and I bought a Safety Pea Knife and I want to tell you it's solid comfort. I can't shake them off. God bless you.

JOHN APPLEGATE.

your dog

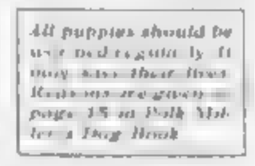
Dog Saves His Master

"SAULT STE MARIE, Ont., Jan. 20, 1927
After a terrific struggle against adverse winds Prince a dog as loyal as he is strong, swam to the shore of Michipicoten Island near here, dragging in tow his master in a canoe."

HARDLY a day goes by but the papers chronicle a new dog hero. If you have a dog, you have a faithful friend that deserves your care.

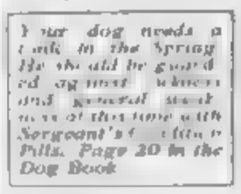
Master, Save Your Dog

You do not have to be an expert on dogs to know how to care for your dog and treat his ailments. You need only be a dog-lover, thinking enough of your dog to write for this information. Every dog-owner can, without cost, find out how to treat dog diseases. Moreover, there are safe and effective remedies for every dog ailment, and you can easily find out when and how to use them.



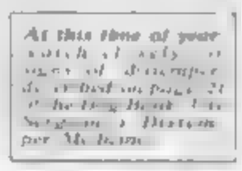
Famous Dog Book Free

Guided by fifty years' experience our staff of expert veterinarians has compiled a book of intense interest to dog-owners. It tells the symptoms of dog ailments and explains fully the best treatments for each. It explains proper methods of feeding and breeding. It is written in clean, explicit, non-technical language. It contains a unique Symptom Chart, making it easy to tell what's the matter with your dog. It is revised yearly and kept strictly up-to-date, and has been used as a guide by millions of owners. It has saved the lives of thousands of valuable dogs. A copy will be sent free to anyone who cares enough for his dog to write for it.



Expert Advice, Free

If your dog develops a condition that puzzles you, we urge you to write us, stating fully age, breed, sex and all symptoms. Our own skilled veterinarian and his staff will answer personally. Complete instructions for care and treatment will be sent you promptly without any charge.



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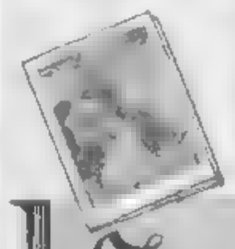
Write for your free copy of Polk Miller's Dog Book



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Write for FREE sample of our No-Tar-Odor Mange Medicine for Human Hair and Scalp.

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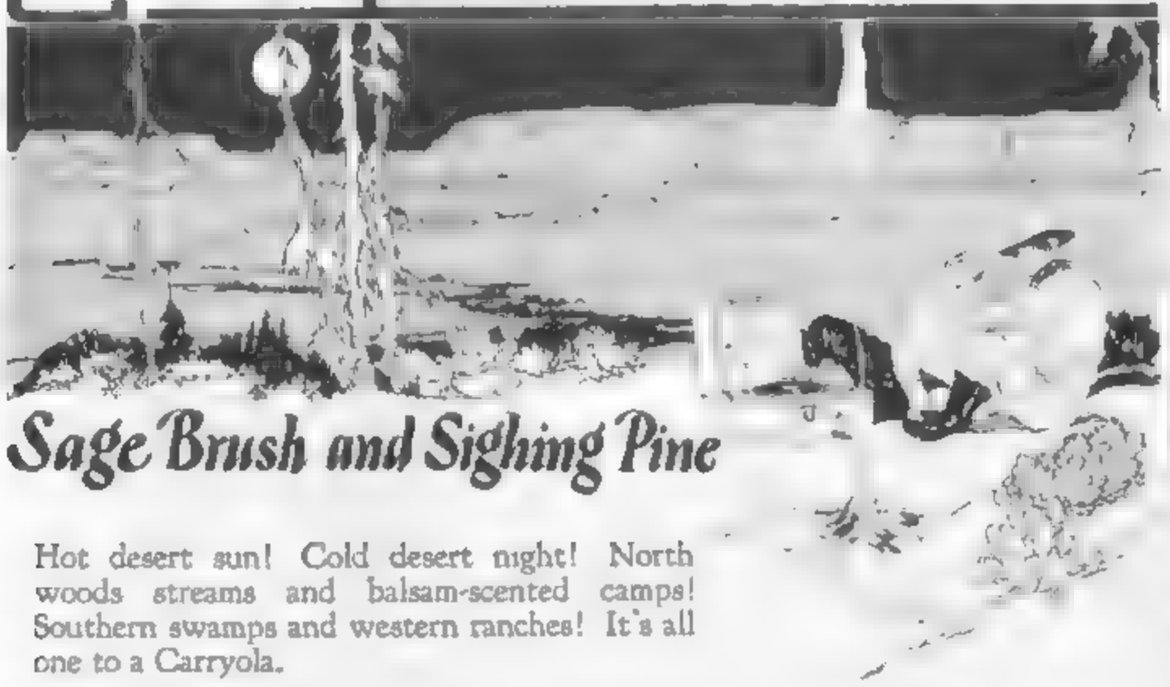

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Consider how easily it carries. Compact and strong. Light—grips easily and carries smoothly. Convenient — slips in anywhere.

Wherever man goes there goes the Master. Into tents and shacks and cabins. In canoes and skiffs and motor boats Up and down rivers and across lakes and over trails. Thousands take them who like to set the great outdoors to music The Carryola Master is the modern musical instrument. No extra album for records—it carries fifteen full-sized ones within its case. Plays all makes—with the tone and volume of larger and more expensive models.

Your choice of five attractive colors or black. All in Genuine Du Pont Fabrikoid, and with art cover and record album, both decorated in exclusive, distinctive designs Double-nickeled hardware. It's the Standard of Portable Value by which all others are judged.

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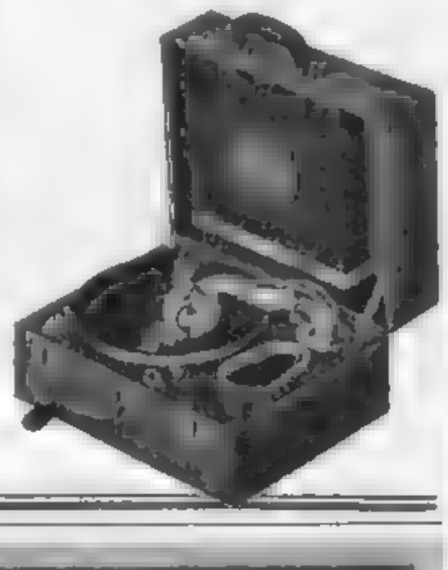

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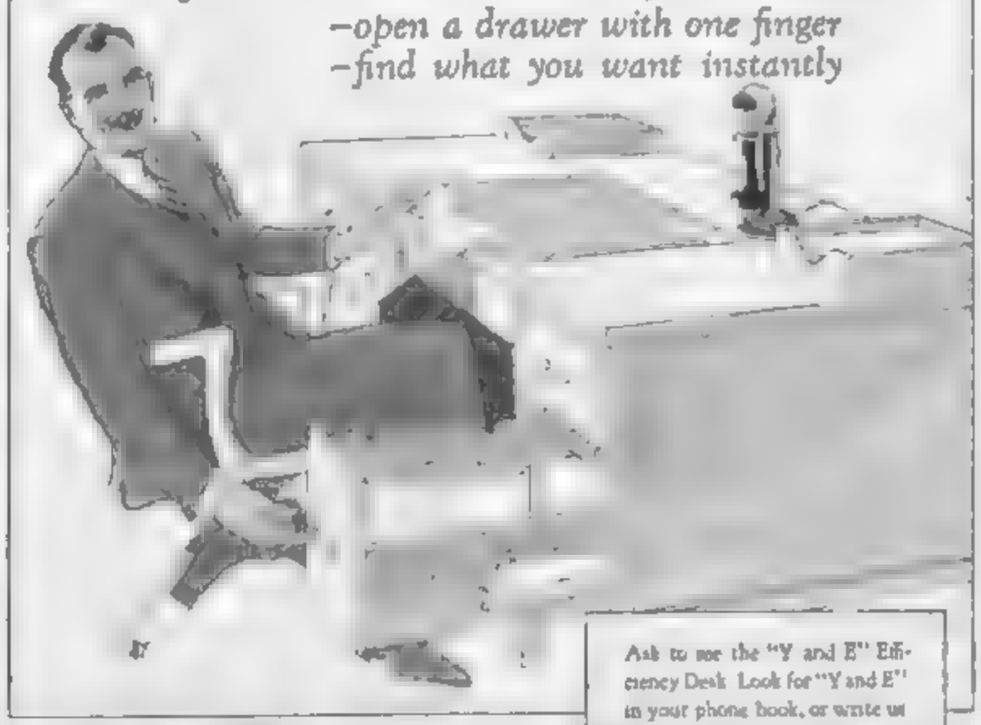

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MAKING THE COLLEGE DOLLAR WORK

(Continued from Page 15)

product in mind, as a factory. Certainly selective enrollment is going to continue so long as there are not enough colleges in the United States to accommodate all who wish to become students.

Set amid rural surroundings in an Eastern state is a college which offered a kind of bargain in education for many years. The approximate cost of operating that school plant, including the salaries of professors, janitors and other workers, and the purchase of coal, books, furniture, guinea pigs, microscopes and other scientific apparatus, was several hundred dollars a day, and at that figure none of the professors was getting more than $1000 a year. This was about fifteen years ago.

At that time the enrollment was about 365 students, each of whom paid fifty dollars a year tuition, which meant an income from this source of fifty dollars a day. A modest endowment provided some additional revenue, but inevitably, year after year, the board of trustees had to deal with a deficit.

The usual method in such institutions is to place the deficit squarely in the lap of the president. It is his privilege to pack a suitcase, or allow his wife to perform this office for him, and then depart for the gold fields of New York. If he should return without a substantial sum of money received from philanthropists, why, then the deficit might force him out of office. The alumni might begin to shake their heads sadly and suggest young blood for good old Beavercrest College.

This little college met its deficits in the time-honored manner, by sending out its president, or a suitable deputy, to collect the dollars of philanthropists. Year by year it was necessary to raise the tuition of that school in order to keep the deficit hurdle at a height over which the president could jump.

Last year the tuition was $180 and the trustees voted to increase it to $200, feeling rather hopeless when they did so, because each one of them, as he voted, confronted a slip of paper bearing figures which set forth unmistakably the cold fact that for every $200 received in this manner the college would have to spend $400.

The Annual Trip

They voted for the $200 tuition fee with the lugubrious expressions of men choosing between the devil and the deep blue sea. On the one hand was the imperative necessity of raising the salaries of professors and instructors to a point somewhere near the market value of that kind of labor. On the other hand was the painful certainty that a large part of the student body would have a desperate time getting possession of such a sum for tuition. A large proportion of them were barely able to meet the old charges even by picking up odd jobs in the small village in which this college is situated.

In the accustomed manner, soon afterward, the president of that college went to New York to raise some money with which to meet what college euphemists sometimes refer to as an emergency. As a matter of fact, it was the usual deficit, and this college president called it a deficit when he sought the aid of a New York millionaire who had built up a tremendous fortune through the buying and selling of real estate. Some of this man's money had been gained through the sale of homes on the installment-purchase plan.

I am not able to repeat their conversation verbatim, but I am privileged to guess that the business man said: "You ought to increase the tuition fees. If those young people want a college education they should be willing to pay for it."

"But if we should increase the fees many of them would be forced to leave college and go to work. Such a step would be a crushing blow to the ambitions of many fine young Americans."

"See here. I've sold more houses on credit than I can count. I've sold them to young couples who had the sense to know they would be better off in a home of their own than in rented premises. A college education may be sold on the same basis. A man or woman who wants a college education ought to be willing to go into debt to get it."

"But, my dear sir, our college is not financially strong enough to advance so much credit. We ——"

"If I show you how and agree to underwrite the scheme, will you adopt it?"

"If you can persuade me it is a sound and helpful way for the college to continue its work, I'll try to win the board of directors to that viewpoint."

On the Installment Plan

In this fashion there was begun an experiment designed to put the finances of a college on a business basis. It is an experiment, moreover, that is being watched with intense interest by the business officers of all the institutions of higher education in the United States.

In brief, that experiment is an arrangement whereby this school has agreed to increase its tuition charges to $300 a year. Its endowment is expected to produce sufficient revenue to cushion the students against the additional $100 that would have to be charged if they were to pay the full cost of their education. But the students who are unable to produce $300 in cash are admitted to classes when they pay $100 or $150. They are required to sign a note for the balance, payable in installments of ten dollars a month, beginning one year after they have left college.

These students are to be permitted to buy their education on the installment plan on terms not much more generous than would be offered to them if they undertook the purchase of a home or an automobile or a radio receiving set. The real generosity consists of the recognition of the really fine credit risks that young Americans make. Since the notes of these students would be regarded as frozen assets, the man who worked out that scheme has undertaken to discount the notes, so that actually the college will be operating almost entirely on revenue produced by its students.

It is still an experiment, but many of the business officers of universities and colleges in the eastern part of the United States who have been giving attention to its progress have confessed that the plan seems to offer a way for colleges to collect the cost of education from those who benefit directly from that education—in other words, from college students.

There are three principal sources of income for higher educational institutions—the state, philanthropy and student fees. In a recent year estimates indicated that the total of income for such institutions amounted to $435,000,000, of which $200,000,000 came from philanthropy, $135,000,000 from public funds, and about $100,000,000 from student fees for tuition and other educational services. On this showing the students would seem to be bearing less than one-quarter of the cost of higher education.

There was a time when religious and cultural motives inspired the ambitions of nearly all students who sought affiliation with a college or university. There are not many persons in touch with college life today who would contend against the argument that a majority of students are there now for the purpose of acquiring something that will bring them a direct commercial return. (Continued on Page 189)

LEE *of Conshohocken*

TIRES BY LEE *of* CONSHOHOCKEN

When LEE of Conshohocken began his own business, he was one of the most expert fabricators of rubber. His surgical rubber goods became and they remain the standard of quality all over the world.

He slowly assembled a corps of workers and they learned "rubber" from Lee. He taught them how, and when tire-making came, they knew how. Machines do what they can, but the important part is done by hand; hands trained to the Lee method.

The workers for LEE of Conshohocken are not merely "rubber-workers," shifting from one factory to another as the labor demand fluctuates. They *live here* in their own homes; they know how to make tires, one way; the Lee way.

It is this trained Craftsmanship plus the most modern methods that make your tire money go the farthest—when you ride on Tires by LEE of Conshohocken.

Pneumatic tires for passenger cars, trucks, buses. Staghound tires for commercial use and the famous Lee Puncture Proof cords for unusual service.

COST NO MORE TO BUY — FAR LESS TO RUN

Scientific Research Reveals Futility of Pyorrhea Panic and Self-Medication for Any Kind of Tooth Troubles, Real or Imaginary. Just Keep Teeth Clean — Clean Teeth Don't Decay, Authorities Agree.

19 in 20 Mouths Are Safe!

LEADING DENTAL AUTHORITIES justify neither pyorrhea panic nor extravagant claims regarding the cause, relief or prevention of tooth decay.

Only 1 in 20 Had Pyorrhea. That's what the Life Extension Institute found after examining nearly 17,000 policy holders of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

Not a Constant Dread. Dr. John O. McCall of New York University Dental College recently alleged that pyorrhea need not be the fear and horror it has become.

Unfilled Fissures the Real Menace—

The greatest progress that is being made in dentistry today is on the side of prevention—*be sure teeth are cleanable, then keep them clean.*

The Massachusetts Department of Public Health, for example, has been distributing a circular among school children and their parents, which locally applies the vital, nation-wide dental prevention movement sponsored by Dr. Thaddeus P. Hyatt, Dental Director of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, and other authorities. "*Prevent tooth decay—fill those fissures,*" is their significant message.

"Take the child to the dentist when a new tooth appears." If a fissure is found, let the dentist "smooth it out or fill it."

"85% of All Molars Have Fissures." "A fissure is no larger than one bristle of a toothbrush," says the Massachusetts Department of Public Health. "Brushing cannot keep it clean. Food immediately gets in the crack and decay starts."

Clean Teeth Don't Decay. The great constructiveness of this work is easily understood. For authorities *unanimously agree* that *really clean teeth don't decay*. Unfilled fissures make perfect tooth-cleaning impossible.

See Your Dentist Regularly and Use DR. LYON'S Daily

All the average mouth needs is periodic dental examinations and regular twice-daily brushing with a good-sized toothbrush of medium stiffness and a safe, reliable, non-medicated dentifrice such as DR. LYON'S. *Never resort to self-medication.* If you suspect any abnormal condition of your teeth or gums, let your dentist prescribe proper treatment.

Dr. Lyon's Cleans LEGITIMATELY

Sixty years ago, DR. LYON'S was introduced to meet the dental profession's acute need for a safe, reliable dentifrice.

It *safely* removes fermenting food particles. *Safely* stimulates the gums. Removes the sticky coating from the teeth without injuring the enamel.

Its ingredients are safely pure, safely fine, safely non-medicated, and scientifically blended to insure the best results.

Stick to DR. LYON'S, and *your teeth will stick to you.*

The only dentifrice old enough to prove it will preserve teeth for a lifetime—best not because oldest, *but oldest because best.*

Dr. Lyon's

TOOTH POWDER *and* DENTAL CREAM

(Continued from Page 186)

Every time there has been a suggestion that universities and colleges should endeavor to meet their growing financial problems by increasing student fees for tuition, objections are raised on the ground that such a policy would make it impossible for many ambitious poor boys to receive a higher education. But if a way is perfected whereby such students may pay a larger share of the cost of educating them on the same plan that enables poor men to buy automobiles or homes, that objection seems to fall of its own weight.

A study of student loans and their relation to higher educational finance was made a few years ago by L. J. Chassee under the authority of the Association of University and College Business Officers of the Eastern States. In reviewing his findings, Mr. Chassee said:

"An increasing amount of money has been set aside each year by philanthropy for higher education, but while these amounts received from private sources have increased, and there is no reason to suppose that they will not continue to do so for some time, still the needs have outrun the sources by leaps and bounds and accomplishment seems to be lagging far behind opportunity. It is not a question of how much is now being received and is to be received, in an absolute way, but what proportion the receipts bear to the expenditures necessary to move forward at a pace commensurate with opportunity and need for the forward development of higher learning. This situation demands more than just increased endowments or appropriations. Although more money is essential, alone and unaided by farseeing management, it will scarcely serve to meet present and future needs."

The needs are great now; in the future they are certainly going to be greater. In trying to get some basis for measuring them I sought the opinion of a man who has been conspicuously to the fore in the principal endeavors in recent years to find solutions for the most pressing problems of university management.

"Can a university afford to offer a course in Sanskrit?" he began, and added: "The answer to that question involves a phase of management that transcends finance as it applies to business, and yet we need the finest business science and business methods in dealing with the vast treasure that the people of the United States have poured into their colleges. They started simply enough, most of them."

A Rapid-Motion Picture

"There is Colgate University. In 1819 thirteen ministers met in the dingy parlor of a hotel in Central New York. They saw a need for a college, and after kneeling and praying for guidance, each one of them put one dollar on that parlor table. The total original endowment of Colgate University was the thirteen dollars contributed at that meeting. Now the thirteen dollars has grown to more than $3,000,000. The beginnings of most of our colleges and universities were similarly modest. But Harvard, with total resources of endowment about $86,540,000; Columbia, with more than $85,727,000; Yale, with endowment in excess of $41,000,000; the University of Chicago, with about $35,000,000 in endowment, each represents big tasks in management as that word is used by industrial leaders. Even so, there remains a bigger task, and to grasp that, one should have some conception at least of the speed with which men are advancing the frontiers of knowledge.

"It is difficult to conceive of 1000 years, much less of 400,000 years—the time that has passed since prehistoric man left the earliest records found. But let us try to get a picture of the progress of man in terms of time by reducing the history we are discussing to a period in which a single second represents a year—that is, the earliest records of prehistoric man of 400,000 years ago appear about five days ago. The so-called Cro-Magnon man, the most intelligent of the prehistoric men, does not appear on the scene until four days later—about two o'clock yesterday afternoon.

"The earliest records we have in Chinese astronomy would appear about one hour and a quarter ago; the Egyptians, with their system of medicine, about an hour ago; Aristotle appeared on the scene forty minutes ago; eight minutes later Christ was born; half an hour ago the compass was perfected; nine minutes ago movable type; two and a half minutes ago the steam engine; two minutes ago oxygen was discovered; half a minute later the sewing machine and photography; less than a minute ago the telephone, incandescent lamp and the true nature of disease-producing bacilli were found. Half a minute ago antitoxin and X rays and radium were discovered, and about nineteen seconds ago the radio first appeared. This picture may help one to appreciate the long, difficult, early path of man and the acceleration in progress that has occurred, particularly during the last century and a half.

"Although our knowledge of the electron, atom, molecule, world, sun, universe and universes has been greatly augmented with more new discoveries made during our lifetime than in all previous history of mankind, still the questions awaiting answer were never more numerous than now."

A Disappearing Endowment

Generous endowments will help the universities to keep pace, but the mere act of conserving endowment requires extraordinarily sound business skill. The president, steward and trustees of one small college drew long breaths that were expelled as so many sighs of relief a few years ago when a friend of the institution deeded to it as a part of its somewhat limited endowment fund a huge tract of land, thousands of acres situated in a rich farming region of the Northwest. The gift was entered on the books of the college at $2,000,000, which was believed to be a conservative estimate of its value.

About the time the college had got used to the idea of being rich, a significant thing occurred in the Northwest. A number of small banks closed their doors. Then other banks in the region were found to be in difficulties. The collapse of a land boom had started. When the last weak bank had failed, the heads of that school discovered they were in a condition much less comfortable than before they had received that undeniably generous gift. The institution was land poor.

Taxes had to be paid on the property and there were no foot-loose tenant farmers in the region who could be induced to help the college get an income from its land. Every dollar of its income had been budgeted by the college authorities; professors and instructors had to be paid; the coal dealer had to have his money, as did all of the other tradesmen with whom the institution dealt. True, there was something like a suitcase full of sound bonds and other securities in the safe-deposit box, representing the rest of the endowment of the college, but endowment is supposedly inviolate. The trustees might have used some of the endowment as collateral, borrowing money to pay the obligations incurred in protection of their newly acquired land, but they were conscientious and declined to sneak out of their difficulties in that fashion. They raised some money by heroic effort finally, and then set to work to populate their farm lands with immigrants, taking a solemn oath meanwhile that any land that might be given to them in the future would be sold promptly.

One of the richest of Eastern universities has had an experience with a land gift, however, that will always tempt its financial officers to cling to any real estate that may come into their possession. A lot was given to them many years ago. It was so far uptown they thought of it as a cornfield and wanted to dispose of it for $3500, which real-estate

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Stop that leak in your roof—
before it causes costly damage

GUARD against damage and annoyance by stopping a leak the minute you discover it. You can do it so easily with Rutland No-Tar-In Roof Coating. It's no trouble at all to apply, costs little, and makes leaky roofs as good as new. There is no maintenance expense.

Rutland No-Tar-In Roof Coating provides a perfect roof of asphalt and asbestos—a *tough mineral covering*. Not a drop of tar in it. It will not crawl, sag, harden, peel or blister. For any roof or surface. It also has over thirty other uses, such as waterproofing foundation walls.

Save money—year after year

IT will pay you to insist on Rutland No-Tar-In Roof Coating (or No. 4 Paste) at your hardware or paint store. Save money by mailing the coupon today. Rutland Fire Clay Co., Dept. B-29, Rutland, Vermont.

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Profits From the Start

agents assured them was a fair price. But a question was raised as to their right to sell that bit of property because of the restrictions with which the gift had been hedged about by the donor. With the passage of time uptown in that city became downtown, and today that land, when referred to in polite whispers by real-estate agents, is mentioned in terms of front feet. It is entered on the books of the university at $2,500,000 and would bring more if placed on the market.

The possession of city property presents so many problems that, if answered wrongly, would incur a loss of income, that in Chicago both the University of Chicago and Northwestern University maintain special departments for the management of their very considerable real-estate holdings.

There are many subtle ways in which endowment sometimes leaks away from scrupulously honest men with poor business judgment. There are many institutions which have suffered a shrinkage in endowment because of a failure of the responsible officers to observe alarming symptoms of depreciation in securities belonging to these universities. Sometimes it is necessary to curtail tremendously valuable work because of such a shrinkage.

One of the richest institutions in the country, from the standpoint of endowment, was seriously crippled for many of the years of its existence because the trustees failed to diversify the investments which represented its endowed funds. The original endowment was given in the form of railroad stock, and the shares of that particular railroad were regarded so highly that the trustees followed the recommendation of the donor and kept them. Within a few years the railroad became a ruined property and the university income shriveled disastrously. Ultimately the depreciated railroad shares were sold by the trustees at a loss.

Not Always a Will and a Way

In spite of the well-understood principle that endowment funds should be maintained inviolate, there are innumerable instances of universities using endowment securities as collateral to obtain loans of money with which to pay current expenses. The charter of most endowed institutions specifically forbids this practice. Nevertheless, one university is known to be practically bankrupt because, in spite of such a prohibition in its charter, nearly three-quarters of its endowment was surrendered to banks to secure loans. The money borrowed was used to expand the work of the university.

The heads of this institution had persuaded themselves that they would be extricated from this situation before it became embarrassing by a large bequest from a philanthropist who had made many gifts to the school during his lifetime. The president of that university had accurately estimated the nearness of the old man's demise, but he had failed to penetrate his mind. The old man died according to schedule, but when his will was read it was discovered that he had neglected to provide any further gifts for the university. In the history of American colleges there are a number of instances of institutions that have become faint memories because of similar cases of lack of sound management. Colleges as well as banks sometimes have to close their doors.

Approximately half of the tremendous stream of cash that represents the income of all the higher educational institutions of the country is expended as salaries. This is true in spite of the fact that teaching continues to be a bitterly sweated form of industry. For there has been, and is, a lot of money wasted through college and university pay rolls, but it is a form of waste that is being attacked in all of the schools that have been willing to learn something about management practices from the successful industries of the country.

Old Professor X—it would be a breach of faith with the comptroller of his university to identify him—had sniffed scornfully when told that a new system of auditing, a centralized purchasing scheme and a personnel chief were among the newfangled notions to which his school had subscribed; but it was not until he personally was afflicted by a ruling of the personnel chief that the professor indulged in a kind of behavior that in a younger person would be called a tantrum.

Because the professor was under obligations, as the head of his department, to perform certain administrative work, he was permitted to have a stenographer.

She was one of a large number of secretarial people on the staff of the university, but when Professor X had occasion to refer to her, he said, "My secretary." That was the way he felt about her. Consequently when the professor started on a three months' lecture tour at the close of the academic year he informed the young woman that she might take a vacation equally as long.

"Go to Europe," he advised. "It won't cost you much if you take a one-cabin boat. You should be able to do it nicely without drawing on your savings. No need of your sitting around here until I get back."

One Less Tourist

"That's a gorgeous idea," shrilled the girl and went shopping immediately. The other secretarial people on the staff knew about her luck before noon of the following day and were more deeply interested in her impending travels than they were in the important lecture tour of her boss. The chief of the personnel department heard about the European trip when another official of the university entered his office, lighted his pipe and announced that he wanted to consult him.

"I'm going away for a month," he said, "and I'd like to turn my clerk loose for that period, if it's all right."

"It's not all right, though," ruled the personnel man pleasantly. "I can use him handily. There's a stack of work to be done here this summer."

"But, hold on! If Doctor X can release his secretary for three months while he's away on a lecture tour why can't I do as much for the lad under me? The boy needs a rest too."

"Sure, we all do, but what's this about Professor X's secretary? First I've heard about it."

That was the end of the European trip for that summer. Professor X was informed he had no authority to extend liberal leaves of absence with pay to any employes of the university. The secretary was told that if she expected to remain on the pay roll she would present herself for work every day except for the two weeks' vacation given to all staff employes. For a college-trained man accustomed to exercise a well-stocked vocabulary, Professor X showed very little brilliance in repartee.

"I'm head of this department," he announced.

"But this young woman is not in your department; she is merely loaned to it."

"Is that so?" There were almost two syllables in "that," so slowly did Professor X pronounce it.

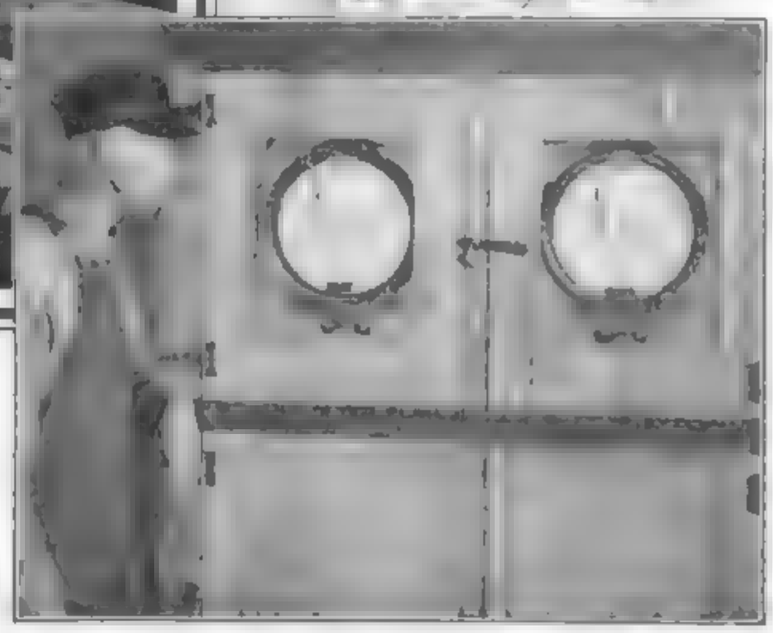
The president of the university, the comptroller and two trustees all heard from Professor X before nightfall; he talked of resigning and was talked out of it; then he talked of paying the stenographer out of his own pocket and was talked out of that too by his family.

"Well, it's a darn shame, anyway," declared the professor, and departed for his lecture tour.

The tantrum of another professor has not ended yet. His encounter with the personnel department occurred when he learned from his secretary that she had been given an opportunity to transfer into another department of his university.

"For what reason," demanded this professor with flaring nostrils when he entered the office of the personnel chief, "are you interfering with the conduct of my department?" *(Continued on Page 192)*

CONSERVATION



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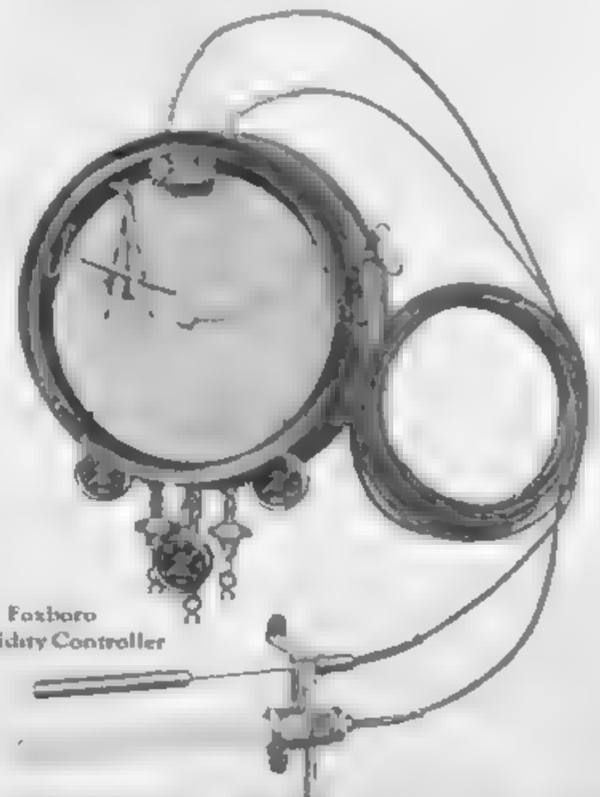

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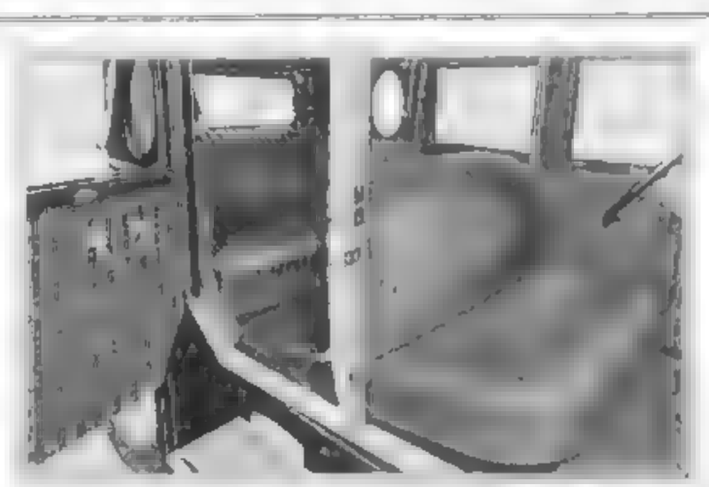

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(Continued from Page 190)

"I am completely unaware of any action on the part of myself or my subordinates that might be construed as interference with your department." The personnel chief spoke coldly, because of a sense of righteousness.

"I mean this attempt to sneak my stenographer away from me."

"But, doctor, there's a chance for that girl to advance into a really fine position in the extension department. In your department the best she can hope for is a limited increase in salary every two or three years."

"You should have consulted me."

"You wouldn't have stood in the girl's light if I had consulted you, would you?"

"That's no way to look at it. This is the first year since I have been at the head of my department that I have been blessed with a really competent secretary. She knows my ways; she has a grasp of the work; if I have to break in a new secretary my own work for the university is going to suffer."

An effort was made to outline the newly formed labor policy of the university to the professor, but he seemed unable, or at least unwilling, to see any logic in the argument of the personnel chief.

"See here, professor, the university has hundreds of employes who have nothing whatever to do with the academic work of the institution. If those employes are constantly leaving the institution in search of better opportunities, the whole institution suffers from the costly and unsatisfactory process of breaking in new ones. If we can build up a staff of people who know that they will be given opportunities to fill responsible and remunerative posts in the administration department in preference to outsiders we can get more work and better work out of a smaller staff. That's reasonable, isn't it?"

"It is, I suppose, right up to the point where you try to hamper my work by replacing an efficient secretary with an inefficient one."

"But I'll see that you get an efficient secretary, professor."

Tackling the Waste Bogy

"I'll keep the one I have," stubbornly insisted the professor, and he did for about a week. His secretary resigned then and the professor did not see her again until about a month later, when he discovered that she had applied once more to the university for a position, had been hired, and placed in the extension department.

Economies in the use of clerical labor are only one of many points of attack against waste in universities. A graduate of the school of engineering of one of the older universities of the East returned to his alma mater after an absence of several years.

He went back to assume the title, emoluments and authority of superintendent of plant. During his four years as an undergraduate this man had played countless games of handball against the back wall of the university power plant. Many times he must have seen a jet of steam shooting as a horizontal geyser from a six-inch exhaust pipe set in that otherwise blank wall of red bricks, but he saw it with the eyes of a college lad and not with those of a man searching for waste. Never as an undergraduate did he allow his fancy to trace that steam to its source; but on the first day of authority in his new post he fell on that jet of steam as in earlier days he had fallen on a fumbled ball on the football field.

The steam, he found, was exhaust from the generators. Steam meant coal, coal meant money and the new superintendent knew he had been hired to save money. Within two days he had that exhaust pipe shooting its steam into the heating pipes that carried warmth to the buildings scattered about the fifty-acre campus. Other forms of waste equally obvious to a technical man were stopped quickly, with the result that in successive years coal consumption was reduced from 3045 to 1989 tons. The responsible official insists he was more thrilled by that accomplishment for his university than he ever had been by anything performed on an athletic field.

Altogether, under that superintendent's management, operating costs were lowered 32 per cent, which was more than enough of a saving to pay his salary and provide some of the extra instructors who were needed because of the increased enrollment. The consumption of water at that institution was reduced by this same man from a rate of 300 gallons per 1000 square feet of floor space to about 175 gallons. This was done by plugging all leaks, tightening valves and the installation of a refrigeration plant and a circulating system so that ice water flowed from the taps promptly, making it unnecessary for a thirsty student to allow the water to run for several minutes before taking his drink.

Indoor Traffic Control

The electric light company had been accustomed to rendering that university half a dozen bills for current—one bill for the medical school, one for the law school, another for the school of journalism, and so on. The bills were made out on the basis of about four cents a kilowatt hour.

"Hey," complained the superintendent of plant over the telephone to an official of the light company, "why waste so much paper sending us bills? Make us out one bill, will you, and let us take advantage of your sliding scale."

That school gets one bill now and its illumination is paid for at the rate of two cents a kilowatt hour, because the university is treated as a single consumer. Illumination costs were cut in half by that single economy. Brass signs placed in every room aided in this by suggesting that though every man could not be a football hero, at least the university would be served if the last man to leave a room would be thoughtful enough to extinguish the light. Old electric-light bulbs consume more current than new ones. At that school the bulbs are tested from time to time and those using too much current are discarded.

At New York University economies of this nature over a period of about five years have reduced the costs for building operation and maintenance from 24 per cent of the budget to about 14 per cent. A large part of this school is housed in towering office buildings that are alive with students until late every evening. Cleaning operations may not begin until the students and their instructors have cleared out. Consequently this work is accomplished in a blaze of electricity. The consumption of electric light by the cleaning force was considered thoughtfully by the supervisor of buildings. Then he bought some scrubbing machines which shortened the cleaning operation and reduced the labor force, and thereby, in two ways, cut down the consumption of illuminating power.

Instead of having elevator peak loads morning, noon and night, as in an office skyscraper, a university so housed has these peaks every hour. In an eleven-story building in Washington Square in New York some 7000 students are occupied from nine o'clock in the morning until ten at night. For a while time was lost from every classroom hour because of confusion in the congested corridors and elevators. Then an elevator-dispatching system was worked out that would be a valuable lesson for many an office-building superintendent. Finally about thirty-five guards were hired—most of them retired policemen—to keep the swarming students moving when the disposition of many was to stop and chat with every friend encountered in that hourly shift.

A space committee at one college, aided by some of the engineering talent in the faculty, has evolved ways of utilizing classrooms that seem like an application of black magic. At least it seems so to the elderly woman whose title there was registrar

when the sudden influx of students swept her into a sea of troubles. A regular army captain arrived at that college a few years ago with an assignment from the War Department and a letter to the president. The president was cordial and benevolent of manner.

"See Miss Blank, the registrar, for anything you may need in forming a student corps."

At the office of the registrar the captain found a very busy woman.

"A classroom eight hours a day and some kind of a storeroom to serve as a barracks is all that I require," he told her.

"Impossible," ruled the lady. "Everything is at a peak. I'm having great difficulty finding space for important courses."

The captain swallowed, but kept his temper. Then he set out to make a survey of his own. He was expecting a shipment of $100,000 worth of government property—rifles, uniforms, and other military equipment—for which he was personally responsible. That material had to be stored. When he had looked about the campus and picked up a few scraps of information at the faculty club, he concluded that the registrar was right in saying everything was at a peak. Classes were being held in several of the corridors.

Finally the captain came upon a greenhouse at the edge of the campus. Only a few growing plants were there. However glorious its past, the greenhouse had become merely a storeroom for bulbs in boxes, for wheelbarrows, rakes, shovels and spades of the campus caretaker's laborers. The captain stepped it off smartly, did a bit of thinking and then went back to try a little flattery on the registrar.

"I don't see how you have managed with such a crowd," he began "Greek and Latin scholars all neatly pigeonholed; art students up under the skylight; it looks as if I might have to put up some tents on the campus "

"Tents on the campus! Captain, this is a college, not a circus."

"There is just one other way that I can manage," suggested the officer then. "There is a greenhouse that seems to be used only as a storeroom. If the garden tools there were placed in some kind of order I could use that as a barracks and mark off one end of it to serve as a headquarters office."

"If the greenhouse will serve your needs, captain, by all means take possession of it. But please forget that idea of placing tents on the campus."

It was largely due to the officer's efforts that the space committee was formed and given wide powers to deal with the college housing problem. Before long he had been made the chairman of it and he devised a number of ingenious ways of utilizing the floor space of the buildings. Finally the president asked him one day how he had developed his skill. He replied:

"I was a billeting officer in France, sir."

An Experiment in Alligators

Control of purchasing has resulted in astonishing economies in nearly all of the higher educational plants, with a strange train of consequences in some of the academic departments of schools that have been made subservient to a purchasing agent. An example of this is a rearrangement of the laboratory work of the biology department of a number of the big universities. A Middle Western university uses about 500 small alligators for pre-medical and pre-dental work in the course of a year. Formerly most of that work was done in February, but nowadays, because of the earnest pleadings of the purchasing agent, the alligators are not made the subjects of experiments until June.

These reptiles used to cost about $2.50 apiece, but suddenly, as a reaction to the Florida boom, probably, alligator skin became fashionable. Women began demanding alligator-skin shoes, and alligator vanity bags. The price of three-foot alligators began to advance, until the lowest price at which they were obtainable from dealers in Florida, Alabama, Louisiana and Mississippi was about $4.50, and for some reason there was a sharp rise about Christmastime. The purchasing agent of that university discovered he could save $1000 of the school bill for alligators by making his purchases in May. He laid that information before the members of the faculty who were concerned and they agreed that the saving was more important than a teaching schedule. Consequently the alligators were bought cheaply in the spring instead of dearly in the winter.

The same university uses about 7500 frogs every year. These come from dealers in the South and from boys in Vermont. In the winter the frogs cost $1.30 a dozen, but in summer the price falls to about sixty cents. Nowadays that institution buys all its frogs in summer and keeps them, at slight expense, in a tank in the basement of its medical school.

Altogether there are about 25,000 items purchased by that institution in the course of a year, the range embracing everything necessary for a hospital, a dental school, a medical school, a school of engineering, an art school and a power plant.

Formerly at that university about fifty people were empowered to buy furniture when they required it. Some of them tried to practice economy in exercising this prerogative, by purchasing secondhand furniture, but it was a false economy, because the secondhand stuff had to be replaced frequently. Now the university buys its furniture as closely as would a hotel manager. Last year this single item amounted to $40,000 for necessary replacements alone, without regard to expansion. Two thousand of the 16,000 wide-armed classroom chairs have to be replaced every year, but this is fewer than formerly, because nowadays a plant superintendent keeps his staff of handy men busy in their slack time repairing the chair arms that are broken because students of both sexes will sit on them.

Insurance at a High Premium

In one university that retained as its chief business officer a man who had been a spectacular success as an executive of a big industrial corporation there was some grumbling among the faculty because of gossip that his salary was nearly as large as that of the president of the university. For once gossip was right; but the executive soon justified his salary.

One of the first things he did was to investigate the status of the insurance of the institution. He learned that on one of the modern fireproof buildings the university was carrying about $1,000,000 insurance at a rate of forty-three cents per $100. He knew this was high and then discovered that an underwriters' inspector had discovered a can of benzine in a machine shop in the basement and a rubber pipe on a gas burner in a laboratory. The inspector had penalized the institution twenty cents for these two violations. The business executive of the university promptly ordered the substitution of a flexible metal pipe on the gas burner and had the benzine removed. Then he made application for a reinspection which dropped the rate from forty-three cents to twenty-three cents. The premium on a five-year basis for $1,000,000 of insurance was accordingly decreased from $17,000 to $9000. That $8000 saving was but a fraction of the savings made by that insurance survey.

With all this efficiency developing on the business side of higher educational plants, it is not to be wondered that the deans and doctors are becoming increasingly strict in their attitude that only Grade A brains shall be allowed to contribute to the substance of that apparition which has usurped a place in that simple school once defined by Garfield as Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a pupil on the other.

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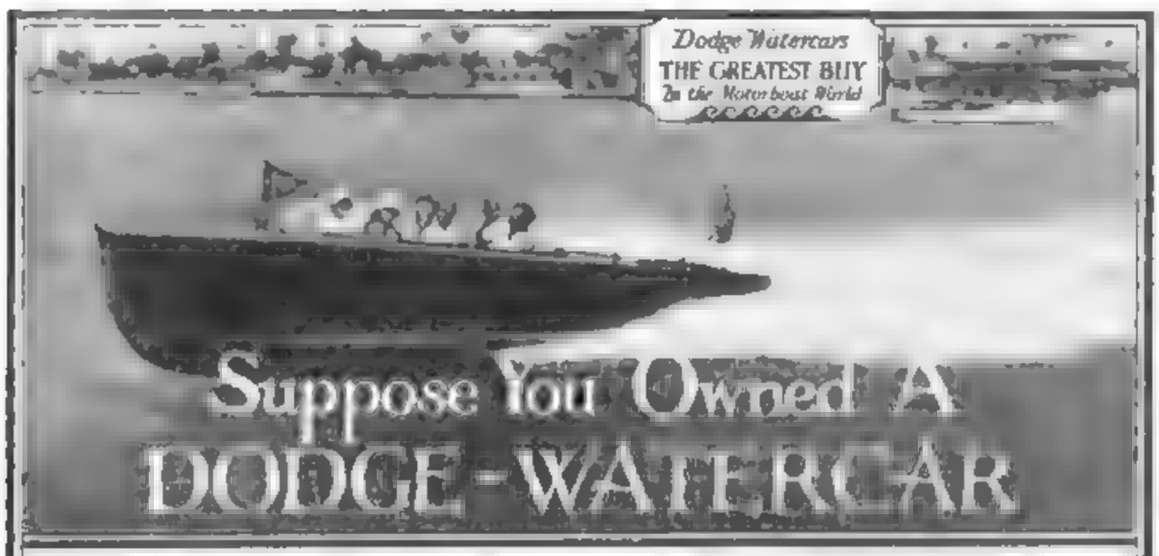

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THE BATTLES OF PHANTOM CITIES

(Continued from Page 9)

civilization, thrown against the background of admittedly corrupt county administration was bound to generate trouble.

Interspersed with the tide of honest and law-abiding men were sinister adventurers, gunmen, exploiters, grafters, charlatans, demagogues. Along with the establishment of honest civic institutions came the schemes of promoters whose sole purpose was to lay out towns, sell lots at fancy prices and move on to other pickings. Some of the promoters were legitimate founders of legitimate things who hoped to make clean wealth. Others were wholly selfish and used blind local patriotism as a leverage for furthering their own private schemes for profit. Their consciences lulled by the theory that the end justified the means, some of the otherwise thoroughly honest citizens sanctioned dishonest elections and various questionable schemes for advancing what they thought was a great and worthy civic enterprise.

In several cases a group from some Central Kansas town would center upon some particular Western Kansas budding metropolis. In these cases, therefore, there developed a feud which extended from county to county and brought alliances that reached across the state. There were organized groups of county-seat boomers who deliberately played the game for selfish gain.

Held in No Man's Land

In Stevens County, near the southwest corner of Kansas, on the state line, there developed the intercounty and simultaneous system of wars. During the time the county was being organized a group from Emporia and McPherson became interested in Fargo Springs, Hugoton and Frisco, lying in a tier in three counties along the Kansas border. Another group was interested in exploiting the more northerly towns of Springfield, Woodsdale and Richfield, in the same counties. Thus three county-seat contests were conducted sympathetically and in parallel. At Hugoton the McPherson contingent of interested persons included A. W. Smith.

Col. Sam Wood, who had become involved in some complication at Meade, still farther east, because of an alleged attempt to gain possession of the public square of the town, came west to Stevens County and started the town of Woodsdale, becoming its mayor. Immediately there was antagonism on the part of Hugoton, seven miles south, and the war was on.

In the spring of 1886 Governor Martin was presented with a memorial asking him to appoint a census taker and organize Stevens County. The law at that time provided that a county might be organized if it had 2500 inhabitants. This was to avoid the earlier frauds wherein a handful of exploiters organized a county. The memorial purported to have been signed by 455 men. The census taker, reported 2662 inhabitants; Hugoton being given the preference for temporary county seat. The people of the northern part of the county immediately alleged fraud in the organization of the county and employed the firm of Wood & Price to gather evidence.

While on his way to Garden City with the evidence, Colonel Wood was surrounded by a party of forty Hugoton men, who said they were arresting him on a charge of libel. The Woodsdale partisans claimed it was to prevent Wood from presenting the evidence of fraud to the court. The colonel was taken down into No Man's Land and detained for three weeks. He was finally rescued by a posse from Woodsdale. Then Wood turned the tables on his captors and had the principals arrested, bringing them to Garden City to be tried for the offense.

The Hugoton Herald, in reviewing the situation up to date, said: "The notorious inciter of lawlessness and turmoil, S. N. Wood, made his advent like an Egyptian plague in the peaceful undulating valleys of our county and thought by inspiring a few credulous dupes he could put off the organization of the county at least a year or two."

The Herald editor restrainedly observed that the adherents of Wood were an "itinerant class of gamblers, toughs and disreputable roustabouts, the most despicable followers the heart of such a contemptible old villain could wish for." Incidentally the next week the Herald changed hands, and it was perfunctorily noted that for some unexplained reason the editor had been taken to Topeka by U. S. Marshal Jones. About that time the Woodsdale Democrat showed at its masthead the name of S. N. Wood as editor, and this paper said: "There is no greater mistake possible than to suppose that there are any outlaws or desperadoes in our bright little city. The citizens of Woodsdale are law-abiding and peaceable, reports to the contrary notwithstanding."

It was the contention of Wood and his cohorts that Stevens County never had been legally organized. The actual count of inhabitants showed only 1300, they said. The proposition was put up to the legislature, which appeared to pass a special act legalizing the organization. There were irregularities about the passage of the law, and further litigation resulted. Meanwhile the newspapers of the rival towns indulged in much sulphurous language.

In September the election for permanent county seat was to be held, but affairs were so snarled up in litigation that the final determination could not be made. Hugoton still held the county seat. Then came various paper railroad projects. Elections were held to vote bonds for the D. M. & A., which was to have passed through Hugoton. Wood fought it. In 1887 a similar proposition for the Rock Island was advanced and Wood fought it. He was accused of hiring repeaters to prevent the Hugoton side from winning the elections. Wholesale frauds were charged against both sides. Men went to the polling booths carrying rifles and six-shooters.

Between Two Forks

Woodsdale, not to be outdone, was on the line of the projected Chicago, Kansas & Western Railroad and also of the Kansas, Colorado & Texas Railroad. It is not indicated by the evidence at hand that any of these railroads ever owned any right of way, rolling stock or any other property, or had any existence except on paper, but the people fought for them with as much enthusiasm as though their locomotives were whistling in their very dooryards.

In 1888 came another railroad proposition—the issuance of $110,000 of bonds to the Springfield, Wichita & Trinidad Railroad. By this time Colonel Wood had perfected his technic and laid his plans more comprehensively, and believed he could flank the detested Hugoton crowd. He was a director of this particular paper railroad, and he planned to have the road fork from Springfield, in the next county east, one fork striking Woodsdale and the other going through the southern part of the county, striking a town called Voorhees. Thus Hugoton was to be left railroadless between the two forks. The county would be bonded to the limit and the county seat must gravitate to Woodsdale. That was the scheme.

As an evidence of how cordially the Hugoton people accepted this hospitable gesture, the following examples of journalism are taken from the Herald of the spring of 1888:

"Now if we had Sam Wood hung and the deadheads that come over from Springfield

(Continued on Page 197)

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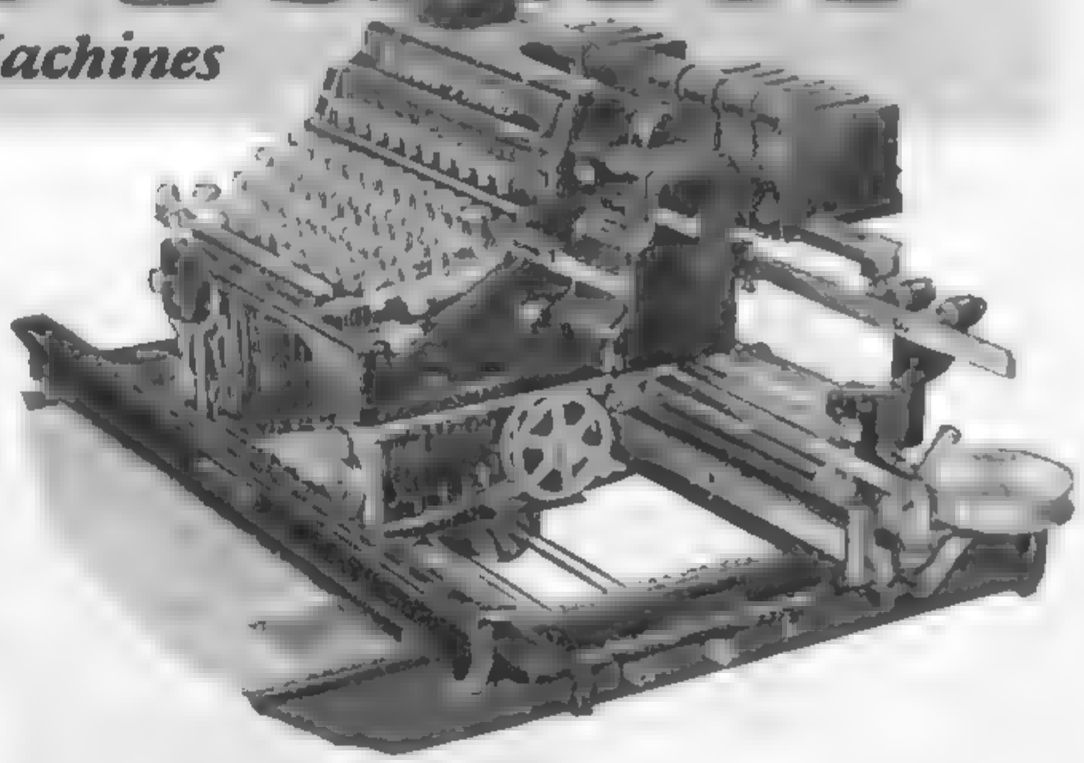

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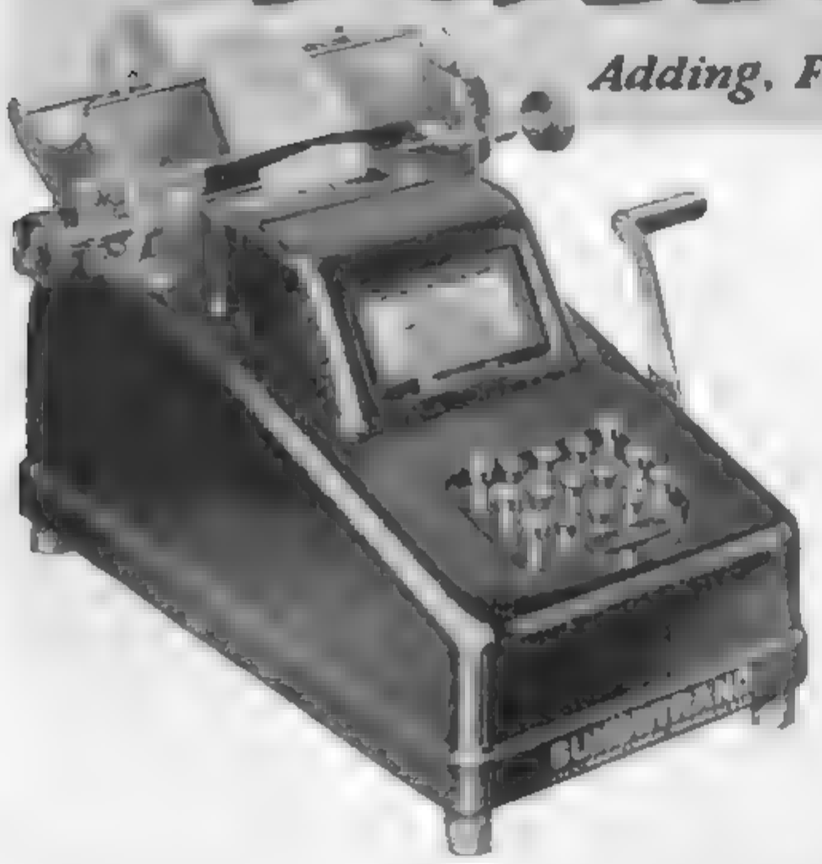

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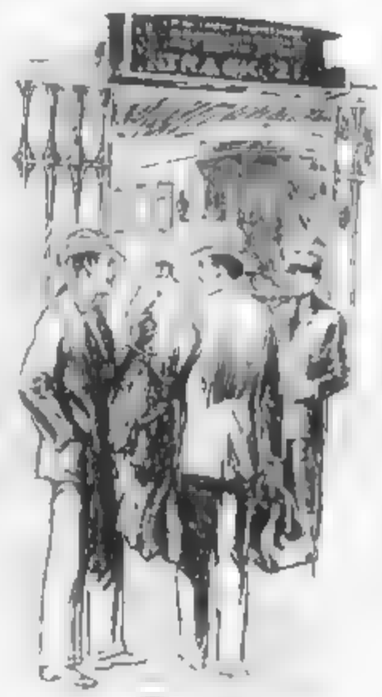

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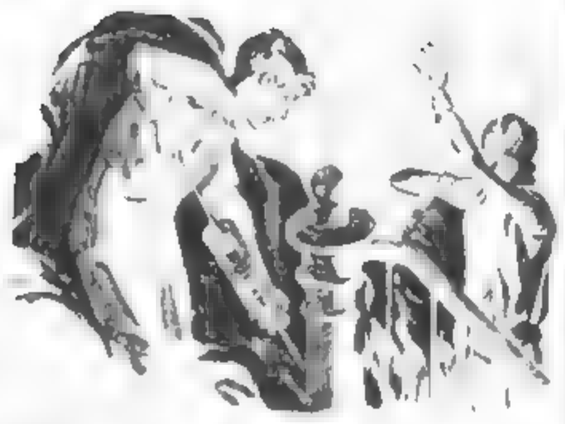

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A grateful father tells what happened:

"I was away from home. During the night fire broke out under the stairs where the electric meter is installed.

"The crackling flames woke my wife to a realization that escape was cut off. She aroused my son and nephew. Fortunately I had provided a *Pyrene* Fire Extinguisher and taught them how to use it. Almost instantly it extinguished the blaze."

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Seattle	Tacoma	Portland
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(Continued from Page 194)

to attend to our business tarred and feathered, we would have our dirty work done for the spring." And this: "We call upon every citizen of this county who is in favor of law and order, who desires peace and quiet instead of strife and discord and litigation, to join with us in ridding this county of these disturbing elements—the manner and the method to be determined upon and put into execution without delay."

In order to hold up his end of the controversy, Colonel Wood was also busy on his tripod, although at the time more than sixty years old. Natt Campbell, then editor of the Hugoton Herald, was designated as Saint Ananias, and Wood printed a pseudo-soliloquy of that mythical character.

Salt was rubbed in the Hugoton wounds in February of that year when it was found, after a hard contest, that John M. Cross had been elected sheriff. Although the majority was only two votes, the Woodsdale Democrat printed a three-column six-decker headline illustrated with a huge rooster. The outbursts are typical of the period, including these phrases:

CROW! CROW! OLD BIRD, CROW!

WE HAVE FOUGHT THE GOOD FIGHT. WE HAVE MET THE ENEMY AND THE VICTORY IS OURS! JUSTICE IS MIGHTY AND HAS PREVAILED!

J. M. CROSS DECLARED ELECTED SHERIFF BY TWO MAJORITY!

CROSS HAS TAKEN THE OATH, EXECUTED HIS BOND AND IS NOW SHERIFF! GLORY! GLORY! GLORY! GLORY!

One of the favorite devices of the Democrat was to refer to Hugoton as Hogtown.

A number of meetings were held at various points to discuss the advisability of voting railroad bonds. Gentlemen always wore their guns. The Hugoton crowd would sometimes take a band along, and when they did not like the style of eloquence that was poured out in behalf of the bonds, someone would shout, "Music," and the band would get into action. The Hugoton Herald described the speeches at one meeting in these terms:

"Mr. Thomas' speech amounted to nothing. Mr. Beeler's talk was a straightforward though eloquent statement of facts to the farmers. Mr. Palmer ably presented the legal side of the question and F. A. Aley's recitation was the very essence of vulgarity, demagoguery and filthiness." It was evident that the atmosphere lacked some of the judicial poise that should have entered into a calm judgment.

To Command the Peace

In May, only a few days before the bond election, a meeting was held at Voorhees, a town generally sympathetic with Woodsdale. Sam Robinson, city marshal of Hugoton, a tall, handsome Kentuckian of about thirty-five, with piercing black eyes and black mustache, who habitually wore a two-gallon white hat and affected a cowboy air, was present. He had something of a reputation as a gunman, and was a center of attention. During one of the speeches of a Woodsdale partisan, who was denouncing the Hugoton people, a part of the crowd became unruly and the opposing faction quickly took up the quarrel. Robinson flourished his gun to "command the peace." Jim Gerrond, deputy sheriff and a Woodsdale man, rushed up and laid his hand on Robinson's arm to remind him that he was outside his jurisdiction. Robinson struck Gerrond down with his revolver and also lashed out at a man named Byers. He then dominated and broke up the meeting. Byers went to Woodsdale and swore out a warrant for Robinson's arrest. From the account of Gerrond, who is still living, "the warrant was not issued with the best of intentions."

Ed Short, constable of Woodsdale, who afterward became well known through his handling of Oklahoma outlaw gangs, including the Dulin outfit, was given the warrant to serve. He had recently come from Dodge City, where he had attained some reputation, but only a short time before had come from Topeka. He was only twenty-three years old and in Topeka had driven a delivery wagon and worked for a confectioner named Junod, and in the Santa Fe shops. He had come West to be a cowboy, but was running a billiard room at Woodsdale when he was made constable. Gerrond is doubtful about Short's nerve. Others who knew him think he was brave.

In the meantime, it was claimed afterward by Hugoton partisans, Sam Robinson was duly tried for disturbing the peace, by a court at Hugoton, and paid a fine. If this fact was known to Woodsdale, no cognizance was taken of it. Short was accompanied on his dangerous mission by Deputy Sheriff Gerrond and a man named Bill Housely, deputized for the occasion.

In a State of Siege

"We quarreled on the road down there about the *modus operandi* of making the arrest," says Gerrond, "but Short was in the height of good humor and overruled our objections. As we got close to Hugoton he got out of the spring wagon and got on his horse, and the thing began to show on his nerves. I told him that if he would give me the warrant I would go and make the arrest, but I did not think we would ever get out of Hugoton with Robinson alive.

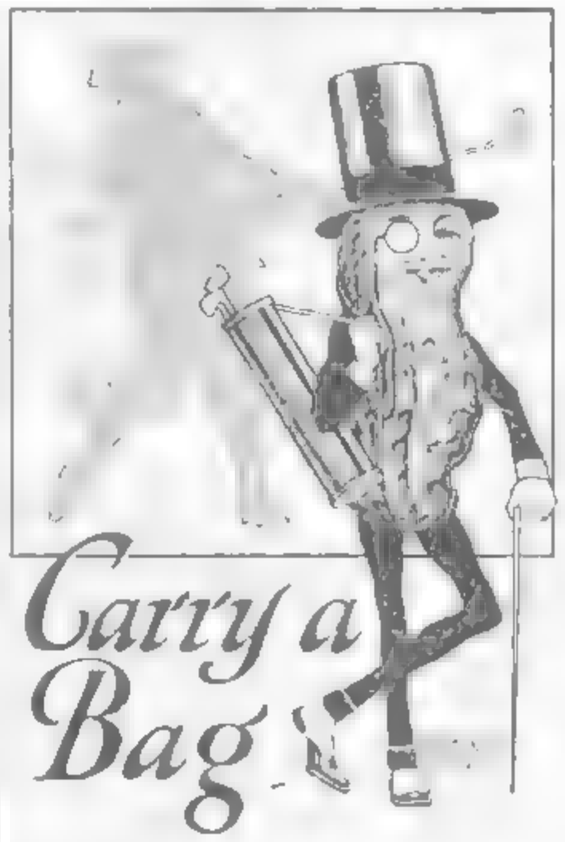
"When we got to Hugoton we drove to the middle of the town. Ed tied his horse to a hitching post and called me, and we went up one side of the street and down the other, inquiring for Robinson, but nobody had seen him. Short got very nervous and I finally left him and went and sat down with a bunch of fellows and began to talk about matters in general. It was not long until Robinson and his deputy marshal came down the street, the deputy ahead, so he was between me and Robinson, both of them with their hands on their guns, and passed into a building right behind me."

Short encountered Robinson in front of the building. Still flustered, he started to read the warrant of arrest, but decided that he had better shoot his man first and read the warrant to him at leisure, so he fired at Robinson, missing him by about four feet, as the Herald afterward said. Robinson dodged inside the building and began to return the fire. The Hugoton men poured out of their stores and soon there was a general fusillade, in which one of the Woodsdale men took a shot at County Commissioner Chamberlain, an enthusiastic Hugoton partisan. Seeing that the battle was unequal, the three Woodsdale men beat a quick retreat before the fire of the infuriated citizens of Hugoton.

The railroad-bond election had been held in the meantime, the men going to the polls armed with rifles and shotguns, to preserve the purity of the ballot; but because of the strained feelings the county commissioners refused to canvass and certify the vote. The poll from one of the precincts especially was in dispute because of the usual ballot-box stuffing. The fat was in the fire.

Sheriff Cross telegraphed to Governor Martin that troops were needed to prevent bloodshed, so Brigadier General Murray Meyers, of Wichita, went to the scene of disturbance to investigate. He found both towns in a state of siege. Men were stationed in dugouts along the road between the two towns, and every person who passed was challenged. A visit of a Woodsdale man to Hugoton or vice versa was equivalent to suicide. A man near Woodsdale was found roosting in the top of a windmill with a field glass, taking long-range observations of Hugoton, several miles away. Each town was expecting a mass attack from the other. Picket lines were established. Sharpshooters were at strategic points to shoot down certain leaders if they should appear.

The newspapers were showing a spirit of helpfulness by printing such things as this note in the Woodsdale Democrat: "We might as well whisper in the ears of such



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men as J. W. Calvert, J. L. Pancoast, and so on, that they are marked men." And this: "Well, Kirby, your associates are murderers, cutthroats and thieves."

The Hugoton Herald printed a story with the headline: A HELLISH ATTEMPT INSTIGATED BY SAM WOOD TO MURDER IN COLD BLOOD TWO OF OUR CITIZENS, concluding with the observation that men who were heretofore peaceful "are now in open arms against Sam Wood, and he alone is responsible."

The Moscow Review, in Woodsdale's part of the county, took up Woodsdale's cause in these words: "C. E. Cook, editor of the Herald, mounted his steed, and caracoling along the streets, proclaimed that Hugoton could whip a thousand United States troops. He should be spanked."

To which Cook replied: "We don't know who the editor of the Review is, but whoever he may be, he is a d——d liar."

Colonel Wood put in this sage observation: "We would suggest that these constant threats in Hugoton against Sam Wood or any other man are not only out of place but scare no one, and we on the north side know that the defeated ringsters dare not put one of them into execution."

And so the militia came to Stevens County, two companies. The belligerent forces were disarmed, and under the shadow of the national guardsmen's rifles the votes were canvassed. It was found that the bonds had lost, on the face of the returns. The Woodsdale partisans claimed fraud, but there was nothing to do but submit. This fact, added to the fact that Hugoton still held the county seat, pending litigation, was wormwood added to gall. The militia, after remaining in camp there from June nineteenth to twenty-fourth, was withdrawn. It was believed that all trouble was at an end. But these episodes constituted only the mild prelude to the culminating bloody tragedy, the scene of which was to be laid in No Man's Land.

A Sinister Hunting Trip

This territory bore a sinister name during this period, for it had been left out of the jurisdiction of the bordering states of Kansas, Texas, New Mexico and Colorado by an error in calculating the boundaries of the Paris, Texas, district. It had been left, as an adjunct to the Indian Territory to the east, to provide the Indians with a free and unrestricted outlet to their hunting grounds in the mountains. No courts held sway there. It was the common understanding that any man who entered No Man's Land did so with the knowledge that he would have to take care of himself. It was a refuge of horse thieves and murderers. It was an odd piece left over after God had finished making the United States, some said.

Smarting from the ignominy of his retreat from Hugoton and goaded by the other grievances of his town, Ed Short, of Woodsdale, schemed as to how he might capture Sam Robinson and even the score. His professional honor was hurt.

Robinson had a race horse. So did Short. There was a natural rivalry which was roweled by the admirers of each. Short rode over the sagebrush flats and peered over the sandhill ridge which separated the communities of Woodsdale and Hugoton. Restlessly he gazed into the shimmering soddy horizons, and brooded. It was suicidal to go to Hugoton, but he could go to Voorhees, which was southeast of Hugoton and only three miles from the state line. On July twenty-second he was there and heard some news that made his heart jump. Sam Robinson, C. E. Cook, Orin Cook, A. M. Donnell and other Hugoton men and their families had gone down into No Man's Land to fish and gather wild sand plums.

Sheriff Cross, C. W. Eaton and a few others were in the notion to go down into No Man's Land after Robinson, but Gerrond talked them out of it: Taking Housely and a man named Dick Wilson with him, Ed Short started on the grim chase. They found the party without much trouble, surprising Robinson in a claim house, with his horse, the celebrated racer, stabled in a half dugout near by. The three headed Robinson away from the rest of the Hugoton outfit, but decided they needed reenforcements.

Robinson was headed toward Texas, but managed to escape from his pursuers. One of the three returned to Woodsdale to get help. In the meantime the remainder of the Robinson party had given the alarm in Hugoton. Within a few hours there were two skirmishing parties of twenty-five or thirty men each, scouring No Man's Land with the avowed purpose of killing each other on sight. The battle was now out from cover into the open, with no law to protect and no militia to supervise. Men were stalking one another like jungle beasts, in one of the strangest man hunts in American history. The main posse from Woodsdale was now composed of Sheriff John Cross, C. W. Eaton, Bob Hubbard, W. H. Wilcox and Herbert Tonny, and these became separated from the rest. Ed Short had dropped out of the picture.

Shot Down In No Man's Land

Robinson, coming back from the Texas border three days after he had left the Cooks and the rest of the picnic party, met the Cooks and nine others, and joined them in a search for the Woodsdale men, apparently having decided to abandon the defensive. It was probably known by that time that Sheriff Cross, who had hitherto kept in the background, was in the hunt. If he could be got out of the way there would be a chance to secure the appointment of a Hugoton man to the important office. The taunt of the Democrat's rooster and the majority of two votes was not forgotten. By this time, according to some accounts, the total Hugoton force in the chase amounted to 75 or 100 men.

Sheriff Cross and his four men rode on to the claim house where Robinson had first been seen. This was on the twenty-fifth of July. Not finding any further signs of the enemy, they turned back toward home, but were overtaken by nightfall when still about three miles from the Kansas line. Here they came upon Wild Horse Lake, a depression in the prairie where storm waters gathered and where wild grass grew tall in dry seasons. Here a small party of haymakers were busy, cutting grass and living in a temporary camp.

The moon was showing red over the horizon when they arrived at this inviting spot, with its smell of freshly mown hay, and being tired from the chase, they decided to stay there for the night. Cross and Hubbard lay down by a haystack to sleep while Eaton and Wilcox got into the wagon and lay down. Herbert Tonny, the nineteen-year-old boy member of the posse, was the last to lie down, as his horse started to stray away.

It was about 10:30 o'clock, with eerie No Man's Land sleeping in the brooding moonlight, and the men were dozing off when one of them heard the sound of approaching horsemen, who suddenly appeared out of the vague shadows about 200 yards away. Hubbard and Cross leaped to their feet, but were confronted by Sam Robinson, who was coming around from the other side of the stack, shouting, "Boys, close in!" Speaking to Cross and Hubbard, he said, "Surrender and throw up your hands!" As they stood there Eaton got out of the wagon and started to run toward the tethered horses. He was shot down. Cross and Hubbard were then both disarmed and shot down.

One of the party then searched young Tonny for weapons, stepped back three paces, put up his rifle and fired. Just as the rifle spat its flame into the blue moonlit air, Tonny, by some instinct, threw himself sideways, and the ball entered his neck instead of his heart. He fell to the ground as though dead, keeping his eyes closed as the Hugoton men prodded their victims to make sure their work had been well done.

(Continued on Page 200)

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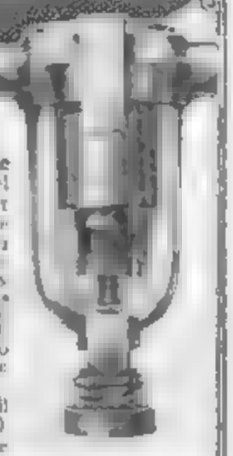

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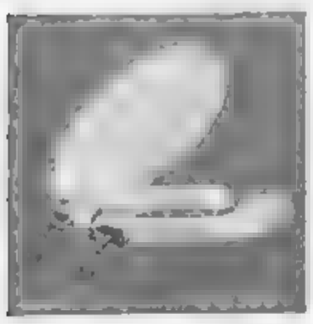

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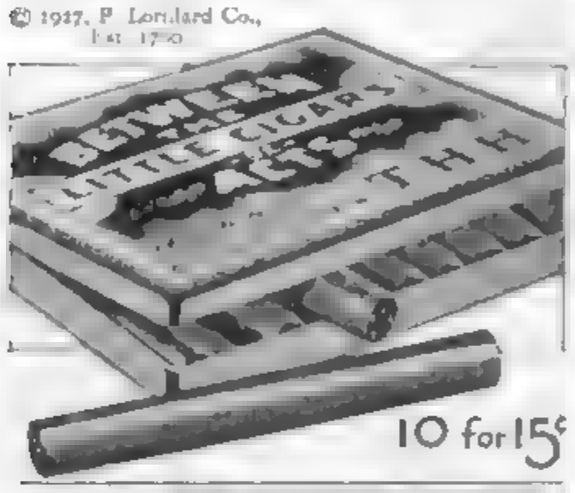

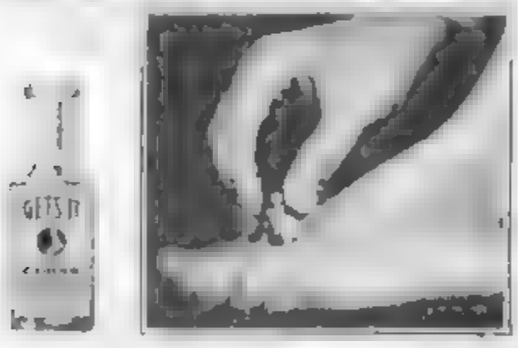

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(Continued from Page 198)

They lit matches and held them up to the faces of the bleeding Woodsdale men. Then they scouted around and found Wilcox, who had managed to get out of the wagon and near the horses. They stood him up like the others and shot him. Tonny held his breath while they rummaged about the dead men, and did not stir until the men had left. Before leaving, they saw an old man named Haas, one of the haymakers, who had been aroused by the shots. They commanded him to hold up his hands, then questioned him closely and let him go. He saw three of the men fall, and afterward verified the story of the Hay Meadow Massacre, as the affair was called, narrated by young Herbert Tonny.

The young man managed to get on his horse and ride to Voorhees, where he was treated for his severe wounds, and gave his story of the tragedy.

The Hugoton Herald's version of the killing was that the Woodsdale men were concealed behind a haystack and fired on the Hugoton party. This would have given the Woodsdale party a great advantage, however, and no such advantage was indicated in the final result.

The killing of the four men and the serious wounding of a fifth aroused the Woodsdale people to frenzy. Because the crime was committed on the anomalous neutral strip belonging to no state or territory, there was no court with recognized jurisdiction. The story of the tragedy became known all over the Middle West, and attracted the attention of Washington. It was the general opinion that because of the lack of jurisdiction the next development inevitably would be that the two factions would by common consent adjourn civilization, betake themselves to No Man's Land and fight it out to the last man.

It was an almost complete reversion to anarchy. Colonel Wood, in his newspaper, said: "There is going to be war there, a war which will not cease until one or the other party is exterminated, unless the Government intervenes and maintains order. . . . I am inclined to think, however, that we will just be forced to fight it out among ourselves. We intend to vindicate our rights and put an end to this internecine strife in the county some way, and that very shortly too."

His law partner, Price, made this report to a Topeka newspaper: "Everybody was in favor of arming and proceeding at once to Hugoton to burn the town and kill as many men as possible in retaliation. But finally wiser counsel prevailed."

Ill-Timed Regret

The Hugoton Herald, on July nineteenth, a few days before the killing, had said of some action of the sheriff: "If John Cross makes another break of this kind, we shall see what we shall see." After the killing the same newspaper said: "Hugoton has no fight to make on anybody. Her people sincerely regret this disturbance, but will protect her citizens if attacked, and will kill every man who had a hand in it that they can get at."

It is plain from a thorough reading of the various newspaper files that the local editors were largely responsible for the incitation of the factions. It is not difficult to imagine the wild rage that must have resulted from the constant barrage of abuse applied to individuals. The home town was always made to appear a municipality of sober, industrious and virtuous citizens, bent only on minding their own business, while the hated rival was reputed to be composed almost entirely of horse thieves, professional gunmen, meddlers, grafters and predatory outlaws.

Owing to this critical situation Governor Martin issued a proclamation calling upon the citizens of Stevens County to lay down their arms immediately, thus forestalling a wholesale adjournment to No Man's Land. Again the militia was sent into the area of inflammation. This time a whole regiment of guardsmen—the Second Kansas—armed with a Gatling gun as well as rifles, under the command of Col. L. N. Woodcock, was rushed to the place. Herman Cann, of Voorhees, was appointed sheriff by Governor Martin, and quiet, on the surface, was restored.

An amusing aftermath of the affair was the quotation from a Hugoton paper, "The wicked flee when no man pursueth," referring to Ed Short, who left No Man's Land in great haste while the shooting was going on, reaching the county seat of Seward County after a furious fifty-mile ride in which he wore out two horses. However, it is urged by Short's defenders that he turned out to be a brave man, and was killed in Oklahoma several years afterward in a fight with a bandit, being a United States marshal and railroad detective at the time.

A number of arrests were made and Attorney-General Bradford made a personal inspection of the ground, taking testimony of witnesses. He reported to Governor Martin that the Hay Meadow Massacre was cold-blooded murder. However, the Woodsdale fighters were not entirely clean-handed, for they waited until the militia had been withdrawn, and they went into No Man's Land with full knowledge that it was outlawed territory. No Kansas peace officer had a right to arrest a man in that district, and they knew it. The arrested men were taken before Judge Foster, at Topeka, but he decided that he had no jurisdiction. Finally the attorney-general of the United States decided that the United States District Court at Graham, Texas, had jurisdiction, and directed the issuance of warrants.

Safe in Jail

Immediately after the tragedy Sam Robinson unceremoniously left for parts unknown, and before he could be apprehended, had succeeded in being arrested for robbing a post office in Colorado, and had been sent to the Colorado penitentiary. Kansas never heard of him again.

After considerable legal sparring, C. E. Cook, Orin Cook, J. B. Chamberlain, John Jackson, Cyrus Frease and J. Lawrence were convicted, A. M. Donnell being acquitted. C. E. Cook was then editor of the Hugoton Herald and was a member of the fishing party with Sam Robinson.

Colonel Wood took an active part in the prosecution, and on July 4, 1890, made the closing argument for the Government in a fiery and emotional speech which lasted eight hours. One of the witnesses for the defense was Jim Brennan, of Hugoton, who smarted under the whiplash of Colonel Wood's oratory, and harbored his grudge close. One of the attorneys for the defense was S. B. Bradford, who, as attorney-general, had found against the Hugoton men. During all this time Hugoton kept the county seat, with the litigation still pending, and Woodsdale still contending that there was no such county as Stevens, as the people had never had a fair chance to organize it properly.

Sentence of death was passed on the six men and the date of execution set for the next December. But owing to an error the Supreme Court of the United States ordered a new trial, which was never held. The defendants were finally released and the proceedings dropped.

The trial, which was held at Paris, Texas, witnessed the appearance of another picturesque character who was destined to play a part in subsequent developments. It was Judge Theodosius Botkin, a kind-hearted but hard-boiled and irascible frontiersman, who was just as intense as Sam Wood.

Theodosius Botkin was appointed judge of the Southwestern Kansas district because of his friendship with Governor Humphrey, the appointing power. The selection was made in spite of many protests. He was later elected, and Colonel Wood was one of his supporters. In 1890, owing to some differences over Botkin's candidacy for Congress or through some

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disagreement in court, a grudge developed between the two which became one of the bitterest feuds of the strenuous pioneer days. Botkin, like Wood, was an intense partisan. Judge Mason, of the present Kansas Supreme Court, says of him:

"He could scarcely witness a dog fight without taking sides. He could not hear the most ordinary lawsuit, even if disinterested at the start, without becoming biased upon one side or the other. As in each of the counties composing his district the county-seat contests had left bitter controversies, he straightway became involved in factional quarrels.

"The newspaperman who ventured any criticism of his conduct on or off the bench was likely to be haled before him to answer for his temerity in a summary peculiar to that jurisdiction—a curious blend of court martial, examination for contempt and prosecution for criminal libel. The lawyer who with reasonable vigor tried a case before him for a client with whom the judge was out of sympathy was deemed to have achieved a triumph of forensic skill and diplomacy if he escaped being committed to the county jail.

"Sam Wood gradually came to be regarded as the anti-Botkin leader, and against him were directed all the influences controlled by Botkin."

Woodsdale was dying. The Western Kansas boom was collapsing. Wood had gone back to Central Kansas. At Topeka an attempt was made by the Botkin faction to arrest him. Wood, as clerk of the judiciary committee of the House, was a dominant figure in the legislature, which was largely Populist, as he was. An effort was made by the Populists to impeach Judge Botkin because of alleged misconduct. It was generally understood that Botkin wanted revenge against Wood, who was arrested on the charge of bribery. Wood gave bond for appearance at Hugoton June 23, 1891. On that day he and his wife drove to Hugoton to the door of the church where court was held. Just before they arrived adjournment had been taken until two o'clock that afternoon. He entered the building to examine some records. Judge Botkin and attendants left, but Jim Brennan was idly leaning against the door frame. As Wood stepped outside, Brennan pulled out a revolver and shot him. The colonel started to run around the corner of the church, and Brennan followed, shooting him again. This was done in the presence of Mrs. Wood, who held her husband's head in her lap as he died.

No Middle Ground

That there had been a conspiracy of some kind was given color by the report that a little boy playing in the street of the frontier town that morning had been heard to tell his companion: "They are going to kill old Sam Wood today."

Friends of Botkin declare that Attorney-General Ives, of Kansas, who investigated the affair, said before his death that Mrs. Wood had made a significant admission—namely, that her husband was carrying a gun at the time of the shooting. It was also said that a bullet fitting that gun was found in the door frame of the church, indicating that Wood was prepared to defend himself, and actually fired one shot at Brennan. Others claim it was plain assassination of an unarmed man and that Brennan shot him in the back. Brennan was arrested. His reason for killing Wood was said to be that he had been assaulted by a gang of toughs in another county, and believed Sam Wood was at the bottom of his troubles.

Owing to the Kansas law, which provides that a man must be tried in the county in which the crime was committed, if he insists, and that the jury must be composed of men who have not made up their minds as to the guilt or innocence of the defendant, it was impossible to try him, even though he was plainly guilty. Every man in Stevens County was vehemently pro-Wood or anti-Wood, and by the same token, anti-Botkin or pro-Botkin. There was no middle ground. It was impossible to impanel a jury. Every eligible person was disqualified.

This state of affairs had a profoundly demoralizing effect, as it had been shown that because of the intense partisanship it was actually possible to commit murder and still go free, in Botkin's district. "A reign of terror followed," says Judge Mason. No man felt his life or property to be safe. Oath-bound leagues planned for the destruction or protection of Botkin. Plots and counterplots were in the air. Back of it all lay the original cause—the county-seat war—even though Woodsdale was practically extinct.

A Mirage in the Desert

In December, 1891, Botkin was told of a plot to kill him on his way to attend court at Springfield, the county seat of Seward, next east of Stevens. Sheriff Sam Dunn, a partisan of Botkin, organized a posse to reconnoiter and protect the judge from ambush. The party was fired upon from a ravine near the road, and Sam Dunn was killed. Thus the feud continued and a sixth notch was added to the list. The reign of terror was intensified. Picket lines were thrown out. Again the militia was called upon. After a long period of this tense and artificial government Botkin resigned.

The stampede from Western Kansas was under way. Oklahoma was to be opened for settlement, and the land-hungry flocked to new pastures. Droughty years came. The farmers, unaccustomed to the climate, were unable to raise crops consistently and were starved out. The wave of migration had overreached itself and the backwash was on

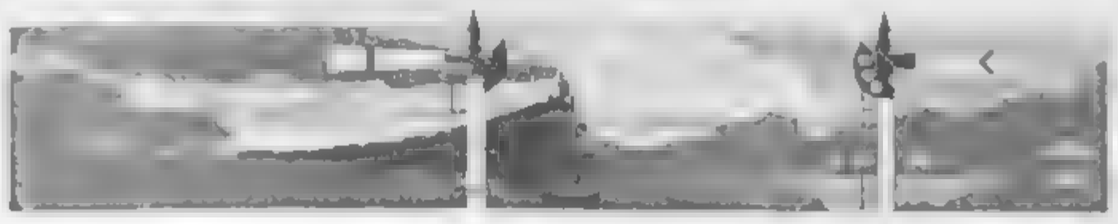
Woodsdale vanished completely from the face of the earth and Hugoton shrank to a hamlet of eleven buildings. The broken land went back to sod. Coyotes and antelopes ventured back and the wind of desolation blew over the sod mesa and the deserted sand hills that frowned upon the two opposing towns, seven miles apart.

As a direct result of the Hay Meadow Massacre, Congress altered the uncertain status of No Man's Land and attached it to Oklahoma Territory, so that it is now a part of the state of Oklahoma, and is being stampeded in these latter days by oil men, for black gold has been struck there.

Despite all the paper railroads, the sound of locomotive whistle was never heard in Stevens County until more than thirty years after the death of Sam Wood, when a branch of the Santa Fe came out from Dodge City to Hugoton, which is now a village of about 500 population.

From Hugoton on a hot July day one may still see to the north, perhaps, a mirage in which small shanties are magnified into skyscrapers, and yucca plants become palm trees, and shimmering thin air becomes a lake of blue water. And there appears again the ghost city of Woodsdale, whose boardwalks clamored with the tramp of the feet of the fighting Quaker, Col. Sam Wood, and whose citizens swore blood revenge on the murderers of John Cross and his posse.

The mirages may appear fitfully, but it is only a quaint dream, a figment of feverish imagination. It is the phantom of insubstantial glory, made of the spirits of dead hopes.



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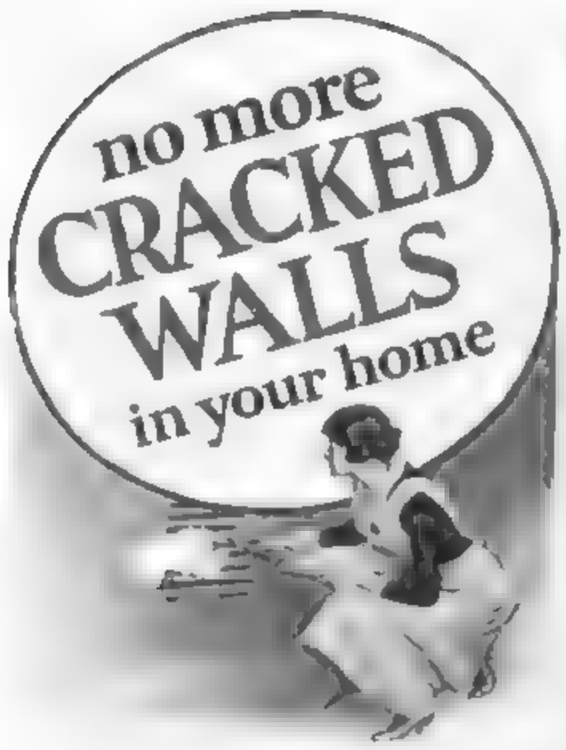

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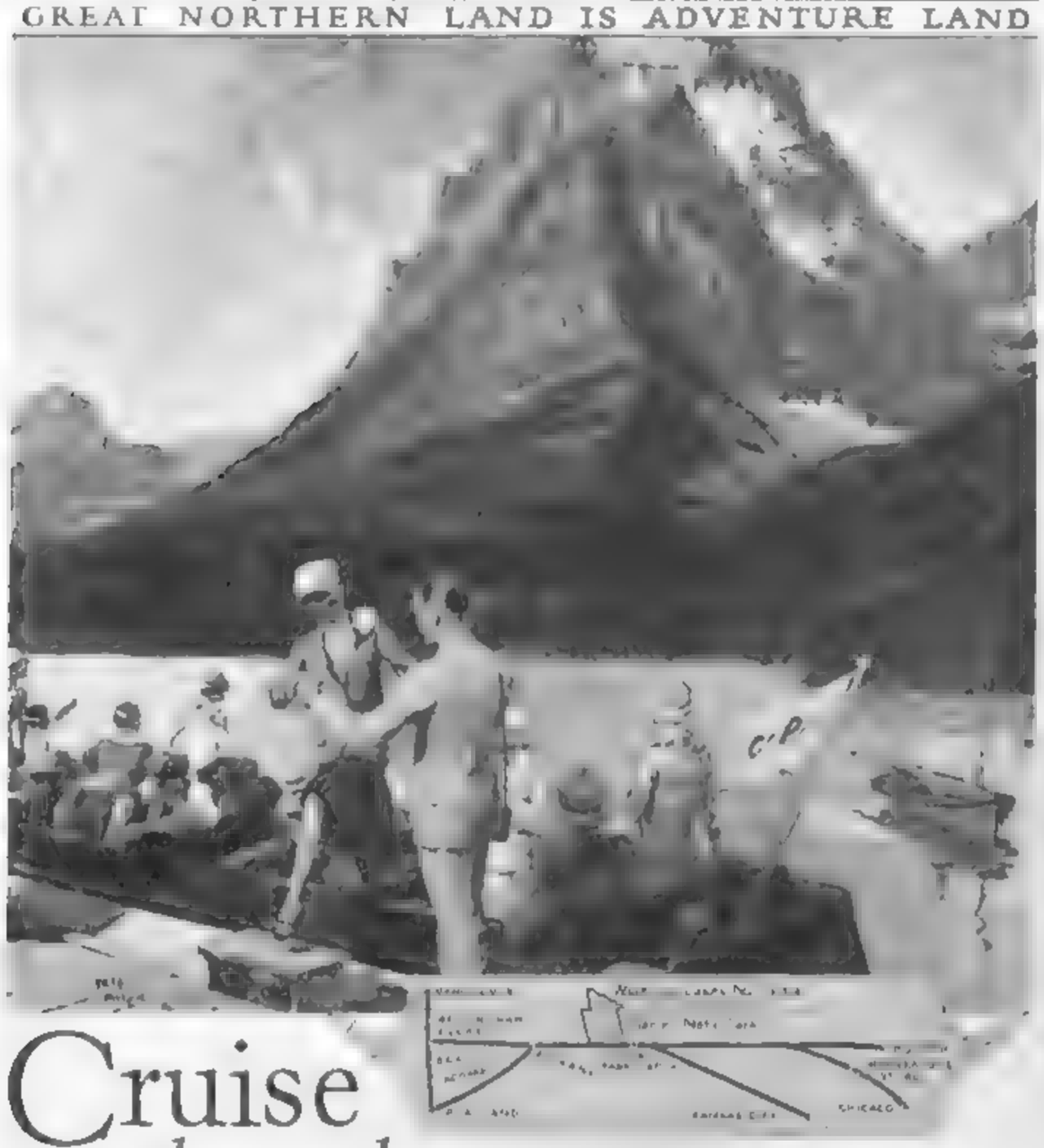

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Ready during the 1927 season—the new Prince of Wales Hotel in Waterton Lakes National Park, virtually an extension of Glacier National Park across the international boundary into the Canadian Rockies.

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Keep your face fit with *Williams*

"Just look at the fine skins of the men who shave with Williams!"

Many a man has said that. And with truth.

The Williams lather makes an *easy* job of shaving because it softens thoroughly.

It makes a *smooth* job because it lubricates beautifully.

Best of all, when you're done your face is FIT! The rich, mild, absolutely pure Williams lather tones up the pores, invigorates the whole face tissue, leaves a healthy bloom. Not only for ease in shaving but also for face health and face fitness, there is nothing like a daily treatment of Williams lather.

Eighty-seven years of intensive, specialized study of lather, beard and skin have gone into its manufacture.

Perhaps that's in the drug clerk's mind when he says, "*Oh, yes . . . but they all come back to Williams!*"

Next time say "a tube of **Williams Shaving Cream** *please"*

TWO SIZES—35c and 50c

or—would you like to try it first at the cost of a stamp or post card? A five to ten-day tube of it, with a tidy little hinged cap on the tube (you really ought to know that hinged cap) will be sent you cheerfully and, of course, FREE.

Use the coupon. Or say "Shaving Cream" on a post card

Afterwards a dash of Aqua Velva. A FREE sample of that, too, if you say so. Ask Dept. 45B.

For the man from Missouri—or any other place in the U. S. A. or Canada

The J. B. Williams Company, Dept. 45B, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. (Canadian address, 1114 St. Patrick Street, Montreal.)

"Show me" a sample of Williams Shaving Cream

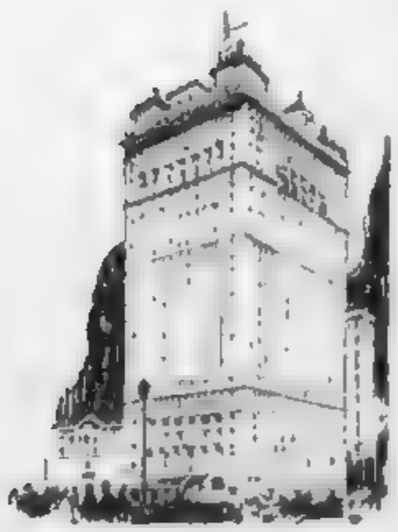
S. E. P. 5-14-27

Book-Cadillac

DETROIT'S FINEST HOTEL

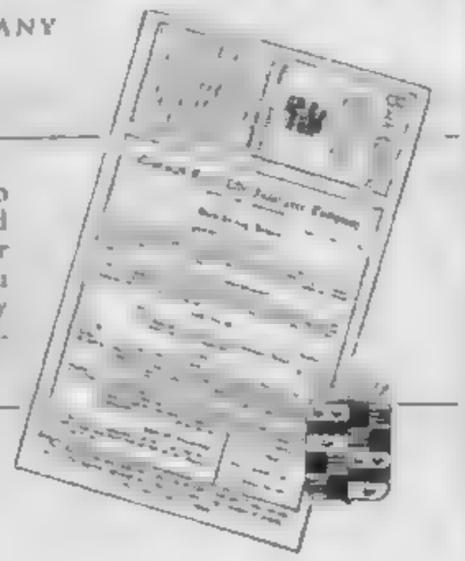
You Smile and You Feel at Home

Only your home is as pleasingly restful as the Book-Cadillac Hotel. Think of it that way. Pleasanter inns on earth there may be; we know of none of them. Things here were thought of wholly to please, to please weary travelers. There's music of course and there's dancing, and there's the strangest sort of life and the finest kind of people; *the beds are soft and pillowy;* and you smile and you feel at home. Later, when you *are* home, pleasant memories will persist, but the one that will tarry longest will be a memory of restful and of sleepy beds. • • • The Book-Cadillac Hotel is tall; twenty-nine stories tall. It is large; there are twelve hundred rooms; all of them have bath, all are light and airy, all are outside. Five hundred and sixty are priced at 4 and 5 dollars a day. We welcome you here, we'll do our utmost to make you feel at home and comfortable from the minute we greet you at our door.



THE BOOK-CADILLAC HOTEL COMPANY
DETROIT
Roy Carruthers, *President*

THINK think of this additional care and of its worth to your family. Each of our guests receives with his receipted bill *an accident insurance policy* that provides $5000.00 for your dependents in case of your accidental death; you would receive $2500.00 for loss of limb, and $25.00 weekly over a long term for wholly disabling injuries. It protects you for twenty-four hours, until safely home again



SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 34)

I say. He grippa da sides and shakes a da laughters. "I sell you fifty like him for fifty dollar," he say.

He must be craze. What you tink?

—*Russell Wilks.*

Ralph the Rover

THE wind blew east, and the wind blew west,
And the wind blew north and south,
As Ralph the Rover trod the deck,
As he paced on the blood-stained quarter-deck,
With a smile on his cruel mouth.

Out of the east came a caravel
Laden with precious gold:
Diamonds and rubies and pieces of eight,
Pieces of sixes and fives as freight,
And some sevens and nines in its hold.

The pirate gazed on the billowing sails
As the fated craft drew nigh,
And he smothered a frightful murderous oath,
Yes, he smothered that poor defenseless oath
That was so young to die.

Then up spake brave Horatius
The captain of the gate,
While by him sported on the green
His little daughter Wilhelmine,
Who'd just turned twenty-eight.

"Oh, I've a wife in Bristol town
Who waits for me," he said.
"And if it's all the same to you
I'd like to leave your silly crew
And go to her instead."

Then Ralph the Rover stroked his beard
And he gazed at the foaming foam.
"Well, if that's the way you feel," said he,
"We're wasting time out here at sea.
Let's pack up and go home."

So the pirate ordered the anchor weighed,
And he found to his great dismay
That the anchor'd been trying to reduce
On a diet of bran and lemon juice,
Till it almost had faded away.

Then he turned his ship to the setting sun
And his face it was stern and grim,
And he said, as the darkness began to fall,
"A Merry Christmas to one and all!"
"God bless us," said Tiny Tim.

—*Newman Levy.*

Prewar Stuff

THERE was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise,
Until he bought some poisoned gin
That blinded both his eyes.

And then, although his eyes were out,
He still quite clearly saw
It pays a fellow, now and then,
To stay within the law.

—*Tom S. Elrod.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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You do it differently now

WHERE your grandmother labored with oil lamps, you snap on an electric light. You use a lot of things she didn't know about. You know many things which she didn't know. Because of things she didn't know, she had ideas which today we call prejudices.

For instance, she had prejudice against food in cans. We know now, on the word of the greatest scientific authorities, that food in cans is as safe as food can be. We know that the can doesn't harm the food. We know that the sealed, air-tight can is a guarantee of freshness and purity and cleanliness—that you can now get from your grocer in cans a safer, more convenient and more wholesome supply of food than any people ever before had in the history of the world.

Have you brought your milk supply up to date? You need to *know* that the milk you use is pure, and fresh, and sweet, and always absolutely clean. You need to know that it contains, always, all the food elements of milk—all the substances which make milk Nature's most perfect food. We do know, today, that Evaporated Milk guarantees all these essential qualities. We know that it is one of the modern accomplishments through which science has given us safer, better foods.

Evaporated Milk is pure milk. Nothing is added to preserve it. Not a thing is taken from it but some of the water which is the greater part of all milk. All the food qualities of the milk are kept in it. None of them is harmed in any way.

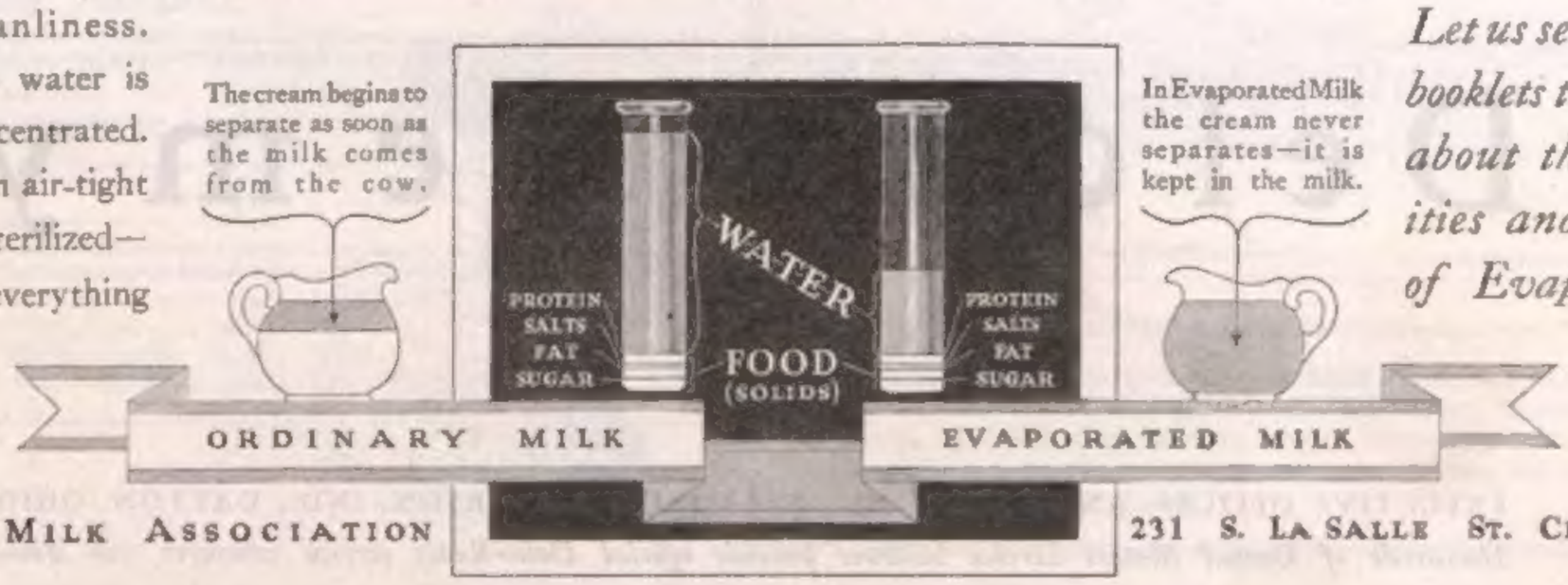
Always fresh and sweet and absolutely clean. The milk is produced under the supervision of experts on farms in the best dairying sections of America. It is received in sanitary plants in the country within a few hours after it comes from the cow—while it is fresh and sweet. It is carefully tested for purity and cleanliness. Then part of the water is removed—it is concentrated. Finally, it is put in air-tight containers and sterilized—protected from everything that can impair its freshness and sweetness and purity. In this condition it comes to your pantry—fresh and sweet and absolutely clean.

With better richness. 87½% of natural cow's milk is water. The remaining 12½% is composed of butterfat (cream), milk sugar, proteins and mineral salts. 60% of the water of cow's milk is removed in making Evaporated Milk. The food (solid) content of Evaporated Milk is, therefore, more than twice as great as in ordinary milk. And *every drop* of Evaporated Milk contains *all* the food elements of milk. There is no cream line. The cream never separates. It stays in the milk. Evaporated Milk is *never* skimmed milk. It is always more-than-double rich in butterfat and *also* in the bone and tissue-building substances—in all the elements which make milk Nature's most perfect food.

For every use. Wherever you need milk, Evaporated Milk will *better* fill the need. In cream soups, for creaming vegetables, for sauces and gravies, in breads and cakes, in cocoa, iced or hot—wherever you use milk—Evaporated Milk serves as nothing else will serve. Evaporated Milk serves in place of cream for coffee, in ice creams, for desserts—wherever you need cream (single or double). The adaptability of Evaporated Milk to every milk and cream use will be an astonishing revelation that will surprise you and delight you.

The modern cream and milk supply. Undiluted Evaporated Milk serves in place of cream—at less than half the cost of cream. It can be diluted to suit any milk need, and costs less than ordinary milk. You can buy it from grocers everywhere. The supply on your pantry shelf is always fresh and sweet and absolutely clean—equal to every need you have for cream and milk. It is the modern cream and milk supply for everybody, for every use.

Let us send you our free booklets telling you more about the good qualities and varied uses of Evaporated Milk.



EVAPORATED MILK ASSOCIATION 231 S. LA SALLE ST. CHICAGO ILLINOIS

Bon Ami

Mother wants Bon Ami Powder *too!*

MORE and more women are finding how convenient it is to keep Bon Ami *Cake* and Bon Ami *Powder* always on hand. Each has its particular advantages that help you lighten and quicken every cleaning and polishing task.

For nearly forty years the compact Bon Ami *Cake* has been America's favorite window and mirror cleaner. Used by millions of women daily, its popularity is unequaled.

And what a multitude of uses you'll find for Bon Ami *Powder!* It's so handy for cleaning fine kitchen utensils of aluminum, copper, agate and enamel; the bathtub, basins and tiling; nickel and brass fixtures, etc. And it's so kind to the surface.

Bon Ami *Powder* or *Cake* is made of the same scratchless materials. They blot up the dirt instead of scouring it off. And they will not redden or roughen your hands.

Remember to ask your grocer for Powder as well as Cake!

One little sprinkle—
One little rub;
Not a speck left
On the Bon Ami tub!

"Hasn't Scratched Yet"

Cake and Powder
most housewives use both

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A FAIRY TALE FOR THE CHILDREN

The story of the Princess Bon Ami and her gallant Bunny Knights. Written in amusing rhyme with many illustrations, this beautifully colored book will bring fun to the youngsters. Send 4 cents in stamps for your copy. Address The Bon Ami Co., 10 Battery Place, New York, N.Y.

Name _____

Address _____

"They Call It 'Acid' but it has *an Alkaline* Reaction"

"DID you know that about orange juice? Some people do not drink it because they have a tendency toward 'acidity,' yet they'd be *benefited most* by orange juice.

"The reason is that so-called 'acid' orange juice has an *alkaline* reaction in the blood and, therefore, acts as a *normalizer to offset* the condition known as 'acidosis.' Doctors will tell you that. They actually *prescribe* it for that trouble.

"I know, I was bothered by it. But never any more.

"*California* orange juice is my selection, because it is *extra rich* in the soluble solids that make this fruit juice both *good* and good *for* you.

"The *richer color* of it is an indication of the presence of these solids.

"Then, too, I like the *character* of the distinctive California flavor.

"California Oranges are in the market the year 'round. I can always get them. That's an advantage, too.

"Maybe *you* will feel improved as I did, especially if you have a tendency toward 'acidosis,' if you follow the same rule—at least two glasses daily. But ask your doctor —he's the one who'll know."

There is no better appetizer in the morning, before breakfast, than a glass of this delicious juice.

To be sure of getting California Sunkist Oranges, of uniformly good eating quality, look for the trade-mark on the wrapper and on the fruit.

Look for This Machine

Sunkist California Orange Juice

Richest Juice Finest Flavor

It is being distributed by the growers of *Sunkist Oranges* and *Lemons* to enable cafeterias, restaurants, hotels, clubs and soda fountains to more quickly and conveniently make for you pure, wholesome orange and lemon juice drinks.

The dealers using the Sunkist (Electric) Fruit Juice Extractor serve real orange and lemon juice drinks made to your order from fresh oranges and lemons. Watch for this machine —it is your visible assurance of purity.

Prospective Buyers: Learn about our unusual cost-price proposition on this quick, efficient machine. Write us for complete information. Terms if desired. State line of business.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE, Dept. 105, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, California